





Joseph S. Reynolds

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO:

OR THE

PATRIOTISM OF WILL COUNTY,

DESIGNED TO PRESERVE THE NAMES AND MEMORY OF

WILL COUNTY SOLDIERS,

BOTH OFFICERS AND PRIVATES—BOTH LIVING AND
DEAD: TO TELL SOMETHING OF WHAT THEY DID,
AND OF WHAT THEY SUFFERED, IN THE

Great Struggle to Preserve Our Nationality.

BY

GEORGE H. WOODRUFF,

AUTHOR OF "FORTY YEARS AGO."

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly: and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust.—COWPER.

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TO THE SURVIVING SOLDIERS OF
WILL COUNTY,
THIS EFFORT TO PRESERVE THEIR NAMES, AND THE NAMES
OF THEIR FALLEN COMRADES,
IS RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

THIS work is no attempt at a history of the late war. Its aim is to do some justice to the soldiers of WILL COUNTY, both officers and privates, both living and dead. It is simply the story of "our boys" and of our county during the rebellion period. It has been written for no political, or rather for no partizan purpose. In the largest and best sense of the word, the author does desire that it may have a political bearing; that it may help to deepen the sense of the value of, and strengthen the attachment of our people to, THE UNION, and the principles of freedom and equal rights which that Union represents and secures. He would be glad if it should help to "make treason odious" to the young men who are so soon to wield the destinies of our republic. This aim, however, is only secondary. The work has been undertaken and prosecuted mainly as an act of justice to those who went out from our county to fight in the cause of the Union.

In accomplishing this task, the author has availed himself of all information within his reach. Much has been gleaned from the files of our county papers. The matter has, however, been gathered mostly from original sources; from the journals and letters of the actors, both living and dead, and from the personal recollections of those who survive. Very much of the narrative is given in the language in which it has been obtained. I cannot specify the sources from which it has been gathered, except in this general way. The manner of its compilation will account for the variation in its style, and the changes in tense and person.

Especial pains has been taken to make the registry of soldiers full and correct, and to embody the main facts of each one's military record. The aim has been to record the name of every soldier from Will county, without regard to the place where he may have enlisted or been credited, and to exclude the names of those who were not actual residents of Will county. To this I have admitted some exceptions. Where, as in the case of the 100th Regiment, nearly all of the members were Will county men, I have thought that a full muster roll of the organization would be pleasing to the members. Some others have probably been admitted by mistake. It has been a work of great labor to collect these names, inasmuch as in many instances they are credited, in the Adjutant General's Report, to the place where they en-

listed, and in many other instances no residence is given. Some also enlisted in other states. It is probable therefore that the list is not absolutely perfect, and the thought that some names may have been omitted that should have gone upon the record, gives me pain. The fear too, that in making special mention as I have of many, I may seem to have ignored others who are as much entitled to such mention; this fear makes me hesitate to throw the work upon the public. Imperfection however is inseparable from all such undertakings, and the limitations of time and space cannot be transcended.

One thing will be noticed, I have recorded nothing to any person's discredit, and perhaps the question will be asked—were *all* the Will county men brave and patriotic? Were there no cowards—no deserters? I do not suppose that every man was a hero, or that no inferior motives mingled with the love of country, which in the main, inspired our volunteers. Some deserted. I have made no such entry in the record of names, because I have found so many instances in which the Adj. General's report is incorrect in this particular, that I have preferred to drop the entry altogether, lest I might perpetuate an injustice to some one. In more than one case I have found a man put down as having deserted, who was killed when bravely fighting the enemies of his country. I have preferred also to reverse the sentiment of Mark Anthony—and let the *good* "men do live after them," and to inter the *evil* "with their bones."

The author claims no literary merit for the work. His main desire has been to collect and preserve the facts of our war record. Much time and labor have been devoted to the undertaking, and he cannot but hope that the result will be found deeply interesting to many families in Will county, of general interest to all our citizens, and at the same time not entirely worthless to the general reader. To some probably he will only seem to have furnished another illustration of the adage—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*; which might be liberally construed—the apothecary should stick to his pills!

JULY 4TH, 1876.

NOTES.

On page 72, I have left the impression that the amount there recorded was all that was raised in the county for war purposes. It should be said that other towns raised more or less, of which I have found no record. The town of Dupage, I have since learned, raised \$12,667.

Some few typographical errors have escaped correction, but they are generally such as will be readily detected, and are not important.

It must not be inferred that all whose record is a blank in PART FOURTH were deserters. In respect to many of these, the record is simply unknown.

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INTRODUCTION.

One of the most interesting characters found in all the wonderful creations of Sir Walter Scott, is the one he has delineated under the name of OLD MORTALITY. The character is really a historic one, known to his age and locality by the unromantic name of Patterson; and he earned his *soubriquet* by his devotion to the singular work to which he consecrated his later years, and in the prosecution of which death found him. I scarcely need tell what that work was, for who is not familiar with the writings of the great "Wizard of the North?" Filled with a most reverential admiration for the men, and in the heartiest sympathy with the religious faith and principles of those old Scotch Covenanters who had yielded up their lives in the defense of civil and religious freedom, during the reign of the two last Stuarts, OLD MORTALITY devoted himself with a strange and absorbing enthusiasm, to the work of wandering from county to county, and from parish to parish, and searching out in the lonely and neglected cemeteries the graves of such martyrs, and removing from the headstones the moss and rust which had rendered illegible the inscriptions which recorded their names and virtues, all unnoticed,

"From early morn to dewy eve,"

he busied himself, with patient industry, in cutting deeper and afresh each fading letter.

In some such a spirit,—animated, I think, by some such feelings and motives, I have sought to accomplish a work somewhat analagous to that of Old Mortality. I confess to a profound admiration for, and a deep gratitude toward those, who periled their lives to maintain the union of these states and the blessings of freedom and equal laws which that union secures. I profess the most thorough sympathy with them in the work of maintaining the Supreme Federal Authority, and staying the tide of anarchy, oppression and barbarism, which threatened the ruin of our fair land. And this feeling I have toward the poorest, humblest man who carried a musket, no less than the one who guided the movements of brigades and army corps ;

and I never see one, that my heart does not say—this man stood between me and rebel bullets!—this man helped to stay the torch from my home!—this man helped to secure to me and my children the blessings of free government, and the protection of equal and just laws! And I have thought it a good work, one which it behooved to be done, to rescue from oblivion the names of those who went out from our county—the humblest of them—and to place them upon that most imperishable of records—the printed page. I especially desire to carve deeper and afresh, in all our memories, the names of those who laid down their lives in our behalf. True, no lapse of centuries has obscured the few records that have been made in “monumental marble,” but scores and hundreds lie buried in unknown graves: falling amid the carnage of the battle field, their bodies received a hasty and promiscuous burial at the hands of strangers—perchance of enemies—and

“—— Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither”—

or, dying, perhaps of starvation in some rebel prison pen, or of wounds or disease in hospitals, their graves are distinguished from others in the long files of the dead, only by silent and unmeaning numerals! In these days, too, decades do the work of centuries, in effacing names and events from the memory, so great is the rush with which one event treads upon the heels of another. Already, too, there is a generation just coming upon the stage of active life who were but children when our boys went forth to battle for the right, and it is but just that they should be told the story of fifteen years ago.

It has formed no part of my purpose to give a general history of the war, or to attempt a general *resumé* of events which transpired upon the national or state arena, but simply to tell the story of our own county. I have sought to record, if possible, the name and military history of every man who enlisted from our county, and to follow those regiments and batteries in which we were largely interested, through all their weary marches, skirmishes and battles, and to make—in most instances of course very briefly—special mention of those who sealed their devotion to the cause with the sacrifice of their lives. Our course will take us through many a weary march, over many a bloody battle-field; and we shall have to look in upon the foul and crowded apartments of Libby, and to go down into the hell of Andersonville!

My aim has been to make the record one of personal interest to every family in Will county. The general history of the times, political or military, will therefore only be noticed so far as necessary to render intelligible that of our own county, and of the men she sent forth to the struggle. Few, I think, will question the propriety of such a record. We owe it to the men

who periled life and limb in our behalf. Especially do we owe it to the memory of those who perished in the struggle. Our county, as such, has erected no monument to their memory,—has taken no steps for the preservation of their names. It seems but just, therefore, that their names and deeds should be recorded upon the printed page, where their children and ours can read them, and recall the story of their sufferings and services.

In a general history, of course, we hear and know nothing except of those who became conspicuous as the leaders of brigades, divisions, and army corps. I would do justice, as far as possible, to the humblest private. It was a characteristic of our armies generally,—certainly it was of the men from Will county,—that the ranks were largely composed of as good men as those who held commissions. From every rank and pursuit in life, from our schools, colleges and workshops, from our offices, farms, and places of trade and commerce, our young men, in many instances sacrificing brilliant business prospects, rushed to the conflict. I believe that in no other war that was ever waged did men—the majority of them—enter the strife with so high a spirit of self sacrifice, of pure and holy patriotism. The ranks were composed largely of young men, in whose bosoms were still glowing all the enthusiasm and romance of youth, undimmed by the sordid motives, and unabated by the cautious selfishness, which settles down upon our riper years.

There is another reason why the work I have attempted should be done, viz.: the influence it will have upon those who shall come after us. For the sake of the future, it behooves us to cherish the memory of those who stood in the "imminent deadly breach," in our behalf. The safety of the institutions we love, and desire to see perpetuated, demands that we place upon the roll of honor the names of those who were martyrs in their defense. I know that it is the opinion of some that the war, and all its incidents, and especially the questions at issue, should now be forgotten, and that we should treat alike both parties in the struggle, bestowing the same honors and favors upon patriots and rebels. Great names have given their sanction to such a policy. Now, while I would not cherish a vindictive spirit, I must beg leave to differ from such a doctrine. I have no sympathy with that false and dangerous liberalism, that ignores the eternal distinctions between right and wrong, between loyalty and treason. I do not believe that any government, human or divine, can safely do this. If there was no essential difference, a moral difference, wide as the poles asunder, between the part taken by the rebels against the best and mildest government the world has ever seen, in which, as in no other government that ever existed, the rights of all were conserved,—and that of those who took up arms in its defense,—then the precious lives and the treasure spent

by us were worse than wasted. Such a doctrine puts a premium upon rebellion, and invites a repetition of the scenes of fifteen years ago, and opens the way for the successful pushing of those outrageous claims which are only kept in abeyance until the time when such a false and dangerous liberalism shall have become the prevailing sentiment at the North. We must not, for the sake of the future, so stultify ourselves, and so slander the loyal dead, as for a moment to admit that there was little or no difference in the moral status of those who were so lately contending in the greatest civil war the world has ever known. Rather let us ever and always, insist upon the moral and political gravity of the questions in issue, and upon the fact that they have been definitely settled upon the side of freedom and the Union. Let us still insist, that the late rebellion was the most causeless in which men ever engaged; that it was not like that of the fathers of the revolution, made in the interests of freedom and humanity, but against both, and in the interests of slavery and barbarism; and that its success would have turned back the hand on the dial of human progress, at least a century. Surely if the attempt to destroy our nationality,—if the inauguration of a long and bloody war, with no justification except the failure to carry an election, and solely from the promptings of unholy ambition, coupled with the purpose of perpetuating and extending human bondage,—if this was not a sin and a crime on the part of its leaders and wilful abettors, then let us blot the words from our creeds and from our statute books,—aye, and from our dictionaries, for then there is no such thing as sin and crime! The slaveholders' rebellion not a crime! *It was the crime of the nineteenth century!* Let us not forget this, and let us tell it to our children, and let them tell it to their children, that the generations to come, all down the ages, may know and profit by the truth.

All honor, then, to the men who went out from Will county, and served honorably and faithfully in the Grand Army of the Republic, and periled their lives in our behalf. All honor to the most humble private, as well as those who received honors, and rank, and public recognition. And hallowed, thrice hallowed, the memory of those of whatever rank, who fell upon the battle field, or on the lone outpost, or died of disease or exposure in camp or hospital. I claim for them the honors of martyrdom in the most holy of causes, next to that of Christianity itself. Let us deepen in our memories the story of their deeds and sufferings. Let us cut afresh their names on the enduring tablet of history. Not long ago, multitudes gathered from all parts of our land, at Springfield, to pay fitting honors to the memory of our martyred president. And most richly has he deserved such an apotheosis. But not less, in their own measure, does the humblest private who gave his life for the cause. He did what he could,—he gave his all—his life—the martyred LINCOLN could do no more!

Much of the information which is embodied in the regimental histories has been derived from the letters of men who died in the service. These letters were, of course, written without any expectation that any other eyes than those of the home circle would ever look upon them. But they have kindly been submitted to my perusal, and I cannot express the melancholy interest which I have taken in gleaning from them matter for this work.

Those old, faded, worn and yellowed letters,—cherished as the most precious mementoes of the dear, dead boys, who wrote them,—what volumes of pathetic interest are folded up in them! And how many packages of such letters there are all over the land, carefully laid away in secret places, and preserved with religious care! Letters, written in sickness and in health, in camp and in hospital, on the march and the bivouac. Some, written when the time hangs heavy, and the writer unburthens all his heart. Others, written in haste, when about to go into action, or in a lull of the storm of death, or, when all is over, and a line or two is hastily scrawled with pencil, and with no rest for the paper but the writer's knee, and almost illegible, except to the eye of love—saying just enough to assure the anxious friends at home, that—thank God!--the writer has gone through the fiery tempest unharmed.

These old letters—written, many of them, on those old sheets emblazoned with the dear old flag, or edged with the “red, white and blue,”—so familiar a dozen years ago—how suggestive they are of those days of anxiety and doubt, yet of pronounced fidelity to the Union! These letters of dead soldiers—what a world of pathos, I repeat, do they contain! What breathings of love for the dear friends at home! What longings to see the old familiar faces and places! What tender regrets that they cannot be at home to lift the burden of care and labor from father and mother! What regrets, too, that they were not more careful in their demeanor while under the old roof! What gentle exhortations to the brothers and sisters still at home, to do all they can to make the dear parents happy! What hopeful anticipations, too, of what they will do “when this cruel war is over!” What thanks for the remembrances they have received from home, mingled with urgent appeals for letters, long and often! What assurances that they will never grumble again at any home fare, however plain, and what longings expressed for the good things in mother's larder—seeming so rich now, in contrast to a soldier's rations! And what cheerful exhortations to the dear father and mother not to worry for the absent boy, as he is well, and all right, and will soon be home.

One poor boy, just before the advance which brought the “Hundredth” to Stone River, sends his thanks for the box of good things which had come to hand the day before the advance, just in time for his Christmas dinner--(alas! though he little dreamed it, his *last* Christmas dinner)—which were

so good, so like home—and which, while they gratified his soldier's appetite, were yet more highly prized as an assurance that, though absent, he was not forgotten; and then he assures the old father and mother that he is well and hearty, and hopes soon to be home and help them on the farm, and bids them not worry about him! Alas! alas! at the very time these parents were reading poor George's letter, he lay stiff and cold on the field of Stone River! Oh, what anguish, think you, was there in such a conjuncture! To be reading one moment these cheering words from the dear boy—and the next, to know that he was dead—and that they will never see him again in this world,—that the stay and hope of their old age has been suddenly taken away, without one farewell,—that they cannot even look upon his mangled form,—that he has been hastily buried, without one prayer; and that even the spot where he sleeps they can never see or know!

One spirit pervades all these letters, whether written by officers or privates—whether by men of culture, or the sons of toil. They all breathe the spirit of patriotic devotion to the country. While the writers are evidently not in love with their calling, as such,—while they take no pleasure in exposing their own lives, or seeking the destruction of their enemies,—yet they all express the determination, cheerfully to endure every hardship, privation and peril, until victory crowns the cause of the Union.

PART FIRST.

HOME RECORD.

CHAPTER I.

HOME HISTORY DURING THE YEARS 1861 AND 1862.

Introductory—First Public Meeting—A Remarkable Sabbath—First Meeting for Enlistment—First Volunteer—First Company—Second Meeting—Second Company—Great Uprising—Lockport and Plainfield Batteries—The Army at Home—Clergy—Meeting of Supervisors—Judge Douglas in Joliet—Camp Goodell—A Patriot Mother—Recruits pour in—One who was too Large—20th Regiment—Enthusiasm—Regimental Election—Death of Douglas—Funeral Observances in Joliet—A Strong Contrast—Wedding in Camp—20th Regiment Leaves—Activity in other Towns—Wilmington—Yates Phalanx—Homer—Lockport—Capt. Felter's Cavalry Company—Some Citizens go to see the Elephant—A Joliet Boy—Keith's Battery—Dr. Danforth changes his Weapons—Recruiting in Eastern Towns—Meeting of Supervisors—Will County in N. Y. 7th—Recruiting for Y. S. S.—Sensation at Wilmington—Company I, 46th Regiment—Companies K and F, 8th Cav.—Other Enlistments—Good News—More Good News and Bad News—Colonel Erwin's Funeral—22d February—More News—Shiloh—More Funerals—Call for 300,000 more—Effect in Will County—Twelve Companies being Enlisted—War Meetings—Supervisors Meet—Bounties—Patriotic Mothers—100th Regiment—Election at Camp Erwin—90th Regiment—Other Enlistments—Mysterious Disappearance—War Poet—100th leaves—Home Guards—Supervisors Meet—More News—More Funerals—Some Citizens interview Morgan—An Officer of the 100th meets his fate—How 1862 closed.

IN 1832, SOUTH CAROLINA undertook to nullify the execution of the laws of the United States within her borders. Fortunately for the country, at that time, a man and a hero occupied the executive chair, and so prompt and energetic was his action, that SOUTH CAROLINA concluded to postpone the task she had undertaken to a more convenient season.

In December 1860, SOUTH CAROLINA, by a solemn act of her convention, dissolved her connection with the United States, and declared herself an independent and sovereign state. From words she soon proceeded to acts of treason and defiance of federal authority. Her opportunity had come, for now a weak and timorous old man sat in the executive chair, who never dared to lift a finger for the preservation of the Union, or the maintainance of the Federal rights, but sat in stupid imbecility, while members of his own cabinet, senators and representatives, were plotting treason and inaugurating measures which should render helpless, not only himself, but his successor; and while one after another, traitors took possession of federal forts, arsenals, mints, custom houses, and munitions of war.

Those were dark and gloomy days, when every patriot heart was sad. How well we remember them! The country seemed for the time almost paralyzed by the blow of treason. But not for long. And yet, how little did we realize what was to follow through the long years of the rebellion!

All over the Northern States public meetings were held to consider the crisis, and to make an expression of public sentiment, so emphatic that it should reach the executive ear, and strengthen the executive spinal column, and induce action suited to the exigency.

On January 30th, 1861, a public meeting, irrespective of party, was held at the court house in Joliet, at which H. N. Marsh, Esq., was chosen chairman. The meeting was addressed by W. C. Goodhue, W. T. Jones, T. Q. Hildebrant, Jesse O. Norton, J. E. Streeter, and others, and resolutions were passed in favor of the preservation of the Union, and the enforcement of the laws. But, although this was the "Banner City," and although many of those who took part in the meeting were the political friends of the executive, and had helped to place him in the presidential chair, the meeting did not seem to have the least effect upon the weak old man. All its eloquence and enthusiasm seemed to be wasted. Indeed I think it quite probable that he never heard of it—let us charitably believe so—certainly he did not enforce the laws any better, but let the ship of state drift, drift on, toward the fatal rocks of disunion, until the fourth of March, when he stepped down from the helm he had held with so feeble a grasp, and

handed over to his successor the ship of state, with nearly half her crew in mutiny.

What a sabbath was April 14th, 1861! when we received the startling news that Fort Sumter had surrendered to traitors, and that the hateful Palmetto flag—the emblem of treason and oppression—had displaced the stars and stripes, and now floated over its ruins! Never were the words of Webster: “there are no sabbaths in revolutionary times,” so well illustrated. People on their way to church, hearing the news, forgot their errand and the day, and gathered at the street corners, and discussed the situation. Ministers preached to dull ears, and scantily filled pews, except such as had the tact to throw aside their preparations, and seize upon the theme of the hour. One of our citizens, a retired clergyman, on hearing the news, took down his rusty rifle, cleaned it up, moulded a lot of bullets, and then went down the river a mile or so, and refreshed his practice in gunnery by shooting at a mark. Having satisfied himself that he had not lost his skill, he marched back in line of battle, with his gun loaded and capped, ready for the combat! After which he retired upon his laurels!

The news reached the quiet village of Plainfield about noon. McAllister's old gun was at once taken to the common, and vigorously fired. The bells were rung, the Congregational Church was thrown open to the people, and the re-organization of the battery on a war basis, was at once commenced, and, as we shall see by and by was soon on its way to Cairo.

On Wednesday succeeding (April 17th), on receipt of the call of the President for 75,000 men to “suppress the combinations which had been made against the laws of the United States,” a meeting was held at the court house, Mayor Bowen in the chair. The meeting was called for the purpose of expressing public opinion, and for taking preliminary steps toward forming a company to defend the stars and stripes. The court house was filled to overflowing. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions, and the meeting was addressed in stirring speeches by Snapp, Bowen Streeter, Breckenridge, and others. But it was felt that the crisis called for something more than words. A paper pledging those who signed it to enlistment in defense of the government was drawn up, and an opportunity was given to any who were willing to do

so, to sign. A young lawyer of the name of FREDERICK A. BARTLESON, sprang to his feet, and after a brief and eloquent speech, walked up to the table, with the remark that he would ask no one to do what he was not willing to do himself, signed his name as the first volunteer in our city and county. This act was received with cheers long and loud. We heard something more of this young lawyer during the next three or four years, and we shall have something more to say of him elsewhere. Others followed his example the same night to the number of twenty-seven. The meeting then adjourned until Friday of the same week. Meanwhile, the ground having been taken by many citizens of the state, (the same ground taken by James Buchanan) that the general government had no power to coerce a state, an informal meeting had been called of the Supreme Court of Illinois, to give an advisory opinion on the question, and a committee had been appointed at a meeting of our democratic citizens to go to Springfield, and hear and report their opinion. This committee, of which T. Q. Hildebrant was a prominent member, returned from their mission on Friday night, and were met at the St. Louis Depot, and escorted to the court house. Hildebrant, having got to the rostrum by being passed over the heads of the crowd, reported the decision of the court to be "that the government clearly had the right, inasmuch as such a right was essential to its own existence." The announcement was received with loud demonstrations of satisfaction, and was hailed by all parties as removing all doubts as to the duty of the hour. The usual amount of patriotic speeches were made, and patriotic songs were sung, and a committee of six, viz: Alex. McIntosh, A. McNerney, T. Hatton, F. Mack, J. Kelly and Wm. Adam, was appointed to raise funds for the benefit of the families of the volunteers. Also a committee, consisting of R. E. Goodell, Judge McRoberts, and C. E. Munger, to procure uniforms and outfit.

A resolution was also passed calling upon the county clerk to issue a call for a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors. At the close of this meeting the roll of the company which had been headed by Bartleson was filled. It took the name of "Union Greys," although from its leader and subsequent captain, it was familiarly known as Bartleson's Company. At this meeting, also, T. Q. Hildebrant, Esq., a well-known lawyer, and politically a Douglas demo-

erat, announced that he should open an enlistment roll the next morning at the court house. Wm. Erwin, who had served in the Mexican war, having also taken some steps for the enlistment of a company of volunteers—the two, Erwin and Hildebrant, joined their efforts, and in three days the roll was nearly full.

Public meetings were now held almost every evening, our city and county doing its full share in “the great uprising” which characterized the time. Nothing was talked of or thought of but war, although as yet the government had not waked up to a full appreciation of the crisis, and secretary Seward still talked of settling the matter “in sixty days.” In pursuance of the recommendation of the meeting of the 19th, the clerk issued a call for a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors on the 30th of April. By April 27th sufficient names had been enrolled to form two companies; one had selected F. A. Bartleson as captain, and the other William Erwin. T. Q. Hildebrant cordially united in the choice of Erwin for captain, and was himself chosen 1st lieutenant. Soon afterwards, however, as will be seen, he became captain, and the company was known as Hildebrant’s. These companies afterwards became B and F, of the 20th Regt. of Illinois Infantry.

Meetings were meantime being held in all the towns and hamlets of the county, and recruits forwarded to Joliet, and the city began to assume quite a warlike appearance. The spirit-stirring drum and fife were heard at all hours, and there was (with few exceptions) scarcely a man that was not willing that his neighbor should enlist.

The state authorities were fully alive to the situation. On April 19th, Governor Yates ordered Brigadier General Swift to hold Cairo, and such was the importance of this point that trains loaded with impromptu soldiers and with subsistence were quickly on their way from Chicago, and by the 22d six organized companies of infantry and four batteries of artillery arrived at that point, and its possession was secured..

Among the first to fly to the defense of Cairo were McAllister’s Battery, of Plainfield, and Capt. Hawley’s, of Lockport. These companies had been organized some years before as amateur companies, and were now quickly available in the emergency.

Captain Hawley’s company placed the first gun in position for

the defense of Cairo. The Plainfield company was stationed for a few days at the bridge over the Big Muddy, and on arriving at Cairo was mustered into the three months' service as Co. K, and part of Co. I, of the 10th Regt. of Ill. Infantry. The Lockport company was never mustered into service of the United States, and only acted as state militia, and although never engaged in actual warfare, it, with others, rendered important service at this critical juncture.

Cairo was a point of vast importance, and no wiser or more important step was taken during the whole war than the timely occupancy of this point. It saved the southern part of our state from rebel invasion, if not from joining the rebellion. And it was not taken an hour too soon. The sympathies of many in that part of the state were strongly with the rebels. Indeed a regiment which was afterwards organized at Anna, the 109th, was disarmed and discharged (except Co. K,) by order of Gen. Grant, on account of its sympathy with the rebellion.

This occupancy of Cairo, however, gave great offense to the neutral state of Kentucky and its august Governor. The congressman also from the adjacent district in Kentucky took the matter in high dudgeon, and wrote President Lincoln a letter protesting against the step! To this Lincoln dryly replied, that if he had known that Cairo was in the gentleman's district, he would not have done it!

On Tuesday, April 23d, the legislature of our state convened in extra session, and a bill was passed for the organization of ten regiments, one from each of the nine congressional districts, and one to be composed of volunteers already assembled at Springfield, and an appropriation of \$300,000 was made for war purposes. The war department had, on the same day that the president issued his proclamation for 75,000 militia, called upon this state for six regiments of infantry, and these were speedily raised, and were known as the three months' men—numbered 7 to 12 inclusive.

Meanwhile our women were not idle. Foreseeing that there would be work for them to do, they early organized soldiers' aid societies, for the purpose of supplying sanitary and hospital stores and appliances, and for looking after the wants of those families whose husbands and brothers should enlist. And here let me say,

that from the first, and all along through the dreary years of the war, our women, in common with those of all parts of the north, were unwearied in their labors and self-denying sacrifices to add to the health and comfort of the soldier on the field and in the hospital. No roster preserves the names of those who, as officers or privates, formed "THE GRAND ARMY AT HOME," and who gave their time, money, labors and prayers to this holy cause. No historic page emblazons their names or tells the story of their sufferings and trials, of their labors and achievements in behalf of the country and its absent defenders. Some, indeed, enlisted as nurses, and braved all the toil and discomforts of the hospital; and many a wounded and sick soldier has blessed the soft hand that wiped the death-damp from his brow, and gave him the cooling drink, or wrote for him the letter which told his friends at home of his situation. But more plied the needle and the sewing machine, or preserved the fruits and jellies, and other comforts for the sick and wounded, collected money and encouraged their sons and brothers to enlist. Some made good the places of their husbands and sons in the store or office, or on the farm. When husband or son hesitated to go because there would be no one to carry on the farm and provide for the family, many a woman has said

"Go!—take your gun and go, John,
Yes, take your gun and go—
Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can wield the hoe!"

Their influence in stimulating the stronger sex to enlistments and patriotic sacrifices cannot be overrated. Instinctively they saw the justice of our cause, and were troubled by no constitutional scruples as to the duty of the north to uphold the Union at any cost. And having sent forth their husbands and sons into the ranks they determined that they should not be left altogether to the tender mercies of army regulations and governmental resources, but were the first to suggest, and the most active in maintaining the sanitary and christian commissions, and organizing and conducting fairs. These agencies, so valuable to the cause, soon had their recruiting offices in every town and hamlet of our county. In all the thousand ways in which they so well and so quickly learned how to serve the cause, did the women of Will

county do their part, all unheralded and unknown. But they have left their record deep written in many a soldier's heart, and verily they shall not lose their reward. And how many of this "grand army at home," in the course of the four years that followed, were doomed to receive wounds more cruel even than those which their sons, husbands and brothers received upon the field of battle—wounds which even now, after the lapse of fifteen years, are not healed; or, if healed, have left the most frightful scars!

The clergy of the city and county were not idle. So far as I know, without an exception, all our pulpits were outspoken for the Union and the suppression of the rebellion. Four, at least, from our county entered the service as chaplains during the course of the war, and in the army were untiring in their efforts for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the volunteers.

The Board of Supervisors met on the call of the clerk April 30th, and appropriated \$5,000 for the families of volunteers, and to defray the expenses of enlistment.

On the first day of May, Judge Douglas passed through this city on his way to Chicago, and from the rear platform of the train addressed the thousands which had assembled to greet him. He had, on invitation, addressed the assembled legislature of the state, on the 25th of April, upon the crisis, and in no doubtful language had given his views as to the duty of all patriots to uphold the government in the exigency, and to sink all political and party differences; and now he repeated the same sentiments to the assembled crowd in Joliet. Fifteen days before, the telegraph had flashed from Washington these noble words: "Without having been consulted, or endorsing any particular measure, I am for my country, and against all assailants." His speech in Joliet was thoroughly patriotic. He advised his party friends, supporters and admirers, of whom there were many in this city—probably a majority—to rally to the support of the administration, and to forget all minor, all party considerations, until the authority of the government and the laws were fully re-established. This was the last time the voice of Judge Douglas was heard in Joliet, for, after making one more speech in Chicago, of like significance, in the "old wigwam," where his successful competitor for the presidency had been

nominated, he betook himself sick and exhausted to his bed, from which he never rose again !

It would be impossible to overrate the influence and the importance of these last utterances of this gifted statesman of Illinois. Even in the minds of those who had been his bitter political enemies, they obliterated the memory of those acts and sayings for which, hitherto, they had not been stinted in their censure.

A camp was established, under the direction of the state authorities, on the old fair grounds, on the well-known Stevens' place, a beautiful and appropriate location, having on it fine, shady oak openings, an abundant spring of pure water, and buildings already erected sufficient for headquarters and offices. To these, company barracks were quickly added, and the camp received the name of "Camp Goodell," after a well-known, active and patriotic citizen.

To this camp the two companies which had been organized in Joliet, and the others which were by this time arriving from other counties in the district, were sent, and by Saturday evening of May 11th, a full regiment of men, which afterward came to be known as the 20th regiment of Illinois Infantry, of which something more was heard afterwards, and of which more will be related in its proper place, was in camp ; and the spot which had heretofore been appropriated to the uses of agriculture, and the arts of peace, was now alive with the din and clash of warlike preparation. Men were now reversing the prophetic scripture, and turning their scythes into swords and their pruning-hooks into bayonets.

All the towns in the county were now alive with excitement and were engaged in encouraging enlistments and in raising funds for the aid societies.

Especially in Joliet the excitement was intense. It was almost impossible to resist the impulse to enlist. One young man from the town of Reed, happening to be in the city, was so carried away with the enthusiasm that, without waiting to consult with his widowed mother, he enrolled his name among the defenders of the country. Instead of meeting the rebuke which he feared, he received from her the following God-speed :

"MY DEAR SON: I have been informed that you have enlisted in defense of our country. It does seem as though I could not let

you go without seeing you again. But I feel that you are in a good cause. Do honor to yourself and your country, and do not turn your back upon the bullets, and may God bless and keep you."

A boy with such a mother, we may well believe, made a good soldier. And how many such mothers there were all over the land, who, all unknown, gave proof of heroism not inferior to that which their sons displayed upon the field of battle. For, when a mother sends forth her son to the hazards of war, she perils a life far dearer than her own.

On the 6th of May thirteen recruits came in for Capt. Erwin's company, from the town of Frankfort. One more had agreed to come, but failed to do so; not, however, because he became cowardly or faint-hearted, but purely for conscientious reasons, as his letter, written to Mrs. Holden, one of the active women of the time in that burgh, will abundantly show. I give it, not only in justice to the individual himself, but to show that we who stayed at home might be, and in many instances were, as conscientious and patriotic as those who enlisted. Here is the letter *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*:

"My dear friend I sined my name Down to gow with you to enlist but Mrs. Holden there is something like a hundred and they only wanted sixty-nine but there was danger of me becos I was a large man that stroke my mind and for me to gow and crowd out others I thought that was not rite sow I prayed to my God three times for him to give mee wisdom and for him to direct my mind what to do and god gave me wisdom that it was not for me to gow and crowd others so may god speed you I prayed in sincerity and god answer my prayer sow good-bye."

Ah! who can tell what struggles it may have cost the writer of this letter to give up his dreams of glory, and his ambition to serve his country, "becos he was a large man and might crowd out others!" But such abnegation was not rare in those days! Many of us were altogether too large to go into the ranks, and were only fit for colonels or generals, and therefore were compelled to stay at home. But we have no chronicler, and the world will never know what struggles it cost us.

Companies having now arrived from eight other counties in the district, one each from Kendall, Livingston, McLean, Putnam, Kankakee, Iroquois, Champaign and Dewitt, a regiment was organized of these, and the two companies from Will, and was, as I have already said, known as the 20th Regiment of Ill. Infantry. A full roster of the officers and muster roll of the men, from this county, will be found elsewhere, and a condensed history of its campaigns and battles. As we shall see, it soon became known as the "fighting regiment," and the "glorious 20th," names richly earned on many a battle-field. I will state here, that during the course of its history, our county was represented in the 20th regiment by 24 commissioned officers and 314 enlisted men; a number which justifies us in giving the history of the regiment as part of the war record of Will county.

The excitement continued after it was understood that the 20th regiment was full. It was felt that other calls would follow, and that other sacrifices must be made, before we should be through with the war. Business was a secondary consideration, and to aid in furthering preparation for the conflict which had been forced upon the country, was the grand object in which (as a general rule) all men and women, of all parties and creeds, heartily united. A large share of those who enlisted at this time, and subsequently, had been the political opponents of the administration. Captains Erwin and Hildebrant had been captains of companies of the "Ever Readys" in the then late presidential campaign; but now they threw aside party badges for the stars and stripes, and enlisted to serve under that commander whose election they had so lately opposed. The democrats of Joliet took down the hickory pole which had stood through the political campaign on the public square, gay with streamers and flags emblazoned with party watchwords and devices, and erected it in Camp Goodell, and run up the stars and stripes. The school houses, hotels, printing offices, shops and private houses everywhere, with few exceptions, displayed the patriotic bunting.

I am not sure that those who had been political opponents of the administration hitherto, and did not even now endorse all its measures, are not entitled to greater credit, in thus throwing aside

their prejudices and joining heartily in sustaining the administration, than those who had been all along its political supporters.

On the 15th of May, the regimental election was held at Camp Goodell. In this election our city took a deep interest. It was the expectation of our companies, and of our citizens, that our own citizen and soldier, Erwin, would be chosen Colonel. He had served with honor in the Mexican war, and had assisted in organizing and drilling the men, and none had higher claims to the office. Will county, also, had furnished two full companies, and might fairly claim the honor. But there was considerable competition for the office. Among others, it was said at the time, that our (then) representative in congress was willing to serve the district in war, as he had in peace. But the successful competitor was C. C. Marsh, who had assisted in the organization of the camp, and was appointed by Gov. Yates its commander, and who had some military education. I do not know exactly whence the influence came which thus controlled the election, and made the men willing to accept of a man altogether outside of the organization, and of the district as well. This, however, I believe, was true, that as so many regiments were in process of formation all over the state, and as the general government had called for, and would (at the time) accept only of six regiments, the question began to be doubtful whether the 20th would be able to get into the service; and it was urged that Col. Marsh, or his friends, had some mysterious influence which would secure to the regiment an early muster into the service of "Uncle Samuel." Be that as it may, he was duly elected Colonel, and our candidate, Erwin, was made Lieut. Colonel. J. W. Goodwin, the 1st Lieutenant of Co. B, was made Major. He had seen some service in the regular army.

On the 22d of May, the president, without waiting the assembling of congress, it having become apparent that more than 75,000 men, and more than 60 days, would be required to subdue the "riot," had made another call for 42,032 men, to serve three years, unless sooner discharged. To this call the state of Illinois was asked to furnish six regiments. The people were still a long way in advance of the general-in-chief in their apprehension of the gravity of the situation. Only six regiments of infantry would be accepted from this state, and by this time there were volunteers

enough, in all the various rendezvous, to make at least twenty. There was difficulty in making the selection, but it was done by the state authorities, and the 20th regiment was one of those that drew a prize. Before Bartleson's company was mustered in, one of the men, W. F. Brightman, had the misfortune to get a broken leg, and thus got his discharge very early. He afterwards entered the service in a Michigan regiment.

A dragoon company had been partly organized here, but on receipt of the news that the government would accept no more, it disbanded. Many other recruits, disgusted with the peace department, as they called it in their vexation, returned to their homes. Some entered the service of other states, and helped to fill up their quotas. It took "Bull Run" to wake up the government and the war department to the exigencies of the situation.

Meanwhile things moved along at Camp Goodell. The regiment had got fully organized, and the officers and men were educating themselves for the business in hand, new to most of them. Our citizens took a deep interest in everything relating to the camp, and were frequent visitors. Our ladies furnished in part the uniforms for Capt. Hildebrant's company, and aided in supplying rations. R. E. Goodell, Esq., presented the regiment with a fine flag, Judge McRoberts making a presentation speech.

Although the air was full of rumors, that the regiment would not be accepted, yet on Wednesday, May 14th, they were officially accepted by the war department.

It will be borne in mind that, at the commencement of the organization, the enlistment was only for three months. The department had therefore asked Col. Marsh if the regiment would enlist "for three years or the war," and the question having been submitted to the men, they responded, with but few exceptions, with a hearty "aye," and, on June 13th, the men were "mustered in" by Captain Pitcher, of the U. S. A.

Monday, June 3d, the city was draped in mourning for the death of Stephen A. Douglas, and on Tuesday, June 10th, funeral obsequies were observed. All business was suspended, and all classes joined in a sincere and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the gifted statesman. A large and imposing procession, composed of citizens, the various civic societies, and the 20th regiment, with

a funeral car, &c., formed at the court house square, and marched to Camp Goodell, where an eloquent eulogy was pronounced by Judge Randall, and other appropriate services were had.

And now was illustrated, in a marked manner, the fact that sadness and joy, gloom and pleasure, walk side by side, and jostle each other in the drama of life. For, as it was in the days of Noah, and at the siege of Jerusalem, and is now, and probably always will be in this world,—so, even in this solemn day of our country's history, "they married and were given in marriage;" and hence it came to pass, that the solemn scene of which we have just spoken, gave place on the next day to one of altogether another character. The black funeral train—the solemn dirge—the measured tread, and beat of drum, gives place to a gay cavalcade, flaunting colors, and the merry laugh of the light-hearted. Suddenly the music changes "from grave to gay," for now a wedding is on the tapis. This wedding is part of our military history and must be related. It was an agreeable episode in the graver life of the camp, varying its tedium and monotony, and relieving the mind of the oppressive sense of the transitory nature of human hopes and ambitions, which were awakened by the scenes of the day before.

The parties to this wedding were the gallant major of the regiment, John W. Goodwin, and Miss Jennie Dalton, one of Joliet's most beautiful and lovely maidens. And most appropriate for such a ceremony was the time and place selected. It was an evening in the month of June—the month of roses—mid-June, when the moon nearly at its full illumined with its gentle radiance the campus, throwing a most bewitching glamour over the scene, and, as it shone through the scattered oaks, checkered the ground with a mosaic more beautiful than any ever designed by human hands. No carpeted saloon, however gorgeous in upholstery and brilliant with gaslight, could equal it in beauty. The ceremony took place in front of headquarters. The regiment was first drawn up in line, as on dress parade, and then formed in a hollow square, enclosing the gentlemen and ladies from the city, who had come thither on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, to witness the ceremony, which, common as it is, is always interesting, and which was now a novel one in respect to time, and place, and surroundings. In

due time the principals made their *entree* with Chaplain Button, and supported by Captain DeWolf and Miss Anna Stevens, and Captain Hildebrant and lady, all mounted. The beautiful bride was tastefully dressed in a riding habit of blue silk, with zouave cap and feather, while a sash of red, white and blue, passing across her snowy shoulders and lingering for a moment about her slender waist, fell upon her horse's side. The major was dressed in the full uniform of his rank, and was a fine specimen of manly beauty and of martial ease and grace. As they made their appearance, the square opened to receive them, the men gave the military salute, and then, amid silence unbroken save by the gentle rustle of the leaves in the evening breeze, the few words of the ceremony which linked two lives together were quickly spoken, and the parties pronounced man and wife. A brief prayer of blessing followed, and then the boys broke forth into three rousing cheers that made the welkin ring, and the band broke forth into jubilant music. The parties then rode around the square, and received the hearty congratulations of the crowd, and the hearty good wishes of all, and then took the lead in the march of the gay cavalcade back to the city. Altogether, it was a scene which seemed to bring back the days of chivalry. One could almost fancy it a chapter taken out of *Ivanhoe*. And here, like the novelist, we take our leave of the happy pair. In many cases, no doubt, this is the best place to take leave, while the glamour of romance is still over the scene, and everything is lovely!

On the 17th of June, another flag presentation occurred at the camp, when the ladies of Joliet presented Co. F, Capt. Hildebrant, with a beautiful flag. The speech on this occasion was made in behalf of the ladies by J. E. Streeter, Esq., and the reply was made by the gallant captain of the company.

The day following (June 19th), the 20th regiment left Camp Goodell, bound for Alton. Before leaving, it was paid off by Alexander McIntosh, Esq., acting as paymaster. It is perhaps worth mentioning that this payment was made in specie—and was the last glimpse we had of the precious metals from that day even until now. At six o'clock p. m., the boys bade adieu to Camp Goodell, which had been their home for something over a month, and took their march for the St. Louis depot. There they were

met by the Joliet Cornet Band, and a large concourse of citizens, many of the friends and relatives of the boys, who were now going forth to test their endurance and courage on many a weary march, and in many a sanguinary conflict with the enemies of the Union. It was a scene of mingled joy and sorrow, huzzas and sighs. Mothers parted from their sons, wives from husbands, sisters from brothers, and sweethearts from lovers, and none, even the most indifferent, could look on unaffected. Handkerchiefs did double duty, now fluttering in the air, as fair hands waved their farewells, and now wiping from loved faces the gathering tears. As we shall follow the 20th elsewhere in its course, we shall find, alas! that many of these partings were final.

The camp at the fair grounds was now vacant for a while, and silence reigned where so lately all had been noise and bustle.

Other towns were active. A company was organized at Wilmington by Capt. (afterwards Major) Munn, and, at Wilmington and vicinity, another by Captain Hooker, known as the Florence Rifles. These became companies A and E of the 39th Regt. of Illinois Infantry, popularly known as the Yates Phalanx, the scene of whose exploits was in Virginia, Maryland, and South Carolina. In this regiment our county was represented by 19 commissioned officers and 200 enlisted men, a fact which will demand some mention of its history in its proper place.

The city of Wilmington was early active. Mr. M. N. M. Stewart, and others, commenced immediately on the first call to raise a cavalry company, and it was fast filling up, when, learning that there was no probability that it would be accepted, it was disbanded, and the members went, many of them, into other organizations. Stewart joined the independent company which was raised in Chicago, known as "Barker's Dragoons," which served four months, six weeks at Cairo, and then in Western Virginia, as McClellan's escort. Stewart divides with Bartleson the honor of being the first recruit *from* Will county, having enlisted at Chicago the 16th day of April. And here let me anticipate a little, and say that the people of Wilmington were very active and enthusiastic throughout the war. The ladies very early organized an efficient soldiers' aid society, which held weekly meetings, or sociables, and contributed largely to the cause. And this organ-

ization continued active and efficient so long as aid was needed. During this time Mrs. A. W. Bowen visited the hospitals at Murfreesboro, and on her return made an appeal through the county papers, which awakened new zeal in the cause.

Doctors Bowen and Willard, and R. N. Waterman, Esq., were appointed by the governor to visit Vicksburg, and look after the wants of our soldiers. Dr. Willard also visited the bloody field of Shiloh in his professional capacity.

Part of Company G, of the 39th, was also raised in Homer, by Hon. Amos Savage and Oscar F. Rudd, (who were lieutenants, and afterwards captains). Wm. B. Slaughter, formerly pastor of the Methodist church in this city, and stationed at Blue Island at the breaking out of the war, was the first captain of the company. He was a man who could preach the Gospel of Peace, and also fight the gospel of war, as his name might indicate. Having a Savage and a Slaughter in command of this company, it of course did some good fighting, as may be seen in its history elsewhere.

And so passed the summer of 1861. The Lockport company of artillery came home in August, after a four months' service as militia, and also many of the Plainfield Battery, who did not enlist in the battery for three years. Many of both companies entered the service in other organizations. Captain McAllister reorganized his battery at Cairo, and called for recruits from Will county.

During this month, also, a cavalry company, which became Company D of the 4th Cavalry, Capt. Felter, of Lockport, was raised mostly in this county. The Secretary of War had, in the meantime, after Bull Run, authorized Gov. Yates to accept of all companies which should offer for the three years' service.

Having by this time sent a good many men to the war, we all felt not only a general interest as citizens in every day's report from the various points occupied by our armies, but a special and personal interest. The daily papers were eagerly devoured morning and evening. How impatient we got at the delay in army movements! How we railed against the red tape! How clearly we all saw just what ought to be done! What accomplished military strategists we became all of a sudden! especially if we happened to be editors or reporters! How easily we could break the "back bone of the rebellion," if we only had the ordering of

affairs, civil and military ! It seemed as easy as managing your neighbor's business, or bringing up his children !

During this month, (August) also, four of our distinguished civilians—Judge Norton, C. E. Munger, B. F. Russell and J. C. Williams, paid a visit to the 20th regiment, then stationed at Cape Girardeau. They wanted to see how the boys got along, and also to get a glimpse—just a glimpse—of the elephant. The boys, you may well believe, were glad to see them. They had their pockets full of currency, and were liberal in dispensing it for the comfort of the boys. While they were there they expressed the wish that Jeff. Thompson would make his appearance, so they could see a little fun. Well, one day scouts came in who reported that Jeff. was approaching the Cape in full force. Here was just what they had been longing for. But it not unfrequently happens that we are greatly disappointed when our prayers are answered. They took a sober second thought. A seige would be tedious. They might get short of rations ; and our distinguished civilians liked their rations full and regular, as any one may see by taking a look at some who still survive. And then, if Jeff. should have artillery their stay might be disagreeable. Those shells and cannon balls had a disagreeable way with them, and might not respect the persons of civilians, however distinguished. And then they were some of them large men and might be in the way, and the military might feel embarrassed at their presence ! The more they thought about it, the plainer it appeared that however anxious they might be to see the elephant, it was their *duty* to sacrifice their curiosity, and to get to some place where they would not be in the way. So they suggested to Col. Marsh the propriety of chartering one of the boats which lay in the river, and setting them across beyond the jurisdiction of Jeff. Thompson. To this proposition Col. Marsh assented, and the distinguished civilians were accordingly landed upon the Illinois side of the river, and having put the broad Mississippi between them and Jeff., they shook off the dust of their feet as a testimony that they held him and his rebel hordes in utter contempt, and then made their way to the nearest railroad station. As it turned out, however, Jeff. gave the Cape a wide berth. But a better joke happened to one of these distinguished civilians on the way home. They had stopped for

dinner, and one of their number became so absorbed in his devotions to the duty of the hour, that he lingered at the table after the rest of the party had got aboard, and failed entirely to hear the warning whistle, and on walking leisurely out upon the platform, was astonished to find no train there, and, on raising his eyes toward the north, saw it rapidly diminishing in the distance. Here was a situation indeed ! He did not swear—at least I don't think he did—for he was a good Baptist deacon, but he thought very hard and very fast. He was decidedly disgusted with the situation. He examined his pocket book and found that he had paid out his last currency for his dinner and his cigar, and had absolutely nothing left for subsistence or transportation. He had been very generous with the boys at the Cape, and here he was, a hundred and fifty miles or more from Mrs. W. and the children, with empty pockets. He congratulated himself, however, that he was out of Jeff. Thompson's reach, and that he had just laid in rations that would last him twenty-four hours at least. And there I shall be obliged to leave him, for I never heard how he got out of the predicament. All accounts I have been able to gather of the adventure, leave him there with his hands in his pockets, gazing dumbfounded at the fast-vanishing train. But he did get home some way, and afterwards served the country nobly as an officer in the 100th regiment, and never run again, except at Chickamauga, when his mustang was shot from under him, and he was almost surrounded by the rebs, when, though his legs are not so long as some of his neighbors', he made 2:40 through the woods to Chattanooga, and thus showed for the second time that

“ He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.”

The correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, at Cairo, in a letter to that paper some time in August, 1861, giving an account of the fight at Charleston, Missouri, thus speaks of a Joliet boy :

“ A young boy named Hartley Wixom, of Joliet, a body servant of Col. Wallace, of the 11th, made a hero of himself, and deserves the most honorable mention. The lad is but fifteen years old, active and intelligent. During the fight he noticed one of the rebel troopers retreating toward him ; quickly lifting his revolver

(the young chap, by the way, was armed with a navy pistol given him by Col. Wallace,) he fired and brought the rebel to the ground. Running up, he stripped the fellow of his haversack and canteen, and, seizing the horse, led him off to a place of safety as a prize. The young soldier afterwards captured two more horses, and brought them safely off the field. He was very active in his attentions to the wounded, bandaging their cuts, and providing for their comfort in various ways. The boys of the 22d are proud of that lad, and he will not fail of making a great man for want of friends to assist him."

War meetings are again the order of the day. Saturday, Aug. 31st, a rousing one was held at the court house, Hon. S. W. Bowen in the chair, A. N. Waterman, secretary. Speeches were made by Bowen, Osgood, Randall, Elder Crews, Norton, Breckenridge, Snapp, &c. The meeting was harmonious, although criticism was freely indulged—democrats and republicans cordially sympathizing with the government in its efforts to put down the rebellion, and strong resolutions in support of the government were passed.

Chaplain Button, of the 20th, was home early in September, and lectured in the court house, Sept. 17th, giving us the news from the regiment, and his experience in Missouri. He spoke nearly two hours to an interested auditory. Among other things, he said that it was generally conceded that the 20th was the best regiment in the service in Missouri.

During this month, also, Capt. C. W. Keith was engaged in raising an artillery company in this county, having his headquarters at Joliet. This became Battery I of the 2d artillery, and was better known afterwards as Barnett's Battery, a history of which will be found elsewhere.

About this time, also, Dr. Danforth laid down the lancet, and took up the larger, if not more deadly weapon—the sword—and, assisted by Sergeant Grundy and Lieut. Ira D. Swain, engaged in getting up a company of cavalry for the Fremont Hussars. This became Co. F of the 13th cavalry, of which Dr. Danforth was made captain.

At the same time another company, which became Co. C, 13th cavalry, was being enlisted in the eastern part of the county, of

which Adam Sachs, of Monee, became captain, and Adolph Schule, of the same place, lieutenant. Our German citizens seem to have preferred the cavalry branch of the service, although that nationality had its representatives in all our organizations—not excepting the Irish Legion; many having had military training and experience in the “faderland,” were all the better prepared to do their part, as they bravely did, for the salvation of their adopted country.

A meeting of the Board of Supervisors was held Sept. 17th, at which R. E. Goodell, supervisor of the town of Joliet, reported that he had received from the state authorities an auditor’s warrant for \$1,579, which amount was refunded to the county for the subsistence of volunteers: which amount was ordered to be placed in the treasury to the credit of the war fund.

The treasurer was also instructed to pay the bills for the uniforms of Capt. Erwin’s company, amounting to \$950. Messrs. Reid, Kahler and Smith, committee to inquire into the needs of the families of soldiers, reported that there would be about sixty families, and about one hundred and twenty children, in need of aid, and that there remained an unexpended balance of \$225 of the May appropriation, whereupon a further sum of \$3,775 was appropriated for that purpose. The weekly sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents was allowed for the wife, or head of family, and fifty cents for each child under twelve years of age. Such relief was also extended to the families of such as might have lost their lives in the service.

Sept. 26th was observed as a day of fasting and prayer, in conformity with the president’s proclamation. Union services were held at the Methodist church, and business was generally suspended. A sermon was preached by Elder Crews.

I suppose everybody has heard of the famous N. Y. 7th regiment, and knows something of its exploits in the early days of the war. But most of my readers, I presume, will be surprised to learn that Will county can justly claim a share in the glory of its achievements. I was myself greatly surprised when, in the course of my researches, I stumbled upon the fact. But it is as true as it is strange. Our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, Mansfield Young, Esq., (sometimes called “Map,” for short) was a member of this renowned regiment, and inasmuch as he was a resident of this

county, both before and since the war, I think it is no robbery to claim him as our representative, and to insist that the glory of his achievements—which were neither few nor small—should be put to the credit side of Will county. Although, in a most remarkable manner, he escaped being in any of the great battles of the war, he went through a great many “scrimmages,” and made and received, both on his own hook, and with his company, a great many heavy charges. On one occasion, although not killed, he was buried—yes, buried—alive—for the good of his country! It happened in this wise: While the regiment was debarking from a railway train, the men of his company—all heavy men—stood drawn up in order of battle upon the platform, ready to make one of their characteristic charges, (there was a restaurant across the street), when suddenly the platform, which had been built over an excavation about ten feet deep, (not having been constructed for such heavy weights), gave way, and the entire company went down out of sight. The captain, who was in the middle of the street, looked around on hearing the noise, and lo! the company had disappeared as mysteriously as did that of Dathan and Abiram when the earth opened and swallowed them up. Of course, divers wounds, bruises and sprains, more or less serious, was the result. One man had a bayonet thrust through the place where he carried his rations—*not* his haversack. As for our hero, Mr. Young, besides getting his temper sadly out of joint, he suffered a most painful dislocation of the heel—*of his boot!* As the boot was subsequently *heeled*, and as our friend ultimately recovered his serenity of temper, and has maintained it ever since, I am happy to say that this is not an obituary notice.

October, the war meetings are still the order of the day, and enlistments are going forward all over the county for various companies and regiments. The Yates Phalanx, in which, as has been said, Will county was largely represented, passed through Joliet, on its way from Chicago to the seat of war, and was warmly greeted by our citizens. Union sociables now became a feature of the times, when men and women, old and young, of all religious and political creeds, got together, and worked, and talked, and sung, and contributed for the good of the cause.

About this time, (Oct. 1, 1861,) the city of Wilmington enjoyed

a first-class sensation. This was no less than a visit from the noted correspondent of the *London Times*, Dr. W. H. Russell—sometimes called Bull Run Russell—the persistent slanderer of the north, and the apologist for the rebels. Apeing the example of the Prince of Wales, of the year before, he visited Wilmington, with a retinue of sportsmen and toadies, and recreated himself with a week's pursuit of game in the groves, and on the prairies in that vicinity. Not content with doing this on the secular days of the week, he and his friends chose to outrage the pious feelings of the citizens of that city, by continuing their sport upon the sabbath, and thus disturbed the holy meditations and devotions of some who had never been so disturbed before. For this offense against good order, wholesome American law, and Wilmington piety, Dr. Russell was arrested, brought before his honor, Justice Cobb, and mulcted in the sum of three dollars and costs.

It is to be hoped that this severe, but justly merited discipline, worked at least an outward reformation in the morals and manners of this proud representative of "the Thunderer," and gave him a wholesome respect for Illinois law and Wilmington justice. It is also to be hoped that the citizens of Wilmington still retain their zeal for the sanctity of the sabbath!

In this month, also, a recruiting officer was here procuring recruits for the 64th regiment, known as the Yates Sharpshooters. Fred. W. Matteson, formerly a Joliet boy, son of ex-Gov. Matteson, held the rank of major in this regiment, and was active in getting recruits here. A little later, in November, Capt. Grover recruited his company for this regiment, and J. S. Reynolds, Ward Knickerbocker, and others, recruited men in other parts of the county for the same. Later in the war, in 1864, Captain Logan raised a company, in this county, for the same regiment. Will county had in all in this regiment 17 commissioned officers and about 300 enlisted men. Its history, and the full roster of officers and muster roll of the men from this county, will be given in its proper place. It was only in this regiment that Will county can claim the honor of a General, although we had men worthy of the honor in other regiments. Lt. Col. J. S. Reynolds, of New Lenox, the son of one of our oldest Hickory Creek families, who entered the regiment as 2d lieutenant of Co. F, and rose to lieutenant colonel,

was breveted brigadier general toward the close of the war, for conspicuous skill and bravery at the battle of Bentonville. Parties from other states were also trying to enlist men, but Governor Yates soon issued his proclamation prohibiting recruiting for organizations of other states.

Lient. O'Kane, of the 23d, known as Mulligan's, or the Irish Brigade, also opened an office in Joliet, and obtained some recruits.

During the fall of 1861, also, Co. I, of the 46th regiment, was raised in the town of Plainfield, of which Charles P. Stimpson was captain, and James Ballard 1st lieutenant. About 60 men enlisted from that patriotic town.

At the same time, Co. K of the 8th (Farnsworth's) cavalry, was raised largely from the towns of Plainfield and Wheatland, while Co. F, of the same regiment, was principally raised in Crete and other eastern towns. Over thirty of our German citizens from Crete also enlisted in Co. D, of the 9th cavalry, and, during the winter, the town of Channahon furnished fifteen men for the 10th cavalry. Thirty-six men, from various parts of the county, also joined the 53d regiment, Col. Cushman, of Ottawa.

During the season the people often turned out to see different regiments passing through on the railroads for the seat of war. Among others, Col. Kellogg's Cavalry Regiment, from Michigan, passed through in November. Coming in on the Cut-Off, they were treated to a collation at the depot, by our whole-souled and patriotic citizen, Calvin Knowlton, Esq. In this regiment was a Joliet boy, Harmon F. Nicholson, who afterwards rose to the rank of Major, and made a very efficient and brave soldier and officer. And this was another instance in which patriotism got the better of partyism.

In October, 1861, George R. Dyer, of Joliet, received the appointment of quartermaster in the volunteer service, with the rank of captain, and was stationed at Pilot Knob, Mo.

In the latter part of October we were made proud by receiving the news of the battle of Fredericktown, in which the 20th got their first taste of war in earnest, and in which they won their first honors, and spilled the first blood, an account of which will be given in the history of the regiment. Happily, in this instance our joy was not abated by any list of casualties.

There was nothing of special interest in our county history during the winter of 1861-2, until the movements of Grant against Forts Henry and Donaldson. Knowing that the 20th regiment, and also McAllister's Battery, were in the movement, we felt a special as well as a general interest in the expedition. And when we heard of the success of the expedition in the taking of Fort Donaldson, there were of course great rejoicings. These, however, were sadly dampened when we heard that Col. Erwin had fallen in the struggle. A public meeting was immediately called, and measures taken for receiving and rendering due honors to his remains. In due time they arrived in charge of Major Bartleson, whereupon funeral services were held at the Methodist Church, from which a large procession escorted the remains to the Rock Island depot, and a large committee of citizens accompanied them to Ottawa, where they were interred. The common council of the city also passed appropriate resolutions and attended the funeral services in a body.

The 22d of February was observed by the citizens of Joliet, in an unusually interesting manner. There were religious services in the Methodist church, and afterwards a meeting at the court house, where an eloquent oration on the life and character of Washington was delivered by Judge Parks. The matter of special interest was the appearance of Bartleson, and the enthusiasm with which he was received. The sight of the man who was just from the bloody field of Donaldson, in which he had taken an active and heroic part, awakened the most intense enthusiasm. Being conducted to the stand he made a thrilling speech; in the course of which he gave a graphic account of the battle. Soon the prisoners taken at Fort Donaldson began to pass through the city on their way to Camp Douglas. Crowds of our citizens were, of course, attracted to the depot to take a look at the conquered rebels. They were, however, treated courteously and kindly, and in conversation expressed their surprise at the humane manner in which they had been treated since the surrender.

Among the killed at Donaldson were James Bassett, of this city, who had been shot in the head and killed instantly. The common council of the city procured the bringing home of the body, and the funeral took place at the Methodist church, and a

respectable burial was given it at Oakwood. A donation party for the benefit of the bereaved family was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Friday evening, February 28th. The common council of the city at its meeting February 19th, had, on motion of alderman Howk, passed a resolution appointing a committee to expend whatever money might be necessary in procuring the bodies of those killed at Fort Donaldson, and necessary relief for their families.

The interest of our citizens was soon turned to Island No. 10, in the expedition against which our county was represented by Capt. Grover's company, and others in the 64th, and Capt. Keith's Battery.

Early in April we received the news of its surrender, and almost simultaneously we received the news of the great battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought the 6th and 7th of April. The account of this battle, in its general aspects and results, has been frequently given in the histories of the war, and its general features are familiar to all well informed persons. So far as it affected our own county, the details will be found in the history of the 20th Regiment and McAllister's Battery, both of which bore an honorable part in the two days' struggle. On hearing of this battle our fellow-citizens, George Woodruff, William Tonner, B. F. Russell, Otis Hardy, J. T. McDougall, and others, together with Dr. A. L. McArthur, left for the scene, to look after the dead and wounded from our county, Dr. McArthur, and Dr. E. R. Willard, of Wilmington, going in a professional capacity. Soon after, we also heard of the death, from typhoid fever, brought on by exposure at Donaldson, of Albert S. Randall, son of Judge Randall, of this city, a member of Co. F, 20th Ill.

Among other casualties of this battle, was the loss by Major Bartleson of his left arm. Lieut. Cleghorn was also severely wounded in the arm. Other casualties are noted in the history of the 20th, and of McAllister's battery. I must, however, mention here the fact that all accounts spoke in the highest praise of the efforts of Chaplain Button in behalf of the wounded, although suffering himself from sickness brought on by exposure at Donaldson. He attended unweariedly upon the wounded, carrying fence rails to build them fires, and working until he fell down exhausted.

In the list of wounded in McAllister's battery, I find the name of "George Woodruff." Now, I am pretty sure this was not our friend, the banker, as he did not start for the scene until the battle was over, and I don't think it was George H. Woodruff, the druggist, for he kept at a safe distance all through the war, and I have often heard him admit that he could never "bide the smell of powder." On examination, I find that the man was from Indiana. Let us be grateful, however, that the name has been enrolled among the heroes—even though it was done by a Hoosier!

Nicholas Shaw, son of James Shaw, belonging to the 45th Ill., who was taken with other wounded at Shiloh to St. Louis, and who died there from his wounds, April 19th, was brought home from that place by his father, and the body deposited in Oakwood.

The funeral of young Randall took place on the 27th, at the M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Kidd preaching the sermon, at which there was a large attendance.

Friday evening, April 25th, a serenade was given to the wounded officers of the 20th, Major Bartleson and Capt. Cleghorn, with speeches, &c.

Orrin Johnson, of the 57th regiment, Jacob B. Worthingham and Reuben Atkins, of the 20th, were also brought home by their friends, being severely wounded. The remains of James Scanlan, also of Co. B, who died of disease contracted in the service, were also brought home and the funeral held, which was attended by Bartleson, who reported him as a brave soldier.

Our county was also represented at Donaldson and Shiloh by Co. I, in the 46th regiment, known as the Plainfield company, in which we had three commissioned officers and 55 men, four of whom were killed at Shiloh.

Sergeant, afterwards Lieut., James F. Branch, who had been home wounded from Donaldson, had just returned to the regiment, and although not fully recovered, he took part in the two days' battle, and bore a heroic part. But the exposure was so great, that he was compelled to return home again to recruit.

Capt. Grover was home on a brief visit in July, to recuperate. He had been in all the engagements under Pope, and seen much service. He reported that but one of his company had been

killed and four wounded. Alas! the next time Captain Grover came back, he was brought to be laid in Oakwood!

During the last week in June, occurred the terrible battles before Richmond under McClellan, and the retreat to Harrison's Landing, and July 1st, Father Abraham, at the urgent suggestion of the loyal governors of 17 states, called for 300,000 more. It was, alas! evident that the backbone of the rebellion was still sound. A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded the public mind, and great disappointment at the result of the struggle before Richmond, from which so much had been hoped, for many had expected that Richmond would certainly be taken, and the war closed, at least that the "backbone would be broken." The north was for a moment almost disheartened. But a reaction soon comes on, and fever supervenes, and the country is aroused to new effort and fresh and greater sacrifices. In this feeling our county shares. Immediately, we hear of first one, and then another, of our citizens becoming authorized to enlist companies, under the call of the president. Our own governor issues a proclamation, calling upon the citizens of the state to rally at the call.

In response, we first hear that A. N. Waterman is authorized to raise a company. Next, Mr. Munger follows, and opens an office with Justice Heath, in the old clerk's office, on the corner of the public square. Thomas Hayes, Dan. O'Connor, J. G. Elwood, Dr. Kelly, H. B. Goddard, and ex-sheriff Bartlett, quickly follow. Soon, too, we hear that Dr. Bacon and J. S. McDonald, of Lockport; Albert H. Amsden, of Dupage; McLaughry, of Homer; Burrell, of Plainfield; Gardner and Bowen, of Wilmington, with others assisting them, are all actively engaged in raising companies. Patriotic men—mostly young men, flock to their standards. A special meeting of the Board of Supervisors is again called, and our city papers urge a liberal appropriation by way of bounty and aid to the families of volunteers.

War meetings are again the order of the day, and, as Carlyle would say, the flood-gates of gab were opened. Speeches by Goodspeed, Parks, Bowen, Randall, Breckenridge, Snapp, Starr, Casey, Norton, Waterman, Father Farrelly, &c., &c.

If zeal lags, whisperings of a draft to come revives it. The business men of Joliet and Lockport held a meeting and passed

resolutions calling upon the supervisors to meet and make liberal appropriations. June 23d, 1862, the common council appropriated \$50 for a sick soldier. Even a common council *can* do a good thing!

The *Republican*, of that date, says: "W. C. Wood offers a bounty of \$100 to the first company that is completed to its maximum in the 100th regiment." Other citizens, I believe, made similar offers, and, it is to be hoped—paid them!

The supervisors met July 29th, and appropriated \$60,000 for a war fund, and took the necessary steps for raising the money. They voted a bounty of \$60 to each volunteer, or \$5 monthly to his family, as he might elect. War meetings and enlistments are going on all over the county. Twelve companies, six of whom had their headquarters in Joliet, were being raised in Will county. Soon the idea of a Will county regiment is suggested, and takes with everybody, and soon authority is obtained to that effect, and the old barracks on the fair grounds are put in order, and the Will county regiment, the 100th Illinois, are in possession, and fast organizing the companies and the regiment. This is soon accomplished, for the enthusiasm and excitement throughout the county surpasses that of the previous year.

An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Linebarger school house the 26th of July, and 20 recruits raised. One lady, a Mrs. Bush, gave up her fourth son to the cause, and said, if she had four more, they should go. This was by no means an isolated instance. A Mrs. Noble, of Wilmington, gave two boys to the 100th regiment, and she subsequently gave one to the 39th regiment. These were all she had of sufficient age. These widows, I think, exceeded in their spirit of sacrifice the widow that Christ commended. Like her, they gave all they had, and gave something better and dearer far than money.

These two Noble boys—sons of a Noble mother—were taken prisoners at Chickamauga, and taken to Andersonville. One lived through it; the other died a martyr to his country.

Another woman gave her only son, and her husband too, and both were sacrificed on the altar of her country. Of the son, Sergeant Holmes, one of the bravest boys in the 100th, we shall have something to say in the history of that regiment. The husband (Ellery B. Mitchell) died early in the service at Nashville.

The companies comprising the 100th held their elections, and the regiment held its election, at Camp Erwin, as the camp was now called. Only one man was thought of for colonel, Fred. A. Bartleson, the gallant major of the 20th. The full account of this, and the roster of the officers and full muster roll of the regiment, together with a detailed history of its campaigns, will be found in its proper place.

One of our resident physicians, Dr. A. L. McArthur, received at this time an appointment as medical examiner on the state board, a post of great usefulness and responsibility. Dr. A. W. Heise accepted the appointment of surgeon to the regiment, and Drs. E. Harwood and H. T. Woodruff were appointed assistant surgeons.

But the 100th regiment does not absorb all the interest, or all the volunteers. The "Casey Guards," Capt. O'Connor's company, joined the 90th regiment, or Irish Legion. A company was also raised in Lockport by some of the well-known citizens of Irish nationality, which joined the same regiment, under the captaincy of Patrick O'Marah. Our county was represented in this regiment by eight commissioned officers and 140 enlisted men, and a sketch of its history will be found elsewhere.

During the month of August, also, Captain (afterwards Major) Holden, of Frankfort, enlisted some men for the Holden Guards, which became Co. E of the 88th regiment. Some twenty young men of Lockport also enlisted in the Chicago Mercantile Battery, and the 72d, or 1st Board of Trade regiment, obtained twenty-five men from our county, mostly from the towns of Dupage and Channahon.

The subject of the draft is getting to be one of great interest. A census of the county is taken, and it is ascertained that in Joliet there are 1,536, and in the county 5,963, subject to military duty.

About this time (August) the excitement in respect to the war, and a draft, &c., was temporarily overshadowed by one of great local interest. I refer to the mysterious disappearance of one of our prominent citizens, which I think ought to be noticed in this history, as, although the subject of it was not a military character, yet he wielded a trenchant pen for the Union, and it is often said, "the pen is mightier than the sword." He was first missed on

the morning of August 20th. For the first time in many years, he failed to make his appearance on the street, or in the editorial sanctum.

As soon as this failure to appear was noticed, a diligent inquiry was instituted, but it failed to elicit any information. People soon began to get excited. The disappearance of so prominent a citizen, a man of such regular habits, whose appearance upon the street at a certain hour, moving with steady step, and thoughtful brow, his head full of grave editorials on the situation, and his heart burdened with a nation's dangers, had come to be looked for as a thing as fixed as the rising of the sun—the disappearance of such a man would of course produce great excitement as soon as known. Conjecture was soon busy; rumors were as plenty as blackberries. Some, knowing his patriotic ardor, thought that he had enlisted in McAllister's Battery, or the Irish Brigade, (as it will appear in the sequel, this last conjecture was not far out of the way). Others, knowing his chronic dislike to a draft, intimated that he had gone to Canada that he might not witness so disagreeable an operation. None but "Black Republicans" entertained so slanderous a thought. Quite a plausible conjecture was that he had gone to Washington to tell his old friend Abe, how the war ought to be conducted. Again, some who had closely read his editorials, were inclined to believe that he had gone clean daft, from the negro-phobia, which had for some time disturbed his mental equilibrium. For he had made a close estimate of the number of negroes that would be quartered upon the city in the event of their being freed and sent north, and found that Joliet would have to stand an infliction of at least 1200. Such a prospect, it was thought, might have produced temporary insanity, and perhaps led to suicide; and the people were about dragging the basins, when the anxiety of all was relieved by reading in the *Signal* of August 26th, the following announcement:

"Married in this city, on the 19th inst., by Rev. P. Farrelly, Mr. Calneh Zarley and Miss Annie Keegan."

The public took a long breath again! I have a word or two more to say about this chronic "negrophobia" with which "Cal" was tormented. This was truly a melancholy case. Many will remember how sorely he was afflicted, and how sorely he inflicted

upon his readers his gloomy prognostications of evil from this dreaded irruption of darkies from the south. But I presume that the reader will be surprised that this hallucination took a poetic shape. And while all my readers know that the war gave rise to a wonderful amount of poetry, they will hardly be prepared for the announcement that Joliet had its war poet—and least of all, that his name was “Cal.” But such was the fact! And if this history serves no other good purpose, it shall at least have the merit of doing tardy justice to neglected genius! In looking over the files of the *Joliet Signal*, which have been kindly lent me, and from which I have gathered much valuable matter, I came upon the following choice poetical *morceau*. I think I cannot be mistaken in the authorship. Besides the place where it was found, the fact that it is not credited to any other source, and that it has no marks of quotation, no signature, or anything to indicate that it is a communication; beside these circumstances, I think the subject matter, and the style, and above all, the closing beautiful simile, leave no room for doubt as to its authorship. *Without* permission, I enrich these pages, with this poetical gem:

“De Lord he lubs de niggah well!
 He knows de niggah by de smell!
 And while de pitch holds out to burn,
 De blackest niggah may return.
 He knows dere wants and all ob dat,
 He feeds dere souls on possum fat;
 And when de niggah baby cry,
 De Lord he gibs um possum pie!
 When in de tabernacle met,
 Big niggah by de white gal set.
 And in de Beecher chapel too,
 De niggah hab a good front pew.
 De Lord determed not to keep,
 In different pews de culled sheep,
 But mix the various colors up,
 Like rum and lasses in a cup!”

Late tho' it be—bring forth the “immortal bays,” and let the Joliet war poet be crowned!

During the month of August, the body of Frederick W. Matteson, of whom mention has already been made, was brought here for burial in Oakwood. He died of typhoid fever, brought on by his exposure in the line of duty. Such an event was well cal-

culated to produce an impression upon the young men in the 100th, many of whom had been his play fellows and school mates in earlier days, but it only nerved their purpose to do their duty, come what might.

The 100th regiment having been fully organized and become somewhat initiated into the routine of duty, and sworn into the U. S. service, broke camp September 2d, and took its departure for Springfield, and wherever thence the authorities might direct.

Its departure was a scene of the most intense interest and excitement. Probably around no other day in the history of Will county has there ever gathered so much of interest. Here were nearly a thousand men—mostly young men—the flower of city and county—gathered from all the walks of life, about to go forth to the perils of war. Here were the hopes of fathers and mothers, the beloved of sisters and wives, the stay and comfort of the aged and infirm, of widows and orphans. Sacrificing all their business enterprises and prospects of worldly success; dropping the implements of husbandry and trade; closing their books and dismissing the studies of their age; they had come in answer to the call of their imperiled country—to peril their own lives in a grand, supreme effort to crush the rebellion and save the union. Perhaps never in the history of the world was there a regiment composed of better *personnel*—of so many young men in whose bosoms, contact with a selfish world had not yet dulled the romance of youth, or tarnished the lustre of a pure and holy patriotism. For no selfish purpose; with no hope of gain or dream of glory; but from a pure desire and purpose to save the country, had they enrolled their names among its defenders. And now, having perfected their organization, having gone through the weeks of preparatory drill and discipline, the time had come to bid good-bye to relatives and friends, to fathers, mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, and to go forth to actual, earnest, perilous WAR; to encounter all the hardships, hazards and temptations of the camp, the march and the bivouac; of the outpost, the skirmish and the battle. Here they are, a thousand Will county men, in the full vigor of early manhood, animated by one impulse—their hearts beating high with hope and courage, eager for the time which shall test their powers, their strength of endurance, and their cour-

age. Yet with a solemn sense of the hazards and dangers before them; for the delusive hopes and expectations of the year and a half previous had been dissipated, and full well they now knew, that they were going forth on no holiday errand, that they were to be no carpet knights, and that to conquer the rebellion, a severe and protracted struggle would yet be required; that the errand upon which they were going forth meant death to many, and peril, hardship and suffering to all. They had seen the lifeless forms of Erwin, Bassett, Shaw, Randall, Matteson, and others, brought home to their long and honored rest in Oakwood; while others of their fellow citizens and friends had returned disabled by wounds and disease. *How will the 100TH return?* How many, and who? Which of our sons, our brothers, our husbands shall succumb to the weary march, the cold bivouac, the malarious camp? Who shall come back with painful wounds, and sad disfigurement; with loss of limb, and enfeebled health? Who shall languish in southern prison pens, the body starving for the meanest food, and the heart starving for news from home? Who, oh! who, shall lay down life on the battle field or in the hospital, with no fond mother, sister or wife, to wipe the death damp from the brow, and catch the last farewell and close the sightless eyes? Who shall be buried in haste without shroud, or prayer, or headstone, or to be left to fester and decay unburied?

Oh! in how many hearts, (both of those who went, and of those who stayed), that day, did these sad questionings come unbidden, and make the scene, despite the shouts and huzzahs, and the moving of flags and banners, and the music of bands, one of the most solemn import!

"All aboard," shouts the conductor, the last bell rings, the last farewell is said. Lips and hands have parted, many, many alas! of which shall never again in this world, be pressed together; and the train moves out from the St. Louis Depot, and the "Will County Regiment," the 100th Illinois, is on its way to whatever the chances of war in a three years' campaign, shall bring.

Elsewhere we shall give a succinct account of this three years' campaign.

Again we hear from the 20th regiment, of the brilliant affair at Britton's Lane, so creditable to our heroes, though as usual our rejoicings are subdued by the list of casualties.

And now we are watching with increased interest for each day's intelligence from the army, for we have greatly increased our ventures on the field of battle.

The month of September was one of great and varied interest in military affairs, on the field at large. Such was the dubious outlook, that our governor, on the 15th inst., issued his proclamation calling upon the people to organize a reserve force—a home guard—to be ready for any emergency that should arise. This was supplementary to the organizations which were recruiting for the field. I believe that many of our citizens organized themselves into volunteer companies, and met for drill in various halls and vacant rooms. I remember going once myself to Young's Hall, where the late Col. Smith was our drill-master. We had sticks for guns. At this meeting I learned how to shoulder arms (or rather sticks). I thought that was enough, and never went again. How much this contributed to the final issue I do not know. There has been no muster roll preserved of these companies. I think they left but very “feeble foot-prints on the sands of time.”

A splendid banner was presented by our ladies to Capt. Dan. O'Connor's company, the “Casey Guards,” so called in honor of its godfather, Hon. Sam. K. Casey, and a most generous godfather he was, having given one thousand dollars as a bounty for recruits. This company became Co. D of the 90th regiment. Mrs. Fellows made the presentation speech.

The Board of Supervisors met Sept. 8th. The war fund committee, George Woodruff, Robert Clow, and D. U. Cobb, reported that they had borrowed the money as needed, and that all persons entitled to bounties under the provisions of the resolutions passed at the special meetings, had been paid. The amount drawn was \$57,420, leaving a balance of \$2,580 on hand for disbursements.

Oct. 14th, we got the tidings of another battle, this time at Corinth, in which the Union forces are victorious, and in which Will county is personally represented, and in which, alas! she is again compelled to mourn the loss of valued lives, among them Capt. Grover, of the 64th. Mayor Bowen, his law partner, left immediately to procure the body, and returned with it the 20th, and the funeral was largely attended on the next day at the Con-

gregational church. The bar passed the usual resolutions of respect—no mere formality—and the speech of Judge Parks on the occasion was an eloquent and feeling tribute to the memory of the deceased. The city of Lockport also lost one of her most promising young men, Sergeant Henry S. Clark, of the same regiment.

Rev. Hooper Crews, of the Methodist church, having accepted of an appointment as chaplain to the 100th regiment, was presented by a few of our liberal-hearted citizens with a horse. And here let me say, that the reverend gentleman served the country and the regiment for more than a year in this capacity, making himself greatly useful to the boys, who will never forget his kindness. But the infirmities of age compelled him to give up the arduous position, after a year's service.

During this month, some of our citizens, viz., Caswell, Morgan and Bush, who were trying to supply the wants of the 100th, in the way of notions, tobacco, eatables, and some other things which Uncle Sam did not include in the regular rations, had a rather unhappy experience, which I believe disgusted them with the calling of sutlers. The notorious guerrilla—*gorilla*, the sutlers thought him—John Morgan, had the impudence to disregard the dignified neutrality of Kentucky, and gobbled up a government train, to which our friends had attached their wagons, on the way out from Louisville to the 100th. Morgan confiscated all their goods, made a bonfire of the wagons, and appropriated the horses to his own use. Our friends returned, sadder, wiser, but not as they had hoped, richer men. I believe they don't like to hear anything about Morgan to this day.

Our very excellent friend and fellow-citizen, Calvin Knowlton, Esq., had an introduction to the notorious Col. Morgan about this time. Happening to be at Louisville, he was invited by a brother railroad official to take a trip to Nashville. Being a little curious to see how things looked at the front, he accepted the invitation, and took passage on a train, not apprehending any trouble, as our forces now had possession as far south as Nashville. But after they had got along nearly to Cave City, the engineer was obliged to stop the train, on account of a pile of ties which had been thrown on the track; and no sooner had the train stopped than it was surrounded by a lot of men, who seemed to spring out of the

ground, and who carried those ugly looking weapons called six-shooters, and who ordered the passengers to get out of the cars forthwith—an order which was obeyed without parley. Every man who had the misfortune to wear military clothes was taken prisoner. Everything except private property was confiscated. One officer had on a slouched hat and a duster, not being anxious to sport his shoulder-straps, and to his modesty in this respect, he owed his escape. The train was set on fire and burned up, except one old car and engine with which the citizens were allowed to return to Louisville. Col. Morgan was extremely polite, but he didn't care any more for railroad officials than anybody else. It is said that for a few moments the face of the superintendent of the Cut-Off was as long as it was broad, and did not exhibit its usual smile! And some say that he even used that terrible oath, (which he has been known to use on one or two occasions), "I snum!"

Nov. 3d, we were called upon to bury another of our soldier boys—William M. Radcliff, of Co. F, 13th cavalry regiment, who died in St. Louis, Oct. 31st.

It must not be forgotten that all this time soldiers' aid societies are hard at work all over the county, to meet the demands upon them for comforts, for the camp and hospital, although few records have been preserved of their labors. The papers have frequent acknowledgments from the 20th and 100th, and from Danforth's cavalry company, and other organizations, of articles received and most welcome. In the town of Manhattan, the ladies met every Wednesday, at the house of Mr. Lawrence, and gave out work for the week, and made up boxes and barrels for the army and for the sanitary commission.

In the meantime, the 100th has been engaged in that tedious chase after Bragg through Kentucky, and, in the *Signal*, I find a letter dated Dec. 15th, which says: "Our regiment has been seriously reduced by sickness, desertion and death. We have now about 400 on duty. About 30 have died, 50 deserted, and the balance are in hospital or barracks, sick. What are left are tried and good men, and will give a good account of themselves. We are well satisfied with our one-armed colonel. In fact, we were

very fortunate in the selection of all our officers. Our popular and efficient lieutenant colonel is now absent on sick leave."

By a notice in the same issue of the *Signal*, we learn that this sickness of the "popular and efficient lieutenant colonel" was fatal! "Married, in Chicago, Dec. 16th, at the church of the New Jerusalem, by Rev. Mr. Hibbard, Arba N. Waterman, Lieut. Col. of the 100th regiment Ill. Vol., and Miss Ella Hall, of Chicago." It is said that he met his fate with the courage of a soldier and the resignation of a christian.

Let it be said, that many left behind on the dreary march soon rejoined the regiment, some of whom are reported above as deserters, and, on the 26th of the same month, Surgeon Woodruff reports 600 as fit for duty.

And so, peacefully, though anxiously, die out the closing hours of 1862 in Will county. In Washington—in the white house—alone in his office, sits the man on whom a nation's eyes are fixed, reverently invoking the "gracious favor of Almighty God" upon the words which he has written—words which are destined to make the morning of 1863 forever memorable; which are to challenge the admiration of the world, and to strike the manacles from the limbs of four million slaves. While down in far Tennessee—on the banks of Stone River, night has pityingly closed down upon one of the bloodiest fields of the war, where

"The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

And our boys are there!

HOME RECORD.

CHAPTER II.

FROM JANUARY 1863, TO JULY 1865.

Our Military Lesson—Military Record of the Smiths—How 1863 Opened—The News from Stone River—Delegation goes there—Other News—Large Reinforcement leaves Joliet—S. B. and Union Leagues—War Meetings—Provost Marshal's Office Opened—Draft Threatened—Strange Effects—More War News—Fourth of July—Great Rejoicings—A Missing Boy Found—A Joliet Rebel—Supervisors Meet—Delegation to Chattanooga—News from Chickamauga—About the 100th—How "Billy" Humbugged the Rebs—We Feed our Enemies—Another Call—Good News—One Boy Home from Libby—Enrollment—Novel Excuse—Meeting of Supervisors—Bounty—War Meetings—Capt. Logan's Company—An Interesting Recruit—Barnett's Battery Veteranizes and Recruits—Another Call—Special Meeting of Supervisors—Col. Bartleson's Release—His Reception—The 20th Veteranizes—Reception—100 Days' Men—More Funerals—Sad, Sad News—Substitute Brokers and Bounty Jumpers—Terms Explained—A Long Jump—More Sad News—500,000 More—Supervisors Meet—Draft—County and Town Appropriations Substitutes—A Preacher on his Muscle—Election—Jollification—More Sad News—Another Call—Great Effort to Fill Quotas—The Beginning of the End—The Back Bone Broken at Last—Great Glorification—Hair Dye goes Up—Substitutes Drop—Saddest News of All—City Draped in Mourning—Obsequies—The Boys Come Marching Home—Reception of the 100th—How we kept July 4th, 1865—Finale.

GEN. SHERMAN concludes his book with some military lessons which he derives from his war experience. Although the author of the present work is not a military man, and this history has not been written from a military stand-point, or for a military purpose, yet I cannot forbear drawing one military lesson from my investigations. And, lest I may forget it, or lest many of my readers may not have the patience to read this book to the end, and would therefore lose the lesson if I deferred it to the

proper place, I will introduce it here. And I think by the way, this is a very shrewd move on my part, and might be profitably imitated by many writers, and perhaps by some preachers.

In the journal of a private soldier, I have found the statement that the severe losses in an Ohio regiment, on one occasion during the Atlanta campaign, was owing to the fact that the officer in command at the time was drunk, and led his men into a position where no sober man would have gone. The same private in noticing the assemblage of Generals in council near Resacca says, "I noticed that they nearly all took their bitters." I will not go further into particulars, but will say, that I have found abundant evidence that many of the difficulties in regiments, and many of the disasters of the war are traceable to *whisky*. It would be easy to fill a chapter with proofs of this statement. And I think that one of the greatest evils chargeable to the war, and to those who inaugurated it, is the increase of intemperance which it occasioned. We still groan under the taxes, and the financial embarrassments which have resulted, but what are these to the habits of intemperance begotten and confirmed by the war. I think no one will question the statement that the temptation to the use of stimulants was very strong in the army, and, the restraints of home and former associations being removed, it was easy to yield; and hence many who had never drank whisky before, did so in the army, under the mistaken notion that it would ward off the effects of fatigue and exposure. The temptation was also strong to reinforce the nerves with a little whisky when going into an engagement, a resource which might indeed render the person less sensible of danger, but which would also make him more reckless and imprudent. Some of the boys tell a story on one of our captains, who had always been known as a staunch teetotaler at home, and who had resisted all invitations to drink, until the time came when he and his company had to face the music of whistling balls and plunging shot,—when seeing some of his men trying to "keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down," he was weak enough to ask for a little himself, with the apology, that he "felt a little unwell." As to how often he resorted to that expedient subsequently, history is silent.

I think, moreover, that however men may differ in their esti-

mate of General Butler, either as a political or military man, all must admit that he showed great judgment, and patriotism as well, when being in command at Fortress Monroe, he issued his order prohibiting the introduction of liquors within his lines, making his own headquarters no exception to the rule, although all his life accustomed to the use of wines and brandy.

The reader has of course already anticipated my military lesson, but I will nevertheless formulate it. *In time of war whisky and all its congeners, should be excluded under the severest penalties, from the army lines.* So thoroughly am I convinced of the importance of this measure, that I am fully determined, that if I should ever be placed in the responsible position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the U. S., and should a war arise during my administration, (which may heaven avert,) I shall at the very outset, issue my proclamation, prohibiting under the severest penalties the introduction of whisky into the army lines, either under the name of contraband, commissary, taraxicum, bitters, hospital stores, or any other name whatever; or the having or using the same by any person in the service of the U. S., from the drummer boy up to the Lieut. General *inclusive*, under any pretense whatever. I am determined to do this, notwithstanding the present Lieut. General tells us of several occasions on which he took a glass of whisky. And this I shall do, not from any fanatical notions on the subject, but *purely as a military measure*, on which I shall invoke the "considerate judgment of mankind," and confidently expect "the gracious favor of Almighty God." And I hereby notify my political friends that it will be useless to urge that such a measure will be unpopular, and that, besides losing me some of my best generals, will hazard my chances of a re-election. Like the great Henry Clay I feel that it is better to be right than to be president.

I have in contemplation one other measure, namely, to allow the utmost facility to the introduction of whisky into the lines of the enemy. I am not sure that I could expect the blessing of Heaven upon such a measure, but I am sure it would be the most brilliant strategy. If my Attorney General shall think the measure constitutional, I shall extend the prohibition to Congress.

Having disposed of my military lesson, I wish to bring in one

more matter here for which I may not find a more appropriate place. Elsewhere I have spoken of what some families did in furnishing volunteers for our armies. But there is one family whose record in this respect is very remarkable and ought to be noticed.

I refer to the Smith family. Any one who has the honor of an acquaintance with the Smiths, would of course anticipate as much. For this is one of the cases in which the French saying, "*noblesse oblige*," is peculiarly pertinent. For what family so ancient, or so prominent in our history, from the time of its great founder in this country, Captain John Smith, of Virginia, in 1607, down to Jo. Smith, the mormon! Such an ancestry, and such a record, would compel the representatives of this family, in the days of which we write, to acts of self-sacrifice and patriotic devotion. Hence, we are not surprised to find that the name of some member of this family is on the muster roll of every company of our regiments in every branch of the service. Thomas, George, William, Isaac, Israel, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Adam, Jeremiah, Abraham, Hezekiah, Ezekiel, Job, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Paul, and Barnabas, and Timothy, and so on through the entire catalogue of known surnames, sacred and profane, even to Patrick and Barney, are to be found, some one or more of them, in every organization. Our own county, I am happy to say, furnished its full share of representatives from this family. And among the Smiths conspicuous above all, and everywhere, as we might also expect, was the name of the great founder of the family—the well-known JOHN SMITH. His military record is unsurpassed by any member of the family, and of course by any other individual of any name. I shall not attempt to trace it in full; we have not the time or space. Suffice it to say, that he enlisted in at least a dozen batteries, and in almost every company of the 156 infantry and the 17 cavalry regiments furnished by our state. Indeed, he seems to have been well nigh ubiquitous. Sometimes, it is true, he interpolated an initial letter in order to conceal his identity, and several times he passed himself off for a Dutchman, calling himself John Schmidt, and once, with the aid of burnt cork, he smuggled himself into a colored regiment. He veteranized many times. He was in battles without number, and was discharged for wounds

and disability almost every month. He deserted at least a dozen times. He was once in military prison at Vicksburg, and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas (a cruel fate, is he was one of the thirsty Smiths!) He was killed outright at Shiloh, Donaldson, Stone River, and Chickamauga, and died once of wounds received at Chattanooga, and many times of disease and exposure, and was once drowned in the Mississippi. After all these casualties, he was transferred (as he surely had a right to be) to the invalid corps, and, being taken prisoner on the Atlanta campaign, he closed his career amid the horrors of Andersonville! Should any member of the family wish to drop a tear over the grave of their distinguished relative, *John Smith*, they will find it numbered 10,849. Let it not be considered any disparagement to his memory, that his name once or twice appears among the brigadier and major generals, for not unfrequently in our army good men were placed in command. I ought, in justice to the family, to add, that his brother, "*Bill Smith*," was hardly less conspicuous. Indeed, they were "*par nobile fratrum*," and should be held in grateful remembrance by the country they did so much to save. Should anyone hereafter undertake to compile the family history of THE SMITHS, they are at liberty to use these facts, collected with so much labor, and which are entirely reliable.

Having got my military lesson off my hands, and discharged my duty to the Smith family, I resume the narrative of home events.

The year 1863 opened with the emancipation proclamation of Father Abraham. I find, on looking over the files of the *Signal*, that "Cal" did not like it. A good many did not. Others think that it was the turning point of our national destiny; the saving measure of the administration—the supreme act of our government which placed it *en rapport* with the divine purposes, and thus secured our ultimate triumph.

While this was the most important item in the national aspect, the most interesting event to many families in Will county was the battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone River, in which our regiment was engaged. The telegraph brings us speedy news of the engagement. We know that it has been a bloody one, lasting several days, bridging over the old year and the new, making New Year's

day, 1863, a sad holiday to many a heart; and we watch with deep anxiety for the list of casualties. We do not have to wait long; soon the lists of killed and wounded reach us, when we find that Lieut. Charles F. Mitchell, of Wilmington, (a son of one of our oldest settlers), and Lieut. Worthingham, of Joliet, (one of our old settlers of 1835), and John Hopkins, from one of the old families of Homer, and six others of the 100th regiment, are among the number killed.

Our worthy citizens, Charles Weeks, O. W. Stillman, and Otis Hardy, of Joliet, and A. W. Bowen and Franklin Mitchell, of Wilmington, start at once for the scene. Dr. McArthur, also, under an appointment from Gov. Yates, was there. We reserve all further matters connected with it for the history of the 100th.

Almost at the same time we hear of the fierce assault—barren of results, except the death and disabling of many a brave soldier—made at Chickasaw Bayou, near Vicksburg, and our fellow citizen, H. N. Marsh, Esq., was doomed to hear the painful news that his son, Wm. H. Marsh, was among the wounded, and in the hands of the enemy.

About this time, also, we hear of the following casualties, in Co. C, 4th cavalry, to men from our county, in a skirmish near Colliersville, Tenn.: Sergeant John Avery, Corp. Geo. N. Smith, of Wilton, H. E. Benner, Joliet, and Marion Cooper, of Florence, taken prisoners.

During the month of February, our army came near having a large reinforcement from Joliet. Master Webb, aged 12, Master Camp, aged 15, and Master Walker, aged 15, left the city early in the week to join the army. They had become, like some others of us, impatient at the delay of our forces in breaking the backbone of the rebellion, and *unlike* some of us grumblers, they had determined to put their own shoulders to the wheel, and bring the war to a speedy close. Unfortunately for the cause, parental authority interfered, and they were brought back from Cairo, and the backbone was not broken.

During the spring of 1863, congress passed the conscription act. The measure was of course unpopular with those who sympathized with the rebellion, and perhaps with some others. There was considerable apprehension of resistance. It was said that the secret

society of the south, known as "Knights of the Golden Circle," had their branches in the northern states, and were rendering all the aid and comfort possible to the confederacy. The friends of the government, believing that similar means might be used to advantage in sustaining the government, and in enforcing the laws, organized secret societies, having in view this result. All over the north, and also in portions of the south, such societies were formed, and drew into their lodges the loyal men of all parties. They were first organized under the name of the S. B. These cabalistic letters, which for a time excited great wonder and no little fear, were ascertained to stand for "Strong Band," nothing more nor less. This organization was soon, however, superseded by the "Union Leagues." These societies were bitterly denounced by a portion of the people and of the press, and regarded as very dangerous to our liberties. But I think that they were not only very harmless, but that they did much good in strengthening the government, and encouraging the armies in the field. I had the honor of belonging to one, and I am sure that one, was a very innocent affair. We had frequent meetings, and secret signs and passwords, and a kind of semi-military organization, and imposing ritual and ceremonials. We solemnly promised to be true to the Union, and to the boys in blue. We ate a cracker, took a pinch of salt, and drank a little water—positively nothing stronger—and then went through with some other flummery, which I have forgotten; and we also spent some time in drill. Many of us bought revolvers, but I am quite sure we never intended to use them, except in self-defense; and I doubt if some of us would have done so even then. For the only time in my life I owned a fire-arm, and I absolutely got so courageous that I dared to fire it, and so skillful that I could hit a barn door—if it was a large one! I kept this for a few weeks, slept with it under my pillow for a few nights—(or rather *tried* to sleep)—and then got so disgusted with the thing that I traded it off at Barrett's for some other, more innocent kind of hardware. This is about all that I remember about these secret leagues, except that our fellow-citizen, T. L. Breckenridge, Esq., was the "high-cock-a-lorum" of our lodge.

Sunday evening the 10th inst., we had a lecture from Rev. Joel Grant, of Lockport, chaplain in the 12th regiment, a partici-

pant in the battles of Donaldson, Shiloh and Corinth. The lecture was given in aid of the sanitary commission. During the latter part of the month some 1500 rebel prisoners passed through on the St. Louis R. R. for Camp Douglas.

War meetings are again the order of the day ; at one of these we had speeches from chaplain Button and Captain Hildebrandt of the 20th.

The body of John McIntosh, of Wilmington, a member of the 100th, who died at Nashville, February 26th, passed through here early in March ; and April 3rd, M. B. Glenn of the 100th, formerly in the *Republican* office, died at Joliet ; and on the 4th inst. Wm. Bailey, late of the same regiment, also died.

In May, Captain Abel Longworth, of Morris, was appointed Provost Marshal under the conscription act, and opened his office in Young's block, S. Simmons of this county being commissioner, and Dr. McArthur, of Ottawa, examining surgeon. A draft is evidently preparing for us. The towns are being enrolled, and the number subject to military duty ascertained. This looks like business. And now, many suddenly remember that they have friends in Canada, and think it will be a good time to make them a visit. Many are suddenly afflicted with various difficulties and disabilities. The demand for hair dye suddenly falls off, as old fogies no longer wish to be thought young, and stop dyeing their hair and whiskers. It was something wonderful, the transformations that took place. Health and youth are at a discount, while age and disability are at a premium ; a stiffened joint is a perfect God-send. Now, too, a new business is devised by the sharp and knowing ones, and substitute brokerage, becomes the road to wealth for many. Now, too, come on the days of high bounties, and other motives than those of patriotism are appealed to, to fill up the thinned ranks of our armies.

In May we hear from the old 20th, and the gallant part it took in the battle of Raymond, at which time Col. Richards, (then in command,) fell ; and the 20th lost heavily. Otto Lumberman, of Frankfort, and Albert W. Pearson, of Elwood, were among the wounded.

During the month of June, the public interest centres on Vicksburg. The 20th and McAllister's battery, bear a part

in the battles surrounding and investing it. Lieut. Henry King and Lieut. Wadsworth, both getting severely wounded in the head, are home. July 4th brings us the glorious news of its surrender, one of the greatest achievements of the war, hitherto. Simultaneously we hear of the victory of Gettysburg, in which our county had some share in the eighth cavalry. Great demonstrations of joy are made throughout the city. Cannons are fired, bells rung, and bands played. The people get together in the old C. H., and orate and blaviate, and jubilate in the most thrilling and patriotic manner. We think for a while that the backbone of the rebellion is surely broken, but it turns out that it had only got a bad wrench!

When the army of Gen. Grant captured Jackson, they found in a rebel hospital, Wm. H. Marsh, of the 13th regiment, of whose capture mention was made a few pages back. He had been badly wounded and taken prisoner in the attack on Chickasaw Bluffs in Dec. previous. The news was a joyful surprise to his friends who had been in entire ignorance of his fate, and had almost despaired of seeing him again. He was found by his old townsmen of the 20th, and taken in their ambulance to his own regiment. It will be remembered that he was able to get home, and to be about our streets for a while, but succumbed at last to the effects of his wound.

But Marsh was not the only Joliet boy found at Jackson. The 20th regiment was ordered to occupy the yard of Miss. State Hospital as a camping ground. As they marched into the yard they saw two hard looking butternut clad gentleman sitting on the porch. On coming near one seemed to have a very familiar look to the Joliet boys, notwithstanding his long hair and butternut rig. One of them called to A. J. Sanger, who happened to be riding by at the time, and asked him if he knew that Reb. He took a good look at him and said, "Why yes, that's John Roberts." And sure enough it was the same chap that was guard for a time at prison, auctioneer, etc., and was clerk for "Brother Wood" when he used to sell horse collars, coffee and tobacco in the old "ominibus." John was now filling the position of ward-master of the rebel general hospital, and was a bitter rebel. He told the boys that he had been in the rebel army ever since the war broke

out, in Laywood's cavalry. He was with Armstrong's force that fought the 20th and 30th Ill. at Britton's Lane, in Sept. 1862, and acknowledged that they had been most genteenly flogged on that occasion. The boys made John come down with the best he had in the way of hospital stores, for old acquaintance sake, among the rest some whisky which he evidently parted with very reluctantly. Roberts swore he would never quit fighting the Yankees, and was full of brag, and boasted of being one of the six that killed Lt. Col. McCullough, of Bloomington, of the 4th Cavalry, in the fight near Coffeeville, Miss., Dec. 4th, 1862, when some Will Co. boys were taken prisoners. He had been ward-master of the hospital for six months, but meant to go back to the army soon. He enquired about many Joliet acquaintances, but said he should never go back there. Well, we can stand it if he can! This so far as I know, was the only Joliet rebel,—*that took up arms!*

Captain Cleghorn, of the 20th, came home after Vicksburg, having resigned in consequence of a blow from a shell which struck the old wound in his arm, causing it to break out once more. He afterwards had a position in the invalid corps. He is still living, which circumstance alone prevents me from saying some good things of him.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors on Sept. 9th, the war fund committee reported that certificates had been disbursed by the clerk to 957 soldiers to the amount of \$57,420. Twenty-two volunteers had elected to draw \$5 monthly for their families. The payment of relief to the families of soldiers was referred to the town boards, and the town auditors authorized to make the necessary appropriations. At a subsequent meeting, (on the 18th), the clerk reported "the amount of certificates drawn, to be \$59,270, leaving a balance on hand of the \$60,000 appropriation of \$730; and that the amount necessary to pay the families of those who had elected the monthly payments, would be up to August 31st, 1864, \$1,320; and that there had been paid to two volunteers \$120, making the total amount \$1,440, from which, deducting the amount on hand, would leave a balance to be provided for of \$710." The board made the necessary appropriation.

The board also appointed a committee consisting of Rev. H.

Crews and Dr. A. W. Bowen to proceed at once to the army of the Cumberland to look after the wants of the soldiers from Will county, and appropriated the sum of \$300 for their expenses. This action was rendered necessary by the terrible battles of the 19th and 20th of Sept. at Chickamauga Creek, Georgia, the news of which had just arrived, and in which our 100th regiment, and Barnett's battery were engaged. The city was filled with rumors of the casualties to the regiment. Col. Bartleson was reported killed. For some time his fate was uncertain, even as late as October 10th, Captain Burrell, of Plainfield, who was at home, (having been wounded in the fight), reported that the Col. fell badly wounded; and Lt. Patterson, also home wounded, brought the report that an officer of the 26th Ohio, in the same brigade, saw his body lying in the field hospital, previous to its capture. After a while, however, it was ascertained that he was a prisoner at Richmond, and unhurt.

Although the report of the Colonel's death proved premature, yet the list of killed and wounded was such as to enlist our sympathies, and bring anguish to many hearts. The number killed was 23, wounded 117, missing 24. We will only add in this place that Lieuts. Keniston and Koach, were also taken prisoners with the Col., and some others also, (about 15), who remained with him behind a picket fence after the main part of the regiment had fallen back; and that on the withdrawal of our forces on the night after the first day's fight, the hospital containing our wounded, in charge of Surgeon Woodruff and hospital steward, Stump, and attendants, was brought within the enemy's lines and all in it were made prisoners. They were all paroled to report at Atlanta, except the badly wounded, which were sent into our lines as soon as practicable. After the wounded were disposed of, Surgeon Woodruff and the rest went to Atlanta, and were distributed as the rebel authorities thought best. The surgeon and hospital steward, brought up in Richmond, and some of the rest experienced the horrors of Andersonville, part of whom never escaped its foul precincts until death brought their release. We shall have more to say about this elsewhere.

There was another man in the hospital at the time, who did

not go to Andersonville or Libby, and he was not badly wounded either, and I must tell how this happened :

Those of my readers who get their rations at Culver's meat shop know " Billy Bunker," and know that he can cut a steak or a roast in the most approved style. And you may perhaps know that Billy is a dead shot, and can bring down a deer, a duck, or a turkey, every time. But you may not know that Billy was one of the brave boys of the 100th, and once cracked his rifle at the enemies of the Union, as coolly as he would at a turkey ; for Billy is a modest man, and unless you have drawn him out, he has not told you. On the march of our army to Chattanooga, he got sick—had a run of fever. When he was convalescing, as the regiment was about to move, Surgeon Heise gave him his choice, either to go back to a hospital, or to keep up with the regiment riding in an ambulance. Billy is not one of those who like to go back, and so he chose the latter, and kept on to Chattanooga, and out to the front at Gordon's Mills. He was in the division field hospital when the fight began, and lay there a long time, listening to its grim music, until he could endure it no longer, and seizing his musket, took his place in the ranks, and put in a couple of hours hard work, by which time he was so exhausted that he had to lay down, and when the regiment fell back, he was left. Surgeon Woodruff, coming along with his ambulance, picked up the wounded, saw Billy lying there, and asked him what he was there for, and telling him that the enemy would soon have the ground, and it behooved him to be on his travels. When he found that Billy was used up, he told him to creep into the ambulance. He did so, and was taken back to the hospital again. Well, the hospital came within the enemy's lines next day, as we have related, and, after two or three days, a rebel officer came around to parole those who were not disabled, to go to Atlanta, and await further orders. Billy did not want to travel in that direction, and he managed to keep out of sight while the rebel officer was around. A few days after, an arrangement was made by Rosecrans with the rebel authorities, to have the seriously wounded sent into our lines, and accordingly, a rebel officer came around to parole them, and to see that everything was done according to the terms of the agreement. Billy got wind of the matter, and, with the surgeon's consent, he

had crawled into a vacant cot, and got covered up. Being still thin and pale, he was supposed to be a wounded man, and was paroled as such. When the ambulance came around for the wounded, he was helped in by two men—his leg and foot swathed with blankets—while another great blanket hung over his shoulders, beneath which he had concealed a half dozen canteens which he had filled with whisky from the hospital stores, and was bound to keep from the rebels; and so he got back to Chattanooga, and escaped the horrors of Andersonville, and saved me the necessity of writing his obituary.

I have only one criticism to make on Billy's conduct. Whatever casuists might say, I think he did perfectly right in humbugging the rebels, but, in my opinion, he ought to have left them the whisky, as the more they had of that commodity, the worse off they would be! I am afraid, too, that Billy never reported it at the commissary's, and can't show Sergt. Garnsey's receipt for it.

The committee, Crews and Bowen, visited Chattanooga in compliance with their appointment, looked after the boys, ascertained their fate and their wants, and, on their return, gave a report of their mission, giving an authentic account of the casualties. For further particulars, see the history of the regiment.

Oct. 17th, Father Abraham calls for 300,000 more, to fill up the ranks of the regiments in the field, and our patriotic governor backs up the call with a proclamation for a speedy response. The backbone is not yet broken!

About the first of December, a lot of rebel prisoners passed through Joliet, on their way to Rock Island. They changed cars here, and their presence, of course, excited much interest, and a large crowd gathered to take a look at them. By some mistake or negligence of the commissary at Louisville, they had but little to eat after leaving that place, and, when they arrived here, they were terribly hungry. When the fact became known to our citizens, a spontaneous movement was made for their relief. Parties went to their homes and to the provision stores, and gathered up sufficient food to relieve the wants of the poor fellows—thus obeying the command: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." The prisoners expressed their gratitude in the warmest manner, and when the train left, gave three rousing cheers for Joliet. Many

of our citizens gave the prisoners a quarter in Uncle Sam's currency for a \$5 or \$10 bill of the confederate states, which I presume they still keep as a curiosity. Is there any danger that they will ever be worth anything more!

Nov. 28th, we were in receipt of the news of Grant's success in the operations before Chattanooga, and on Lookout Mountain, and on Mission Ridge. The 100th and the 90th regiments and Battery I, were engaged, and our townsman, Capt. Dan O'Connor, of the 90th, was wounded severely, and brought home. Another of our citizens in the 90th, John O'Brien, got his empty sleeve at the same time. Adjutant Rouse, and Colonel A. N. Waterman, and Captain Nelson, of the 100th, the two latter wounded, were also home. Capt. Bowen, also wounded, and Lieut. Ewen, were home this month, trying to get recruits for the thinned ranks of the 100th. Surgeon H. T. Woodruff arrived from Libby prison, (having been exchanged), the latter part of December, bringing us news of Col. Bartleson, and others he had left behind.

The board of enrollment of this district, having completed their labors, all persons who have been enrolled, and who are not liable to military duty, are notified to appear before the 20th of December, and to present their excuses, and to get their names stricken from the roll. Notice is also given, that unless our quota is filled by the 5th inst., (Dec.,) the draft will probably come. The enrollment lists have been printed, and are posted in conspicuous places, and are eagerly read by the crowds of passers-by. Crowds also fill the office of the enrolling board, from early morning till late at night, presenting their reasons for exemption. Some curious ones were given. One man, after a long time waiting his turn, when asked his excuse, in a manner both confident and confidential, whispered in the ears of the captain, that he was the *only* father of a small boy, and was ready to make his affidavit to the fact! I believe the captain did not allow him to take his oath to such a rash statement. Some who had voted for years, and voted early and often, suddenly discovered that they were not citizens of the United States. A second *hegira* to Canada also took place.

A special meeting of the Board of Supervisors was called at the clerk's office, Dec. 16th, to take action in respect to bounties for those who should enlist under the last call. A committee was

appointed, who reported in favor of a bounty of \$100, to be paid to all who should enlist before the draft; and that the sum of \$39,225 should be appropriated for this purpose. Also that Geo. Woodruff, B. F. Russell, H. Howk, of Joliet, and Wm. Gooding, of Lockport, and A. J. McIntyre, of Wilmington, should be a war fund committee, whose duty it should be to sell orders for cash, as many as would be required, at not exceeding ten per cent. discount, and pay the proceeds to those who should be entitled to receive it. This report was adopted. It was also resolved that "justice to all the brave men in the field from Will county, (except such as have already received it), and the widows and minor children of such as have died or been killed in the service, required that they should be paid a bounty of sixty dollars;" but it was found that the board had already appropriated all that they legally could. And here it is but justice to this, and other like committees to say, that, without pecuniary reward, they discharged the duties imposed upon them, in raising and disbursing the funds for this purpose, devoting much time and labor to the good work.

Public meetings are again held all over the county, to encourage enlistments. It was at this time—Dec., '63, and Jan., '64—that Capt. (afterwards Major) Logan, enlisted Co. G, with the aid of his lieutenant, Benj. Snyder, for the 64th regiment, or Yates' Sharpshooters. Thirty-three men for Co. I, were also obtained in this county, and five for Co. K. All recruits had to pass the scrutiny of a medical examination by Dr. McArthur, of the enrolling board, which no doubt gave rise to some amusing scenes which are not reported. On one occasion, a youth of slender form, and delicate but interesting countenance, full-breasted and sinewy, though slight and short, applied for enlistment in Capt. Logan's company. The applicant was handed over to the surgeon, for the usual examination. The doctor had not proceeded very far in the discharge of his official duties, when the recruit most decidedly declined further examination, and suddenly left, in disgust with the service, (or the preliminary thereto), the doctor advising a radical change of costume. This was very unfortunate for Capt. Logan, who, I presume, thought he had got a very valuable recruit!

Dr. Bailey, then of this city, and who had resigned his position as assistant surgeon in the 20th regiment, was at this time in charge

of one of the government hospitals in Quincy, and reports the names of ten privates of the 100th regiment, as in the hospitals of that city. Dr. Bailey was complimented by the soldiers of hospital No. 3, of which he had charge, with a New Year's gift of a gold watch, a well-earned and richly-deserved present.

In January, '64, Barnett's battery was home on veteran furlough, and the captain opened a recruiting office here to fill up its ranks, at which time he succeeded in getting some forty or fifty recruits, that did good service in finishing up the rebellion. The battery rendezvoused at Camp Erwin. The 66th regiment, which had been home on veteran furlough, also rendezvoused at Camp Erwin, and obtained some twenty-five recruits from our county. Capt. Logan's company joined the 64th at Ottawa.

In February, the 39th regiment came home on veteran furlough, and the Wilmington people had a high old time, receiving, and feteing, and recruiting companies A and E.

February 1st, Father Abraham calls for 200,000 more, and orders are issued that the draft take place the 10th of March, to make up deficiencies in quotas. A special meeting of the Board of Supervisors was again called, Feb. 10th, and a further appropriation of \$14,125 made, in order to give a bounty of \$100 to each recruit enlisting before March 12th, or before the quota was filled. It was the wish of the supervisors to appropriate a like sum to each veteran who should re-enlist, but the board found that it had already gone to the extent of the law in making appropriations. The members, however, pledged themselves officially to use their best efforts to get an act of the legislature passed, which should enable them to do so, and ordered the clerk to make it a matter of record. The board also appropriated \$7,000, for the purpose of filling up our quota. The desired legislation was obtained soon after.

Barnett's battery, and the 66th regiment, left Camp Erwin for the seat of war, March 4th. The ladies of the city gave them a parting collation at the court house. A splendid sword and belt were also presented to Capt. Logan, of the 64th.

Our fellow-citizen, Alex. McIntosh, received in this month a commission as quartermaster in the U. S. volunteer service, with rank of captain, and took his departure for Chattanooga. He went

through Sherman's campaign to Atlanta, and thence to the sea, and to Richmond. M. F. Hand, who had got his discharge from the 100th, accompanied him as clerk, as handy as ever.

In March, also, we hear the gratifying news of Col. Bartleson's release from Libby. He was met in Chicago, by a committee of our citizens, of which Mayor Porter was chairman, and on arrival at Joliet, was enthusiastically welcomed, and conducted to the court house, where Judge Parks made a speech of welcome, in his usual happy manner, to which Col. Bartleson made a modest and deeply interesting reply. This was one of the finest ovations ever tendered anyone in Will county, although it was gotten up on short notice.

The old 20th was home, also, this month, on veteran furlough, and the two companies belonging to this county were met at the cars, and escorted to the court house by our citizens and the cornet band; and a speech of welcome was made by Breckenridge, to which Col. Bartleson, their old major, replied in their behalf. After the reception at the court house, they were escorted to the Auburn House, and treated to a supper in Charley Austin's best style. Our large hearted citizen, Otis Hardy, Esq., also opened his house to a reception to the soldiers of the 20th, and others. The citizens of Frankfort, also, gave an oyster supper to all returned soldiers in that vicinity.

In April, our governor calls for twenty thousand three months, or one hundred days' men, to take the place of such soldiers as were guarding prisoners, or in other posts at the north, and recruiting is going on for this purpose. I. M. DeLine, Samuel Coll and E. Tyler, discharged soldiers, are trying to raise companies, and public meetings are held to facilitate the matter, and committees appointed to raise funds. A full company, partly from this county is soon in Camp Erwin, raised by Col. Goodwin, formerly Major of the 20th. Our county furnished about seventy-five of these 100 day men. They served a useful purpose inasmuch as they permitted an equal number of old soldiers to go to the front. Dr. Danforth having resigned his sword, took up the lancet again as surgeon of the 134th, 100 day regiment.

April 27th, Lt. Col. Waterman who had been in command of the 100th since Bartleson was taken prisoner, having received

from the government a new stand of colors, sent home the old flag, which the regiment had carried since leaving Joliet, now all tattered and torn, so that it could no longer be unfurled, accompanied by a most eloquent letter giving briefly the scenes through which it had passed.

At a special meeting of the Supervisors, May 14th, they appropriated the sum of \$2,750, for the purpose of paying to each volunteer for the 100 days' service (not exceeding one hundred men) the sum of \$27.50.

The body of Adjutant Joseph D. Walker, of Lockport, of the 39th, who was killed in the battle on the Peninsula, at Bermuda Hundreds, May 15th, was brought to Lockport, where funeral services were held May 23d by Rev. Mr. McReading, the former chaplain of the regiment. The body was then taken to Wilmington for burial.

The funeral of Captain Burrell, of the 100th, killed on the skirmish line May 30th, took place at Plainfield, June 10th.

The Atlanta campaign, in which the 100th, 90th, 20th, 64th and McAllister's and Barnett's batteries took part, now absorbs the interest of our people, and we have frequent intelligence of casualties which will be noticed in the history of the several organizations.

To cap the climax of our grief, to fill our cup of sorrow to the brim, comes the sad news of the death of our beloved citizen, the gallant Colonel of the 100th, killed on the afternoon of June 23d. As everything relating to this painful matter is elsewhere related, we pass over it now without further mention.

A new kind of "scalawag" is developed about these days by the necessities of the country, and the high bounties which are now being offered for recruits—a scalawag, which I think is entitled to be considered the devil's master-piece—I mean the "bounty jumper." Substitute brokerage is also lively, and many are coining money out of the exigencies of the country.

As the terms "bounty jumper," and "substitute broker" are not to be found in Webster's unabridged, it may not be amiss to define them for the benefit of those to whom they may not be familiar. A "bounty jumper" was one who enlisted, and was sworn into the service, received his bounties from the govern-

ment, and town and county, and then embraced the first opportunity to desert, often going to another county or state, and repeating the process. A "substitute broker" was one who procured men to enlist as substitutes for others who were liable to a draft, or to fill out the quotas of towns and districts. He got his substitutes wherever he could, and at as low a figure as possible, and then sold them wherever he could get the highest bounty, or the best price. The business might be conducted on a fair and honorable basis, and the broker might thus serve both the country and his customer, and he would be entitled to a fair remuneration for his time and effort. On the other hand it is easy to see how he *might* conduct the business to the injury of the country, by obtaining worthless men—those who would desert, mere bounty jumpers; and by pocketing outrageous commissions he could also wrong both parties to the transaction. He might also be in collusion with the bounty jumper. Of course in *our* county, the business was conducted in the most honorable manner! But *somewhere*—in some *other* county or state, the quotas were largely filled by worthless "scalawags," against whose names in the muster-rolls stands the word—"deserted."

These substitutes were such slippery fellows that it became necessary to keep them under guard. On one occasion in January, a lot of them escaped from Joliet, by overpowering the guard. Some were retaken, but were probably never worth the trouble of recapture. One who had escaped on the cars, and who, it is said, had "jumped the bounty" three times, got alarmed when the train was near Summit, and apprehending probably that he would be arrested at that point, jumped from the train. This proved to be his last jump. Like Sam. Patch, he jumped one time too many, and jumped farther than he intended—jumped into eternity.

In July another sad piece of intelligence comes to us. We hear first of the wounding, and in a few days after of the death of Adjutant Rouse, of the 100th, one of the finest young men that went out from our county, or from any other.

August 20th, another meeting of the Board of Supervisors was held to provide further bounty for volunteers, under the call of Father Abraham, made July 1st, for 500,000 more. A bounty of \$200 was voted to any person who should go as a volunteer substi-

tute before the draft. The sum of 80,000 was appropriated to meet the same. A. J. McIntyre, B. F. Russell, George Woodruff and Robert Clow were appointed a commission to raise and disburse the same. The sum of \$2,000 was also appropriated for the relief of destitute families of soldiers, to be disbursed by the same committee. At a regular meeting in September, the action was so amended as to make the bounty \$325, and to include drafted men or their substitutes, and the further sum of \$10,000 was appropriated, and a bounty of \$100 was ordered to be paid to such veterans as re-enlisted under the calls made during the last winter and spring, and who were credited to the quota of Will county; or to the widow and heirs of any such veteran as had died, or might die, before receiving such bounty.

Sept. 14th, Philip Filer received the appointment of paymaster in the volunteer service, and donned the army blue.

September 27th, 1864, commenced that long dreaded, long threatened operation—the draft for the sixth congressional district. The wheel of fortune, or misfortune, as you please to view it, commenced to turn at the provost marshal's headquarters in Young's block, beginning with LaSalle county. Renewed exertions are made to fill our quota before the draft shall reach our county.

Besides the moneys appropriated by the county board, the various towns in the county appropriated money for the purpose of filling up their several quotas. We give a summary of county and town appropriations:

The total of county appropriations was.....	\$335,908
The Town of Lockport appropriated.....	7,284
Lockport Village Association appropriated.....	5,743
Town of Florence	10,075
Town of Troy	18,271
Town of Wheatland	9,340
Town of Jollet	40,000

Which makes the total amount raised in this county, for war purposes, by official action.....\$336,621

The official action of the Board of Supervisors, of which we have given a summary from time to time, renders, perhaps, any further mention superfluous. We will, however, say, that from the first special meeting, in April, 1861, to the close of the war, the board were always ready to do everything in their power to

further the cause of the Union, both by the passage of resolutions sustaining the government and denouncing disunion, and in going to the extent of their legal powers in voting bounties and aid to soldiers' families, and in assessing necessary taxes.

The amount voluntarily raised in our county, for all purposes, and in all ways, was very large, but it cannot now be told. It was a day when men's hearts and purses were always open to the calls of the country, and to the needs of our soldiers. During the pendency of the draft, many of our citizens furnished substitutes. Some who were exempt, recognizing their obligations to the government, did so. And when our government decided to make use of colored troops—even those who had been most bitterly opposed to the measure, most magnanimously showed their submission to the laws, by being quick to avail themselves of this mode of getting out of the draft. Even editors of democratic papers were willing to be represented in the army by men as black as the ace of spades, although it cost them \$600. One of our young men was represented in the army by no less a personage than GEORGE WASHINGTON—at a cost of \$800. That was a pretty hard load for one poor darkey to have to bear—the weight of his own name and that of a Woodruff besides!

At this time, too, as many, both black and white, who had gone as substitutes, did not prove very good soldiers, but embraced the first opportunity to desert—in fact turned bounty-jumpers—the government had to establish the rule, that the person who sent a substitute, should be responsible for his fidelity. Fortunately, however, there was no rule making the substitute responsible for his principal!

But despite all efforts, the "wheel" had to make a turn in Will county, before our quota was full. The machine moved slowly, as much time of the board was taken up in the mustering in of recruits and substitutes. Lockport and Homer were the towns that had a taste of the luxury. The relentless wheel turns round, and, one after another, names are drawn to the number of ninety-four. Among those who drew prizes were Alfred G. Rowley, the supervisor of the town of Homer, and F. G. Harris, the enrolling officer of the district. Out of this number, one-half (47) were required to fill the quota of the district.

Substitutes now reach the top price, \$800 to \$1,500, a sum which was quite beyond the reach of a poor man. The brokers, I suppose, pocketed the lion's share of the sum. They did not let their politics prevent them from going south and importing negroes as substitutes. Anything in human shape, black, white, or mixed, was in demand.

One of our clergymen—an ex-chaplain—a grey-haired old man, had occasion to go from Chicago to Galena about the time when the draft was imminent. Going aboard the train at night, and being very tired, he took a berth at once, and soon fell asleep. He was awakened after a time by the loud talking of some persons, and looking out of his berth, saw that several men had gathered around the stove, and were discussing politics in a loud and excited manner. They bitterly denounced the war and the draft, the government, and everything else, except the southern confederacy. Lincoln was a tyrant and a fool, and Jeff. Davis a gentleman and a statesman, &c., &c. The good ex-chaplain stood this as long as he could, but at length, getting out of all patience, he jumped out of his berth, and strode up to the stove, and addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, I have listened to your traitorous talk as long as I can endure it, and I am determined to hear no more." "Well," said one of them, "what are you going to do about it? How will you stop it?" "I mean," replied the ex-chaplain, "to thrash every one of you." "Ha! ha!" said one, "you are a very angry old man." "No, I am not angry," he replied, "but I am determined to hear no more of your treasonable talk, and if there is no other way to stop it, I shall have to thrash you." At this point, some one from the middle of the car cried out: "That's right, old man, pitch in, and I'll help you; I'm tired of it, too." "And so am I," "and so am I," now came from different parts of the car, "that's right, give it to the traitors." The treason-shriekers, finding that the old man was so well backed up, concluded to disperse, and the ex-chaplain, having relieved himself of his righteous indignation, and skedaddled the rebels, went to his berth again, and slept the sleep of the just, without further molestation.

In the meanwhile, an exciting political campaign has been going on, and the impending draft was used as a powerful argu-

ment against the re-election of Lincoln. But, to use his own homely illustration, the people decided it was no time to swap horses while fording the stream, and he was triumphantly re-elected. The friends of his election held a grand jubilee over the result at Young's hall, at which time a subscription was made for the benefit of the soldiers' families, amounting to over \$3,000. The timely discovery of the Chicago conspiracy, was also a subject of great universal excitement at this time.

The Atlanta campaign under Sherman has ended in the possession of that place by the Union forces, and its partial destruction, and the memorable march to the sea has commenced. Our 100th regiment does not join in this, but returns to Chattanooga, under Thomas, to watch Hood. The 90th and the 64th regiments, Barnett's battery, and what was left of the 20th, went on to the sea.

We soon hear of the battle of Franklin, one of the fiercest in which the 100th was engaged, and which resulted in our success, enabling our force to get back to Nashville safely within the surrounding fortifications. But the list of casualties is again a sad one for Will county, for at this fight Major Rodney S. Bowen, of Wilmington, received the wound of which he died soon after, Dec. 3d, 1864. The other casualties will be noted in the history of the 100th.

Soon, too, came the battles before Nashville, the 15th and 16th of December, which resulted in our entire success, and which closed up the list of battles in which the 100th was engaged. In these last, the regiment escaped with but one casualty; Joseph Butcher, of Co. F, lost his left leg. He died subsequently at Nashville.

Dec. 20th, Father Abraham calls for 300,000 more, to finish up the work of suppressing the rebellion, and a draft is again expected, and meetings are again held in the various towns to devise ways and means to fill up the quotas.

But good news comes thicker and faster. Gen. Sherman goes through triumphantly to the sea, captures Savannah, and turns northward. Hood was so badly whipped at Nashville, that we hear no more from him.

The quota of the town of Joliet is ascertained to be sixty-eight, of which number forty-six have been furnished, leaving twenty-two to be drafted, unless substitutes are furnished.

The evidence increases that we are approaching the beginning of the end. For the last six months, our forces have been successful at all points. The rebels want to negotiate. Sherman marches on. Grant holds Lee tight. Charleston, the womb of the rebellion, is taken. The rebels ask for an armistice. "Unconditional surrender," says Grant, and Lincoln, too. The price of substitutes begins to drop rapidly, and hair dye goes up! Joliet being only two or three behind on her quota, old fogies begin to dye their hair and whiskers again. Richmond falls. Everybody is jubilant. The backbone is broken at last!

The news arrived Sunday night. The bells are rung—everybody rushes to the streets to see where the fire is—hears the good news, and joins in the hurrah. The people rush to the public square. The flood-gates of gab are opened again. Norton, Bowen, Barber, Osgood, O'Connor, Tim. Kelly, Zarley—*everybody* speaks. The band is out, and all day Monday nothing is thought of but the glorious news. Business is suspended. The two or three men still wanting to fill the quota are quickly found. The substitute broker's occupation is gone, and the bounty jumper has become an extinct "varmint." Joliet is out of the draft, but, better than all, no draft is needed, and no more recruits—for now the word comes—"Lee has surrendered!" Glory, glory, glory hallelujah!—the war is over! The backbone is not only broken, but ground to powder! The boys will soon come marching home!—those who have survived the terrible four years!

Less than a week passes—when, hark! another sound is in the air. Saturday morning, the 15th of April, the first news which meets us as we come down town is, that during the night, while we slept sweetly, joyfully, our beloved president—our own LINCOLN—has been assassinated, and lies stark and cold in the white house. The rebellion, in its death throes, has dealt one terrible last thrust. Swift as thought spreads the news. Men refuse to believe that it is possible. But every dispatch confirms it. It is, alas! too true! Men of all parties are struck dumb with grief and consternation. All business is, by spontaneous action, suspended. Men talk with bated breath and walk with measured steps. Offices and shops are closed. The city is draped in mourning. Simultaneously with the funeral services at Washington, services are held in our

churches, which are also draped in mourning, and every patriotic heart feels itself smitten by the terrible blow.

“Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.”

May 2nd, Lincoln's remains pass through Joliet on the way to Springfield. Great crowds assemble here, as everywhere, to catch a glimpse of the casket which holds the precious dust. Only a few however can do so. Most must be content to look upon the car in which they lie. Although the train is to arrive at midnight, at least 5,000 people assembled to meet it. The depot was beautifully draped with the national colors, and with evergreens and mourning emblems, and such mottoes as these, “Over the ashes of the illustrious dead, we consecrate ourselves anew to the cause of truth, justice and freedom.” “Reverently the prairie state receives the ashes of her noblest son.” “Champion, Defender and Martyr of Liberty.”

A beautiful arch spanned the track, draped in black and white, and trimmed with evergreen's, flags and flowers, and surmounted with a cross of evergreens. The train arrived at twelve—minute guns were fired, the church bells tolled, and the multitude stood in reverential silence, with uncovered heads, while the band played a solemn dirge. Just as the train was approaching, a brilliant meteor shot across the heavens, apparently falling over the funeral car. After a half hour's stop, the train with its sacred burden passes on to receive similar homage at every station. At Wilmington, in our county, the depot was beautifully decorated, and bore this motto—“Martyr, yet Monarch !”

Our record opened with the death and funeral obsequies of DOUGLAS, one of the most gifted citizens of our nation, an honored and influential senator. Called from the country he loved, when it was just entering the dark and stormy days of the rebellion, he gave out in his parting words a clarion ring for the Union, and the enforcement of the laws. We close with the death and funeral obsequies of LINCOLN, no less honored, and perhaps more deeply loved. He was permitted to guide the nation through the four dark and terrible years of the rebellion ; to

see the authority of the government re-established, and our flag waving in triumph over the rebel capital and Fort Sumter,—and to know that his great work was done. And so, “with malice toward none, and with charity toward all”—he went to his reward—the greatest martyr of the nineteenth century—“the noblest Roman of them all!”

And now, our streets are full again with soldiers returning from their long and weary campaigns. But oh! with what thinned ranks do they come! And while we rejoice at their return, and at the success which has crowned their toils and sufferings, we mourn for those that have been left behind on so many bloody battle fields. The contribution to our county, to the great holocaust, has been more than five hundred. Let us always gratefully, reverently remember them, and let us believe, that

“—— if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws,
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.”

THE ONE HUNDREDTH—THE WILL COUNTY REGIMENT, had a public reception, Saturday, July 1st, at the court house square. It was a grand demonstration. A most hearty and thankful welcome was given to the bronzed and scarred veterans;—the survivors of Levernge, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Rocky Face, Resacca, Adairsville, Dallas, Lost Mountain, Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville!

They were received by the Mayor and Council, with the music of bands, the firing of cannon, and the shouts and huzzahs of the assembled thousands. The members of the Soldiers Aid Society in their sanitary uniform, and many other ladies lined the streets through which they marched, and welcomed them with smiles and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs. A reception speech was made by Joliet's silver-tongued orator, Judge Parks, which was responded to by Col. Waterman. An adjournment was then made to Young's Hall, which was tastefully decorated, and where a rich and bountiful repast had been provided, and was dispensed by the FAIR, always ready to welcome the BRAVE.

July Fourth was celebrated by a grand union picnic, which

was held in the park south of the city. Hon. Sam. K. Casey, was president of the day, assisted by twenty-four vice-presidents. Rev. Mr. Jewett of the Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Kidd, of the Congregational church, acted as Chaplains. Dennis E. Sibley, of the 100th, read the declaration of Independence, and T. L. Breckenridge, was orator of the day. Our Joliet bard, C. H. Macomber, Esq., welcomed our returned soldiers in poetic and patriotic numbers. Major S. G. Nelson, of the 100th, and Major Dan. O'Connor, of the 90th, were the chief marshals. A free dinner was given to all returned soldiers. And thus we celebrated the birth-day of our nation in 1776, and its deliverance from threatened dismemberment in 1865.

Other regiments, companies and battery's came home during the summer, and were gladly welcomed; and one after another the Will county soldiers, the survivors of the long and cruel civil war, having given from one to four of the best years of their lives, to the work of saving the Union, doffed the army blue which they had worn so proudly and so long, and once more quietly took their places in the various walks of civil life;—GLAD, that their fighting days were over,—*glad*, that all over our broad land, "grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front;"—*glad*, that all the clouds which had so long lowered over our beloved country were—

"Now in the deep bosom of the ocean buried;
That their bows were bound with victorious wreaths;
Their bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Their stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Their dreadful marches to delightful measures."

Glad! glad! above all, that now, everywhere, from farthest Maine to the Rio Grande; from the ice bound rocks of Alaska, to the orange groves of Florida; and from the Chesapeake to the Golden Gate; the flag of the Union waved unchallenged, and that now, nowhere, east or west, north or south, beneath its ample folds, could the all beholding sun, LOOK DOWN UPON A SINGLE SLAVE!

PART SECOND.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF THE TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

FROM JOLIET TO JACKSON, TENN. JUNE 1861, TO AUGUST 1862.

Regiment leaves Joliet—En route—Arrives at Alton—Camp Experiences—Accident—Irregular rations—Goes to St. Louis—Is Armet—Goes to Cape Girardeau—Experiences—Expeditions—A. J. Sanger as a Spy—Goes to Birds Point—Returns to Cape—Starts for Fredericktown—The Elder has a Prayer Meeting—Fredericktown—A Reliable Contraband—The Battle—Incidents—How the 20th Behaved in its First Battle—Thanked by Gen. Grant—Returns to Birds Point—Winter Quarters—Expeditions—Has Visitors from Joliet—Difficulties in Regiment—New Year's Calls—Masquerade—Old Birds' Honey—Reconnoissance—Starts for Fort Henry—In the Fort—Goes to Donaldson—Battle—Casualties—Incidents—Col. Marsh's Report—Gen. Wallace's Report—About the Battle—Afterwards—Starts for the Tennessee River—A Slip Betwixt the Cup and Lip—Savannah—Pittsburgh Landing—Battle of Shiloh—Casualties—Advance to Corinth—Goes to Jackson, Tenn.—Difficulties Again—Capt. Hildebrant—Negro Hunters—A Pass Through Camp—General Logan.

THE events which preceded and attended the organization of the 20th regiment, have already been given in chapter first of our "home record," and need not here be repeated. The original enlistment was commenced under the first call for 75,000 for the three months' service, but before the regiment was fully organized, our government had become satisfied that more than three months and more than 75,000 men would be required to subdue the insurrection, and it was mustered in May 14th, for

three years, unless sooner discharged. Only thirty of the number that had gathered together from the district, declined to go for three years, and their places were soon supplied. The full roster and muster roll of the two companies, and others from the county, will be found in Part Fourth. During the preliminary organization, Dr. A. L. McArthur, had charge of the camp as surgeon, assisted by Dr. Bailey. At the final muster in, Dr. Christopher Goodbrake of Clinton county, was made surgeon, and Dr. F. K. Bailey of this city, assistant surgeon, and the Rev. Chas. Button, the pastor of the Baptist church in Joliet, was made chaplain.

On the 18th day of June, the regiment received the long-looked for orders from Gov. Yates, and at 5 p. m., bade good-bye to Camp Goodell, marched to the depot where the entire city, and multitudes from the surrounding country, had assembled to bid them good-bye and God-speed, and at 7:20 o'clock they were on their way to Alton. The boys met with a complete ovation all along the route. At every station the depots and platforms were crowded with men, women, and children, who greeted them with cheers, hand-shakes, "God bless you's," and bouquets. From every farm house the train was signaled with waving of handkerchiefs and swinging of hats. At Monticello, a whole female seminary greeted the boys, and made them regret that they could not stop there awhile.

The train arrived at Alton at noon of Wednesday, and the regiment immediately went into camp. But land seemed to be so scarce at Alton that they could not secure an eligible camp. The place to which they were assigned, consisted of hills and gullies, some bushes and innumerable stumps. They were exposed to the burning sun by day, with shady groves in sight, from which they were shut out, to tantalize them, while the water with which they were supplied, did not deserve the name. The contrast with Camp Goodell, with its shady oaks and magnificent spring of pure cold water, was a striking one, and the men thought the place must have been selected on the principle that the sooner they were inured to the hardships of soldiering, the better. Others said that they were placed there because the owner of the land (one Buckmaster) wanted the land grubbed of its stumps. Indeed, the boys had this for their catechism:

Ques.—What is the chief end for which the 20th was enlisted?

Ans.—To grub stumps for Sam. Buckmaster.

Certainly the boys were kept from the temptations of idleness and the wiles of the devil, while clearing the spot.

Besides the 20th there was encamped here at this time, the 15th, 17th, and 24th regiments, and a squadron of cavalry. The 24th was known as the "Hecker Regiment," and was composed largely of Germans, who were old campaigners, who had seen service in European wars, and they were quite disposed to poke fun at the raw yankee boys. But before the war was over I presume they stopped their fun, as they found that the raw "yankee boys" could learn the art of fighting as well as any. Col. Turner of the 15th, was in command of Camp Pope, as it was named.

The Hecker regiment had even poorer fare than the 20th while in camp "Buckmaster," being without tents, and compelled to make blankets do double duty with the help of bushes. One day the chaplain of the 20th, conversing with the brave old German colonel, alluded to their hard fare. Hecker replied—"Ah, well, you know we are only step-children!"

A melancholy incident occurred while in Camp Pope. One of the privates of Company D seized a musket, and playfully pointing it at another private, of the name of Titus, snapped it. Contrary to his expectations, it went off, terribly wounding not only Titus, but also one of the Smith family. Both recovered, but were disabled and discharged, and one of them sadly disfigured. This was a lesson to the boys to be careful with the tools they were now handling. This was the first blood that our good chaplain had ever seen drawn, and he fainted at the sight. It is said that those who are first affected in this way, become the most fearless and reliable on the battle field. Certainly this was true of the chaplain of the 20th, as we shall see in the course of our history.

While at Alton, the boys sometimes got hungry. They had issued to them some old, wormy hard-tack, that had lain stowed away in barracks since the Mexican war, and neither their teeth nor their stomachs had yet got reconciled to this kind of fare, and they got somewhat restive, and were fully of the opinion that to preserve their own lives was the first law of nature. Somebody's hogs got in the way just then, perhaps by the direction of old

Nick, and all at once pop, pop, pop went the guns. Some thought the enemy had come, and was charging on the camp. But the result of the noise was a good many dead hogs, and hungry men fed. But they afterwards paid the penalty of such disorderly conduct, some of them in getting sick and having to swallow Goodbrake and Bailey's prescriptions, and all of them in having enough of their pay stopped to foot the bill.

While here in camp the 4th of July came along, and was duly celebrated. The entire brigade was drawn up about noon, and listened to a most eloquent and appropriate address from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of N. Y., who was just then visiting the camp as sanitary inspector. At the conclusion of the exercises, the whole force was requested to raise the right hand, and solemnly pledge themselves to serve the Union cause against all enemies whatever. The scene was a very impressive one.

On the night of July 5th, the regiment was notified to be ready to march next day at an early hour, and on the morning of the 6th they moved to the river landing, and went aboard a steamer, and in a few hours were at St. Louis, and entered the enclosure of the memorable arsenal, encamped, and received their arms, equipments, and clothing. They were armed with old U. S. flint lock muskets changed to percussion lock, and although the boys were not very well pleased with them at first, yet they proved a very efficient and deadly weapon, and some of them were carried all through the service.

St. Louis, at this time, was in a doubtful state of mind. There were many outspoken secesh among all classes, and street rows were common. Some of the 20th were passing along a street one day, when a lot of this gentry, who were in a livery stable, seeing the boys in blue, hurrahed for Jeff. Davis and the southern confederacy. This was the signal for a charge, and that livery stable was cleaned out in a brief space of time !

After a three days' broil in St. Louis, the regiment again embarked, and after a pleasant sail down the river, landed on the 10th inst. at Cape Girardeau. This place seemed still nearer the enemy's land, and matters began to look like business.

On the night of the day on which they landed at the Cape, after the boys, who were very tired, (having had to unload the

boat), had been about an hour in bed, Col. Erwin came around and said he wanted 26 men to go out and take a provision train, which had started for the rebel camp just before their arrival. Tired as they were, there were plenty of volunteers for the job. But Col. Marsh said they were too tired, and would not allow them to go. Col. Erwin then rallied a squad of the "home guard," and having armed them, set out. The guard had seen the train leave for the rebel camp, which was about 20 miles distant, but dare not interfere, as there was no force at the Cape to fall back upon. The expedition was entirely successful. Colonel Erwin returned during the night, having captured seven loaded wagons, five yoke of oxen, four horses, and eight prisoners. The train had a guard of twenty men—the balance escaped.

While at the Cape, J. E. Shields was appointed quartermaster; J. F. Branch, wagon-master; E. P. Smith, com. sergt.; James Hubbard, sutler; and Albert E. Randall, postmaster.

The 20th laid an embargo upon the river trade, capturing contraband to a large amount. It stopped the steamer Memphis, among others, finding on board a lot of medicines destined for the southern army, shipped by the loyal (?) house of G. & K., and secreted in trunks and valises.

Three companies of the 20th (B, C and I), also went on a scout to ascertain the strength of the rebel Gen. Watkins' command, from whom so much was feared and threatened. They returned and reported his vaunted force to be about 1,500, poorly armed.

About the 15th of July, word came that the notorious Jeff. Thompson was raiding on the Whitewater, about twenty miles away, and companies E and F were ordered for special service, with three days' rations. The boys were ready for the expedition, but the question of rations was a "little mixed." The government hard tack had been condemned, and rations of flour were issued instead. But there was no bread baked ahead, and all they had to take for rations was raw ham. Capt. Hildebrant, who was in charge of the expedition, reported at headquarters as ready for duty, with raw meat only, and was informed that bread would be supplied. But they marched at 10 o'clock at night, with very deficient rations, and were at Whitewater by daylight, and went into camp in the woods, well fagged out. During the next day,

they managed to procure corn bread, and some potatoes, for which the captain paid out of his own pocket, and managed to subsist in this way two days. The expedition was one of those foolish ones, often made during the war, viz., sending infantry to catch cavalry. All through the war, our army was very defective in the cavalry branch of service, and inferior to the rebels. Gen. Scott, I believe, with all his skill as a general, was not favorable to cavalry. And then it was expensive!

On the return of the expedition, Capt. Hildebrant was placed under arrest by Col. Marsh, for taking his men on a march without bread, and for allowing them to forage. After two days, he was released, on demand of the regiment, who had learned the facts in the case.

This unpleasant circumstance brings us face to face with the fact—which we would gladly ignore if possible—that there were, for some time, in the history of the 20th, dissensions which injured it, and rendered association with it unpleasant to many. I shall touch as lightly as possible on this part of its history, and only so far as is necessary to vindicate the reputation of some of our Will county men.

Fremont was at this time in command of the department, and during the last of July, with his staff, paid the Cape a visit.

While here, the first death occurred in the regiment, the 1st sergeant of Co. A, from Champaign county.

It will be remembered that General Fremont, being somewhat more advanced in his views than the administration, had issued an emancipation proclamation, which, not being president, (having only once run for the office), and being only a department commander, was perhaps a little irregular. As a consequence, many negroes had come within the union lines, and there were a good many at the Cape. When this proclamation was overruled by the higher powers, of course there was trouble in the camp of the contrabands, and many heart-rending scenes were witnessed by the boys, as the poor refugees gave way to their grief and fear, at thus being remanded to the tender mercies of the masters from whom they had escaped, believing that the "year of jubilee had come."

While the regiment was at the Cape, one of the members from our county developed into a first-class scout, or spy. I need

not say that this is the most dangerous, as it oftentimes is the most useful, service which anyone can render the cause of his country. The fate of a spy, if detected, is death. The justice of this, so long as both parties and all nations make use of them, it is hard to see. But so it is—the man who undertakes this *role* runs the hazard of being detected and hung. Who has not wept over the story of Major Andre, spy though he was, and a British spy, too! And who has not felt dissatisfied with the law which compelled Washington to order his execution, at the same time that he was, no doubt, employing spies himself? Much has been said about the morality of employing spies, and acting the part of a spy; but they have been employed in war ever since the time of Moses.

The person to whom I allude as a spy in the 20th, was Albert J. Sanger, of Co. F, in respect to whom I have found the following in a soldier's letter:

"We have one of the best spies in the company that ever tried the swamps. It is A. J. Sanger. He can play the "sawney" to such perfection that the people believe him a fool. He is gone almost all the time. He has been eighty miles back toward the Arkansas line. He has been a prisoner in Thompson's and Hardee's camps, but they thought he was a fool, and let him go. He goes out all alone, on horseback, with an old pair of saddle-bags, dressed in a blue linsey coat and butternut pants, calico shirt, and old straw hat, and is a regular who-haw-buck. When he returns to camp, no one can get a word out of him. He does not wish to be recognized. He went out a week ago, and has returned. He went into Arkansas, and was taken prisoner, and came near losing his horse, and narrowly escaped being shot several times. He was taken prisoner and brought before Jeff. Thompson, who told him that if he had no other business but to see his friends, he had better return, as the times were too hot for visiting. 'Besides,' said Jeff, 'I shall soon have possession of the Cape, and then no one will be allowed to pass.' This was just the information Sanger was after, and he told Jeff. he had been there, and he thought he could take it easily enough if he tried. But Jeff. did not take it so soon as he expected."

Just before Sanger took up the *role* of spy, a lieutenant from

the 9th regiment had tried it, went into Hardee's camp, was arrested and shot.

July 23d, companies B, I and K, in command of Capt. Bartleson, (it having been reported that 300 rebels were threatening an attack,) went out on a scout to look after them; they went through Jackson, Whitewater and Dallas, and scouted over the country for ten miles around the Cape, returning July 28, with some prisoners, having marched 75 miles.

July 29th, Capt. Bartleson, with 25 men, went on the steamer Illinois, 25 miles up the river, and destroyed a ferry boat with which the rebs were running corn from Illinois to Missouri.

August 13th, companies B, C, E and F, and a section of artillery, in command of Col. Erwin, went to Hamburg, killed nine rebels, and returned with prisoners, having traveled sixty miles.

August 17th, Lieutenant Cleghorn, with 25 men, went on the steamer Luella, down the river, to Big Island, in search of rebel stores, and returned August 20th, with a boat load of horses and mules.

During the month of August, occurred the visit of some of our citizens to the Cape, and the scare which Jeff. Thompson got up for their benefit, as related in the home history of the time.

The Cape had now become a strong post and supplied with cannon, and it would have required a strong force to take it. Besides, the rebels had many friends in the town, who would have got cleaned out if they should attack it. Gen. Grant was now in command, under Fremont, of the sub-district, having his headquarters at Cairo. Here the regiment remained until about the middle of August, being engaged, in the meantime, in building fortifications, drilling, &c., and in frequent expeditions, and eating Uncle Sam's rations. During their stay, they built the substantial earthworks, which commanded both the river and the town. The 20th was, some of the time, the only force at the Cape, and was consequently liable to an attack.

Sometime in the last of August, the regiment was moved out to Jackson, about twenty miles, with other forces from the Cape, for the purpose of aiding in a plan which had been laid to trap a rebel force under Pillow. This place was the residence of a rebel general, by the name of Watkins, a man of great wealth. Some

of the boys were quartered in his fine mansion, and I fear were not as careful as they should have been of the house and contents.

Sept. 12th, the regiment went down on the steamer Illinois to Birds Point, where it remained until the middle of October. Dr. Bailey was left at the Cape in charge of the sick. There was much sickness, measles, &c. The seminary building, court house, and a church, were all used as hospitals. The various regiments which had passed through the Cape had left their sick, and the doctor had his hands full.

Hearing that Jeff. Thompson was at Fredericktown, a place between Pilot Knob and Cape Girardeau, Gen. Grant conceived the idea of cutting off his retreat. In consequence of this plan, the 20th regiment left Birds Point on the 16th of October, at midnight, on the steamer Louisiana, with a section of Taylor's battery, under command of Lieut. White. The steamer Chancellor followed, with two companies of cavalry, in command of Captain Stewart. Before noon, of the 17th, they arrived at the Cape, and encamped just outside of the city limits, on the Jackson road. On the 18th, the force, which consisted of the 17th Ill., Col. Ross; the 11th Missouri, Col. Plummer; the 20th Ill., the two companies of cavalry, and the section of artillery before named—all in command of Col. Plummer, of the 11th Missouri—started out for Fredericktown. It is proper to remark here that the 11th Missouri was really an Illinois regiment, being one of those that had been mustered in as a Missouri regiment when our quota was filled. The force aggregated in all about 1,700. Moving out, they marched the first day about thirteen miles, camping about four miles northwest of Jackson, on the Dallas road. On the evening of the 19th, they reached Dallas, about half way to Fredericktown.

The regiment went into camp near the house of a southern planter, a secession sympathizer. The good chaplain called on the family, and finding that they were zealous Baptists, proposed having a prayer meeting after supper. This proposition was cordially accepted, and at the appointed hour the planter gathered his family and the neighbors, and the chaplain gathered the praying ones of the regiment, and they had a good, old-fashioned prayer meeting.

But all of the boys of the 20th, I am sorry to say, were not of

the praying kind. Some—a majority, I fear—were quite otherwise. At any rate, while the prayer meeting was going on, and the family were feeling safe and happy, and growing more charitable in their hearts toward the Yankees, some of the boys took the opportunity of doing a little foraging on their own account. The result was, that many of the planter's chickens, and sweet potatoes, and a share of his honey, too, got into camp. The next morning, Sergeant Bernier very innocently went to the house to borrow a kettle to cook his potatoes in. The woman thought this pretty "cheeky." "A pretty set of christians are you Yanks," says she. "Some of you come here and pray, and talk very pious, while the rest steal my chickens, and potatoes, and honey; and now you have the impudence to come and ask for my kettle;" and she proceeded to pour forth upon the heads of the sergeant and the Yanks in general, a broadside of vernacular that must have nearly exhausted her vocabulary. The sergeant, though one of the bravest of the boys, beat a hasty retreat.

Of course the good chaplain was not in collusion with the raiders; but the chaplain's prayer meeting became a standing joke in the regiment, and whenever rations were short, his brother officers were wont to suggest to him the propriety of holding another prayer meeting; but the planters did not "hanker" after any more!

On the 20th, they approached within eleven miles of Fredericktown, where they expected to cage the redoubtable Jeff. Strict watch was kept up that night. On the 21st, they resumed the march, and though many were footsore and weary, no complaints were made. They arrived in sight of Fredericktown about noon. The town was pleasantly located on high ground, the court house occupying the crest of the hill. They found the stars and stripes flying from the court house, and the place in possession of a force under Col. Carlin, which had come from Pilot Knob to aid in bagging Jeff. But Jeff. had captured a bearer of dispatches, and learned of the plot, and slipped out of sight. He formed a counter-plot, and intended to move out and intercept the force under Plummer, thrash them, and then return and do the same job for Carlin; but

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gly."

Col. Carlin, believing that Jeff. had made his escape, and thinking that pursuit would be useless, was resting himself and his command in town. The inhabitants of the place were strongly secesh, and all the information that could be got from them was that Jeff. had left the day before for Greenville. Col. Plummer, however, to whom Col. Carlin had yielded the command, thought he would try and ascertain whether Jeff. was within reach. He accordingly organized a column for pursuit, consisting of his force from the Cape, and part of Scholfield's battery, leaving Carlin's force in reserve.

But Jeff. had not gone far, but had formed an ambuscade, about a mile from town, just over a ridge on the Greenville road, concealing his forces in a cornfield and some timber, intending to draw on our forces and then open upon them. This plan would probably have been successful but for a "reliable contraband," who was sitting on a fence in front of a house, and who said to Capt. Stewart, who was in advance with his cavalry, "Don't go down dar massa, heap secesh down dar, seed 'em myself, not seben minutes ago." His statement, fortunately, obtained sufficient credence to bring our forces to a halt, and cause a reconnoissance to see if it was true. Just over the hill partly concealed by the timber and the cornfield, the enemy was discovered awaiting the approach of our forces. He had planted four field pieces skillfully concealed by the woods, and his infantry and about 800 cavalry were well posted to pour a deadly fire upon our boys as soon as they came in range.

Thanks, first to a kind Providence, and next to the contraband, this well laid plan was discovered in time. This "old darkey" does not figure in any *official* reports of the fight, but I have the account from an eye witness in the 20th, and I am only sorry that I do not know the darkey's name, that it might at least pass into this history. As it is, the credit of the affair must be set down to his poor despised race.

Col. Plummer soon placed his forces in order of battle. The section of Taylor's battery, and one gun of Major Scholfield's were duly planted. The 17th regiment took the centre, the 20th the right, and the 11th Mo. the left. Silence, solemn and deep for a few minutes, and then the ball opened by two rounds from Taylor's guns. The enemy replied. In a few moments our forces

advanced, and the conflict became general. The advance force of the enemy under Col. Lowe, 800 picked men, was brought, by the skillful disposition of our forces, between the cross fire of the two wings, and the slaughter was terrible. Our cannon spoke twice to the enemy's once. The officers and men of the 20th all fought bravely in this their first conflict. Cols. Marsh and Erwin were both in the thickest of the fight, and the bullets flew thick around them, but they escaped unhurt. A cannon ball passed under the horse of Col. Marsh, and struck off the shoe of the horse of his adjutant. The fight continued for about three hours, and resulted in the discomfiture and retreat of Jeff. and his entire force, leaving over three hundred dead on the field, and many prisoners. Jeff. did not go to look after Carlin's force, although they were not far off, but hastened as fast as possible in another direction. Only about 1200 of our forces were actively engaged in the fight. That of the enemy is supposed to have been considerably larger.

A sad sight was this, the first battle field which had been seen by any of the 20th, save Lt. Col. Erwin, who had been in the Mexican war. The mangled corpses excited the pity of our men, although most of them were enemies of the Union. Old men and beardless boys, lay side by side, dead and dying. Col. Lowe who had been a terror to all Union men in the region, was killed.

Our forces chased Thompson four miles, capturing many. The entire loss in the 20th regiment, was three wounded. Two guns were captured from the enemy, one of which was brought in by Co. B., led on by its brave captain, Bartleson. Chaplain Button was highly commended for his kind offices to the wounded and dying on the field, although while the fight was in progress, it was hard work for him to maintain his official character as a non-combatant. When Co. B. was hauling up the captured cannon, he swung his hat and cried out, "give it to them boys, the Lord is on our side."

That we have not over stated the action of the 20th in this, its first encounter with the foes of the Union cause, which, alas! had not hitherto had many successes, will be seen by the following addressed to Col. Marsh by the commanding general :

HD. QRS., 2ND DIST. S. E. Mo., Oct. 31st, 1861.

COL.:—I am instructed by Gen. Grant, to extend to you and your command his cordial welcome on your return from the field of battle, and of

your victory. The reports that have reached him from Fredericktown, have filled him with the highest admiration for the valor and patriotism displayed by you and your command, in that engagement. Amid the gloom that filled the country in the commencement of the reverses of our army at Leesburg, Fredericktown arose and threw athwart the cloud its bow of promise. It was your privilege to be among the foremost of that gallant band who raised our drooping banner, and emblazoned it with victory. The importance of your success cannot be measured by an ordinary standard. It gave new life to tens of thousands of our discouraged soldiers. It has crushed out the rebellion in S. E. Missouri. It has restored the prestige of victory to our flag. And, not the least source of your general's gratification is the fact that you have brought back your entire command.

Very Respectfully,

WM. S. HILLYER,

Captain and Aid-de-Camp.

COL. C. C. MARSH.

The officers and men of the 20th regiment felt at the time that the correspondents of the Chicago papers did them great injustice. They scarcely made mention of the part of the 20th in this engagement. One account was written as if the regiments from Pilot Knob did the fighting, while they really had no part in it. The battle was fought mainly by the 20th and 17th Ill., and 11th Mo., and the 20th was the only regiment that got a sight of Jeff. Thompson, and had to be stopped in their pursuit.

Col. Plummer, who commanded the forces engaged, complimented the 20th for its bravery, and tied the blue ribbon upon its flag, which was riddled with bullets. The boys after they delivered their fire, had a trick of throwing themselves upon their backs and then loading, and jumping up again and delivering their fire, and to this it was no doubt owing that they escaped with so few casualties. Our troops were so indignant at the people of Fredericktown for their deception, that they were with difficulty restrained from burning the town.

During the return of the 20th from Fredericktown, strict orders were given by Col. Marsh against foraging. On encamping for the night, the men found themselves terribly hungry, and their prospects for supper very slim. One of the lynx-eyed boys espied a flock of sheep, and the temptation was too strong for some of them, and several carcasses were brought into camp, and preparations made for a good square meal. Suddenly the Colonel made his appearance, and seeing what was going on said, "Boys this won't do, you know that it is a positive violation of my

orders." One whom the boys called "Lemon Jim," spoke up, and with the utmost gravity said, "Col., we came suddenly upon these d—d devils; they refused to take the oath of allegiance, and here they are!"

The 20th, soon after the battle of Fredericktown, (Oct. 31st) returned to Birds Point, on steamer Alex. Scott. Here the men built log houses for their winter quarters.

While here, during January, General Paine ordered Captain Hildebrant to take Sergeant Branch and ten men, and proceed to Belmont and arrest one Wiseman, the leader of a rebel gang that shot many of our pickets on the 16th of January, and to bring him into camp. They arrived at Belmont about midnight, and cautiously approaching a house found it a rendezvous of rebel pickets whose camp was a mile ahead, directly opposite Columbus. The call was unexpected. Our boys drove in the pickets and surrounded the house. In a loud voice the captain gave out his commands, ordering the columns to move forward! as if he had a large force. The rebels skedaddled toward their camp without firing a gun. Our boys searched the house, but found that the bird had flown. On their return they heard the long roll call sounded in the rebel camp, and the order to "fall in."

This bold *reconnaissance* on the part of Captain Hildebrant, is only one of the many tests to which his bravery and judgment were subjected, and in which he always proved himself equal to the occasion.

Soon after the return of the 20th to Birds Point, it received a visit from some of its Joliet friends. Among them, Otis Hardy, Esq., and his two eldest daughters, and Mrs. Button, the wife of the worthy chaplain. "Bro. Hardy" had heard that somehow hospital stores which had been forwarded to the boys from Joliet had failed to come to hand, and with his usual zeal and thoroughness he made it his business to investigate the matter. He accordingly looked up the stores in Cairo, and got them into the hospital. Not liking the looks of the hospital, (of which our boys had just taken possession,) he pulled off his coat, and with the assistance of the others, he thoroughly "policed" it, without waiting for orders or even a permit from headquarters. Some officials looked on astonished at so extra-judicial a proceeding, but I guess the inmates rather liked it.

The stay at Birds Point was extremely tedious, and the boys became somewhat restive. The difficulties in the regiment broke out again. A petition was circulated asking Col. Marsh to resign, which was signed by more than three-fourths of the officers, and a great majority of the men, which he declined to do. Capt. Hildebrant, on being arbitrarily denied a leave of absence to go to Cairo and meet his wife, allowed himself to be guilty of an act of insubordination, and to go without leave, for which he was placed in arrest, and ordered confined to camp. After a few days, Captain Hildebrant reported to the general commanding, when he was released from arrest, and placed on duty as a scout, and remained most of the winter on special service. Just before the movement up the river to Fort Henry, the captain was tried on the charge of disobedience, with some other charges of which he was not guilty, and the court cleared him of all ; but for some reason, the papers failed to reach the headquarters.

The captain remained on special duty, taking part in the New Madrid fight, and the final skirmish at Sykeston, until April, 1862, when he rejoined his company at Pittsburg Landing as a private, and carried a musket during the two days' fight, and was afterward restored to his command by order of department commander.

While at Birds Point the 11th Ill. and 20th were brigaded together, and the men became fast friends. They were located in the vicinity of some of old Bird's bee-hives, and of course, as the old man was known to be a secesh, and as the boys had a kind of hankering after honey, some of the hives got robbed of their sweet stores ; and what was more unfortunate, the robbers got caught at it by Grant's body-guard, who arrested the whole squad, and paroled them to appear at headquarters next morning, which they did, and got assessed a fine, to pay the old man for his honey. But the joke of the thing was, that the body-guard were so careful of the honey, and so anxious to keep temptation away from the men, that they eat it up themselves. The consequence was, that when any of them came within hearing of the brigade, the following catechism was repeated for their edification :

Question.—"Who stole the honey?"

Answer.—"The 11th and 20th."

Q.—“ Who paid for the honey ? ”

A.—“ The 11th and 20th.”

Q.—“ Who eat the honey ? ”

A.—“ Gen. Grant’s body-guard ! ”

This got to the ears of the general after a little, and the fine on the 11th and 20th was remitted !

New Year’s day, 1862, found a large army gathered at Birds Point, under the command of Brig. Gen. Paine, Gen. Grant being in command of the district of Cairo.

Many of the wives of the officers of the regiments composing this force were stopping at Cairo, among others, Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. Bartleson, Mrs. Hildebrant, and Mrs. Goodwin, of Joliet, were there. Of course there was much passing to and fro across the river. New Year’s Day was kept under novel circumstances by the army congregated at the “ Point,” and by the ladies quartered at Cairo. The ladies generally kept open house, and were the recipients of many calls. Not to name any others, Mrs. General Grant “ received ” on that occasion. I presume that then she did not in the least anticipate that she would ever “ receive ” as mistress of the white house.

Among others, Col. Wallace, of the 11th Ill., Lt. Col. Erwin, and Captain Bartleson, of the 20th, called upon her in company. Each of the three now sleep in honored graves, having met death on the field. The first to fall was Lt. Col. Erwin, (only a few weeks after), at Donaldson. A little later, Col. Wallace fell at Shiloh. Capt. Bartleson, after losing an arm at Shiloh, survived to meet the enemies of his country as colonel of the 100th, on the fiercely contested fields of Stone River and Chickamauga ; and after enduring a long imprisonment at Libby, fell at last before the deadly aim of a rebel sharpshooter in front of “ Kenesaw ” a few days after rejoining his regiment.

While the officers were thus spending the day, the “ high privates ” were not without their recreation. Some wags of the 11th and 20th took it into their heads to get up a masquerade, which for its grotesqueness, its happy hits, and telling comicalities, has seldom been excelled, and will be remembered by many still living. Among other performances, they went through a burlesque artillery drill, mounted on old mules, and using old stove pipes

mounted on cart wheels for cannon, imitating the movements of artillerymen in the most ludicrous manner. Two of the boys—one being dressed in female garb—went on a “tour of inspection” through the camps and hospitals, riding from one to the other in great haste, dismounting, and going through a hurried inspection of the premises, asking questions ludicrously impertinent, making short speeches and exhortations, and then mounting their mules and flying to another; thus burlesquing some “visitors” they had seen. And in a hundred ways, which those who witnessed the scene may recall, the boys kept their New Year’s Day—alas! the last very many of them would see!

On the 14th day of January, 1862, the 20th was in the force that accompanied Gen. Grant in his reconnoissance toward Columbus, and on the 20th returned to Birds Point.

Some time in January, also, a part of the regiment accompanied a force of about 1,500, which was sent out to chase up a cavalry force of the enemy. The expedition started out a little after dusk, and after wandering about all night in a drizzling rain, they were guided by a man, who proved to be a traitor, into an ambuscade, while it was still dark. From some unknown source, they were met by a volley of musketry, which killed four and wounded some fifteen in an Iowa regiment. A retreat was indulged in as soon as possible.

The regiment then took part in the expedition under General Grant, which left Cairo Feb. 2d and 3d, 1862, the objective point being Fort Henry.

They left comfortable quarters, but were glad to be on the move. They left by steamer. A snow storm came on, which, with the crowded state of the boat, made things somewhat uncomfortable, especially the first night, when the 20th had to occupy the hurricane deck. The deck was covered with ice, and it was impossible to move. Two men slipped overboard during the night, and were drowned. They laid at Cairo until 10 o’clock of Monday. They then crossed to Paducah, stopping two hours, and then passed up the Tennessee in the night. The morning found them within twelve miles of the fort. Soon they heard the music of the gun-boats in the advance, under Commodore Foote, shelling the shores. They landed within four miles of the fort, and

encamped on a high hill. The 20th was placed in the 2d brigade, Col. W. H. L. Wallace, commanding; the 11th Ill., the 45th Ill., the 4th cavalry, and McAllister's and Taylor's batteries, with the 20th, constituted the brigade. In the capture of Fort Henry, the land forces took no part, the work being wholly done by the gun-boats. On the 6th, the 20th was in the fort.

It was the intention to have the land force invest the fort in the rear, and to cut off the escape of the garrison, as well as to aid in reducing it. Nine o'clock was the time set for attack, it being expected that by that time the land forces would be in position. But, although the troops were on the move by daylight, such was the condition of the roads, that they had not proceeded two miles before the gun-boats commenced the attack. The weather had been rainy for weeks, the river was over its banks, and every slough and bayou was full, so that instead of four miles, the force had to go ten to reach the rear of the fort, and had to wade streams and bayous waist deep, and encounter mud knee deep. The consequence was, that the infantry did not get to Fort Henry until after dark, and the main part of the rebels had escaped to Fort Donaldson.

The regiment left fort Henry for Donaldson on the 12th, with the army under Grant, the greater portion being in camp before dark the same evening. But they had a weary march through mud and snow, and over a rough country. The bombardment by the gunboats was commenced the 13th. Friday, the 14th, was comparatively quiet. But on the 15th, the fight was vigorous. The gun-boats had got disabled, and the work had to be done, this time, by the land forces. On the night of the 13th, the enemy made an attempt to take Taylor's battery, and it was repulsed by the 11th and 20th regiments. Saturday, the 15th, the enemy made a desperate attack, of which McClernand's division sustained the brunt. They were nobly resisted for three hours, and finally repulsed, our side being nearly out of ammunition. On the 17th, the fort surrendered, and Grant won the *soubriquet* of "Unconditional Surrender Grant," that being the terms he gave the rebels.

In the three days' fight, resulting in such a glorious victory, so important in its results, the 20th took its full share. And this time not without severe loss. The rejoicings which filled our hearts

at the news of victory, were sadly dampened when the tidings came that Col. Erwin was among the killed; that the life of one of our most respected citizens was part of the cost of victory. The 20th also lost twenty killed, eight of whom were from Will county, and our companies, B and F, had also thirty wounded.

The attention shown the remains of Col. Erwin has been given in our home history, and a brief sketch of his life will be found elsewhere. We give here the official report of Col. Marsh, in full, and the casualties to Will county men :

"HD. QRS. OF 20TH REG'T, 2ND BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION.

FORT DONALDSON, FEB. 17TH, 1862.

SIR:—In compliance with orders, I make the following report of the movements of my command during the 13th, 14th and 15th insts. On the morning of the 13th, my regiment with the rest of the brigade was formed in line of battle near the brow of the hill, fronting the right of the enemy's fortifications. Nothing of special interest affecting my command occurred during the day. Towards evening I was ordered to move toward the right, and I took position on a ridge facing the outworks of the rebel's left, the 11th Ill. being on my right, and the 48th on my left. Shortly after taking position it commenced raining, turning in a short time to snow, and bitterly cold. My regiment was under arms nearly the whole night, the frequent skirmishes of our pickets with those of the enemy, leading me to fear an attack at any moment. At daylight, on the morning of the 14th, I ordered fires started, and coffee made for my command; our close proximity to the enemy forbidding the use of fires at night. Most of this day was spent in watching the movements of the enemy, and employing my sharp-shooters in picking off the rebels as they showed themselves above their breastworks. This night passed very similarly to the preceding one, my men bearing the exposure of the cold and fatigue with exemplary patience. At daybreak, on the morning of the 15th, repeated volleys of musketry on the right, caused me to form in line of battle. I soon ascertained that the firing was caused by the enemy's attacking the 1st brigade, (Col. Oglesby's) posted on the extreme right of our line. I immediately strengthened my skirmishers whom I had kept out all night, giving instructions to report from time to time the movements of the enemy, if attacked, to endeavor to drive back their advance, and not retreat till forced to do so by a superior force. Matters continued thus for some two hours, the firing on the right being without intermission. At this time the officer in command of my skirmishers, informed me that the enemy was advancing in my front. A few moments and my advance was drawn back, and almost immediately the rebels appeared coming over the brow of the hill. Not waiting to receive their attack, I ordered my command to advance, which they did in admirable order, driving the rebels steadily before them till they broke and run. Advancing in pursuit I was suddenly met by a fresh force of the enemy, who at once opened fire upon me, still moving forward. I succeeded in forcing them to retreat, and followed them up, till running short of ammunition, I drew back in good

order to my first position, and sent back for a fresh supply. I remained here without further molestation from the enemy till ordered to march to the left. Shortly after taking my original position, the 11th Ill. next on my right became engaged, and at the time of my being ordered off the field were still fighting bravely. Had I received a fresh supply of ammunition, I would gladly have gone to their assistance. I may be pardoned for speaking with pride of the behavior of my entire command, officers and men during the action. The fine order, coolness and courage with which they advanced in the face of a terrible and continuous fire meets my hearty commendation. My every order was promptly and correctly executed to my complete satisfaction. Could my record end here, I would be indeed happy, but the painful duty remains to report the loss of many of my brave men. My Lt. Col. Wm. Erwin was killed quite early in the action, being struck in the breast by a round shot from one of the enemy's guns. A cool, brave officer, a noble man, he gloriously fell in the execution of his duty, adding in his death new laurels to those he long since won on the bloody field of Buena Vista. His commander sadly regrets the occasion which calls forth this feeble tribute of respect to his memory. Color Serg't Newton and the entire color guard, except one corporal, were either killed or wounded. I herewith append a list of the killed, wounded and missing of my command. My field music and band were employed during the action in removing the wounded and dead from the field, thus rendering efficient service and permitting me to retain all my fighting men in the ranks. Tendering my congratulations on the glorious victory and the capture of Fort Donaldson, I have the honor to remain,

Your very obedient servant,

C. C. MARSH, Col

The official report of Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, commander of the 2nd brigade, 1st division, says:

"My brigade was formed by order of Gen. U. S. Grant commanding the district of Cairo, consisted of the 11th Ill. Infantry, Col. Ransom; 20th Ill. Infantry, Col. C. C. Marsh; 49th, Col John E. Smith; 48th Ill., Col. I. N. Hayne; 4th Ill. Cavalry, Col. T. L. Dickey; Capt. Ezra Taylor's Battery (B. 1st Ill. Artillery) and Capt. E. McAllister's Battery of three 24 pound howitzers.

* * * * *

"The 20th, which stood next the 11th, was the next heaviest sufferer, having eighteen killed on the field. Lt. Col. Erwin, while nobly animating his men, and adding new laurels to those he so nobly won at Buena Vista, was struck down by a cannon shot from the enemy's battery."

Col. C. C. Marsh exhibited the utmost coolness and self-possession on the field, encouraging his men with all the order of parade. Major Richards also acted with great bravery.

"McAllister's guns did good service. They were three 24 pound howitzers, without caissons, and with a limited supply of ammunition, and without a full complement of men. One of them lost a wheel, shot away on the 13th, but supplied from their limber. On the 15th inst, the trail of another howitzer was broken, and it was rendered useless. They fired all their am-

munition, fifty rounds a piece. The cavalry of Col. Dickey, 4th Ill., did excellent service in reconnoitering, and holding the enemy in check on the right.

To Surgeon Goodbrake of the 20th, acting brigade surgeon, I am under special obligations. Chaplains Pearsons of the 11th, and Button of the 20th were indefatigable in their attentions to the wounded, and in collecting and burying the dead."

The reader will bear in mind that in the 4th cavalry mentioned above, Will county had five commissioned officers and one hundred and twenty-seven men; and also that McAllister's battery was largely from our county; thus, in this memorable engagement, our county was largely represented.

CASUALTIES TO WILL COUNTY MEN IN THE 20TH REGIMENT,

KILLED:

Lient. Col. Erwin,	Private, Thomas Mahan, Co. F.
Color Corporal John Weist, Co. B.	" Jacob Dolkey, Co. F.
Private, James A. Bassett, Co. F.	" John A. Bowman, Co. F.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED:

Wm. D. Rudgers, Drum Major.	Joseph Griffin, Co. B.
2nd Lient. Harry King.	George Bentz, Co. B.
James Carson, Co. B.	George F. Smith, Co. B.
Francis MRooke, Co. B.	Henry Gerich, Co. B.
George Lee, Co. B.	Joshua Dykman, Co. B.
Serg't James F. Branch, Co. F.	Duncan W. Covert, Co. F.
Corp. John J. Quackenbush, Co. F.	John W. Coombs, Co. F.
Wm. Lanson, Co. F.	George Wier, Co. F.

SERIOUSLY WOUNDED:

Private, Eugene R. Connors, Co. B.	Lewis Otto, Co. F.
Corp. James C. Porter, Co. F.	A. W. Burrows, Co. F.
John Miller, Co. F.	John Counter, Co. F.
William Unruh, Co. F.	David Spade, Co. F.
Oscar Gamble, Co. F.	

MORTALLY WOUNDED:

Wilson W. Wright, Co. F. died Feb. 18,	Alonzo Rose, Co. I.
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SEVERELY WOUNDED:

Henry Sampson, Co. B.	John Ragan, Co. F.
James E. Sheffer, Co. F.	

MISSING.

Wm. H. Duncan, Co. F.

Total in regiment killed, 18; wounded, 109; missing 6.

A writer after the surrender of Donaldson, writes most exultantly, "The Union is saved, and the backbone of the rebellion broken." This proved a little premature; we had to break that backbone several times afterward.

A correspondent writing from the battle field of Donaldson says, "We first rode over the ground where the rebels on Saturday endeavored so hard to break through our lines. That the fight had been of the most desperate character, the scores of the dead lying all around fully attested. I counted on a piece of ground not more than 100 feet square, thirty-five dead rebels lying where they fell, while in every direction we took we met their dead on every hand. In a deep ravine just below the ground occupied by the rebels, the 11th, 8th and 20th Ill. regiments had met the terrible charge of 1,600 rebel cavalry supported by six or seven regiments of infantry. It was here too that they were exposed for two hours to the fire from the enemy's rifle pits, not more than 200 yards off. I need not write that here our own dead were lying as it were in heaps. When we reached the ground, parties from the regiments had commenced the sad work of gathering the dead. The 11th had already identified 44, and placed them in rows for burial. The 20th had found 20, and the 8th, 30, and still the ground was strewn with the dead."

Lieut. Branch, of the 20th, writes thus in reference to Fort Donaldson, and the part the 20th took in the action :

"On the afternoon of the 12th, we came in sight of the rebel fort, and on the 13th and 14th were busily engaged in taking and changing positions, constructing lines, &c. After three years' service in the field, and enduring every hardship imaginable, I look back to the 13th, 14th and 15th of February, 1862, as being filled with the severest hardships we were ever called upon to endure. On the afternoon of the 13th, it commenced raining at about three o'clock, and rained hard for three hours, then turned to snow, with high, freezing winds, which drove the sharp frozen snow in our faces. We had marched without tents; our clothes and blankets were wet through and frozen stiff. We were within easy musket range of the rebel works, and could not build a fire. It was impossible for the men to lay down to rest or sleep, on account of the snow and cold, as well as the rebel sharpshooters, who were continually firing at us, and we stood in line of battle three-fourths of the night. The morning of the 14th brought no relief. At daylight the snow turned to rain again, and continued nearly all day.

Constant skirmishing and sharpshooting all day. At ten, the gun-boats opened, but after two hours' heavy firing, drew off disabled. The rebels set up a yell of triumph. The night of the 14th was, if possible, more uncomfortable than the preceding one. The snow fell, and the weather grew colder, and the rebel firing was more vigorous. About 9 in the evening, our pickets were driven in; two were killed during the night. Some of the men were so completely exhausted that they lay down and slept in the snow. On the 15th, with the first streak of daylight, I saw heavy lines of rebel infantry passing to our right. I was on the picket line, as sergeant of the guard. I was satisfied that they were marching out to attack Oglesby, in command of the 1st brigade, on our extreme right. I reported the fact to Col. Marsh, who despatched a messenger to apprise Oglesby, but before he could have gone half way, the battle opened fiercely with musketry, and continued for an hour on the right, when our attention was called to our immediate front, where, from my advanced position with the skirmishers, I could see heavy columns coming directly toward us, and by 9 a. m., we were desperately engaged at short range, with small arms alone, as we were too near each other (not over five rods), for artillery. We were firing across the crest of a small hill, we occupying one side and the rebels the other. The brigade advanced, under the most galling fire, to the top of the hill, driving the enemy back step by step, and inch by inch, until they were driven into their works, when the enemy opened with artillery, and we were obliged to fall back behind the hill. In this engagement, our beloved Lt. Col. Erwin was killed, and 21 men of the regiment, and one hundred and four were wounded. After expending all of our ammunition, we were ordered to the rear to replenish the stock, and another brigade took our place. The rebels rallied and drove this brigade back past the place where we had left our knapsacks, which they took, robbing us of all our clothing except what we wore, and that being wet and frozen, the prospect was not cheering. We prepared to renew the engagement, expecting every moment to be called on, but the rebels, after being three times repulsed, remained behind their works. Gen. Smith, who commanded the left, charged the enemy's works, and held them, at 4 p. m., and our lines were reformed for a grand

charge, but as the day was so far spent, it was deferred until morning, when the rebels surrendered. After the details of the surrender were gone through with and witnessed, then came the hardest part of all. Twenty-one brave boys—our comrades—had to be buried in one common grave, with their blankets their only shroud and coffin, and 104 poor wounded men cared for in the hospital.”

After the surrender of Donaldson, the little village of Dover, just above the fort, presented a novel sight. The river was full of steamboats, but not for the peaceful purposes of trade and commerce. Many were there to transport the rebel prisoners who had been taken in the surrender, and the little town was suddenly a populous one. Long files of the prisoners filled its streets, marching down to the boats for transportation north, more than 15,000 men, looking somewhat the worse for the wear and tear of the stay in Donaldson.

The camps of the conquerors, also, were not very inviting places. All the tents of the 20th were riddled with balls, some of them being mere rags, and the weather was wet and cold, and the ground muddy. Besides the wounded to be cared for by our surgeons, sickness began to thin the ranks, and many had to be sent to hospitals, which had been established in the village.

Most fortunately, the sanitary stores from the north began to arrive, and, with these, the sick and wounded were made as comfortable as possible.

But the regiment could have but a brief rest here. It was ordered to the Tennessee river, and camped at the “iron works” after a ten miles’ march, as advance guard.

The regiment bivouacked at night in the vicinity of a farm house, at which the staff officers took up their quarters. They also determined to have a good square meal, and gave their orders accordingly. But the rebel army had been so long in the vicinity that coffee and hoe-cake was about all that the family could furnish. But coffee and hoe-cake, when brewed and baked by a skillful darkey cook, are not to be despised at any time, much less in the present circumstances. The hoe-cake, let it be premised, is not ordinarily baked in the crude, original way—*i. e.*, on a hoe—

but in that utensil called a bake kettle, found in every southern kitchen, consisting of a broad, flat-bottomed, iron kettle, which is placed over a bed of coals, and which has a cover so constructed as to hold a good bed of coals on top, thus securing the baking of the bread or cake on both sides, at the same time, and very quickly. It is another peculiarity of southern life, that the kitchen is a building by itself, at a little distance from the house, where the cook reigns undisturbed and supreme.

Well, in obedience to the wishes of the officers, very soon the "coffee was in de pot and de hoe-cake bakin'," and they congratulated themselves with the prospect of something of a variation from the regular rations. But alas! it is still true that there is "many a slip betwixt the cup and lip."

When the old "mammy" cook had completed her arrangements for supper, and "allowed dat de hoe-cake was 'bout done," she carried the smoking coffee pot from her domain to the house, where she was welcomed with cheers from the impatient officers, and orders to hurry up her hoe-cake.

Now, it happened that a hungry soldier had been prospecting around for something to fill his own private stomach withal, and had seen, with covetous eyes, through the window of the kitchen, the cook's preparations for the officers' supper; and when she stepped out with the coffee, he saw that his opportunity had come, and stepping quickly into the kitchen, he removed the cover of the kettle, fished out the steaming, fragrant hoe-cake, wrapped it in his blanket, carefully replaced the cover, and quickly disappeared from the scene, leaving no traces of his visit. The old mammy, on her return, took the kettle off the fire, and removed the cover. Imagine her astonishment at finding that the hoe-cake, on which she had lavished her utmost skill, was not there. For a moment she was speechless. But words soon came to her relief: "Oh, gor-a-mity, de debbil has been here, shore! de hoe-cake done gone! Oh, Lordy! Lordy! dis chile spoke for, shore! Oh, Lordy! Lordy!" Her outeries brought the family and the officers upon the scene, and they found her with uplifted hands, horror-struck, gazing with distended orbs upon the empty bake kettle. And if the sight had not caused her to turn pale, and made her

"Knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

it was owing to a physical impossibility, and not because she was not sufficiently scared. It was a scene worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. But the officers, as may be imagined, were more *mad* than scared; and I fear, in their vexation, they were even more profane than the old darkey; for they quickly concluded that if this was the work of the devil, he had employed as his agent some hungry soldier, who had not a proper respect for the rights of staff officers.

March 6th, the regiment embarked on board the *Belle Memphis*, (once a floating palace, but now retaining only a shadow of its former splendor), with such sick and wounded as could be moved. They were on the boat until the 15th, when they landed at Savannah, a small town on the east bank of the Tennessee river, nine miles below Pittsburg Landing, both obscure points hitherto, but destined to become memorable. Here the regiment found a good camping ground, and a hospital was established. The weather had now grown warmer, and there was less suffering.

Although the boats were crowded, it was a pleasant and beautiful voyage up the Tennessee. They were eight days in going up, as the woods and bluffs along the river had to be shelled by the gun-boats in advance.

The regiment remained here, doing picket duty, until the 25th of March, when it again went aboard transports, and went to Pittsburg Landing, ten miles farther, on the opposite side of the river. This point was a mere landing, having no buildings, except an old cotton shed. The bank was covered with woods, a lonesome looking place, but it soon became populous. The brigade marched back two miles, and encamped on Owl Creek. Col. Marsh was in command of the brigade, and here the regiment remained until the great battle of Shiloh.

April 6th and 7th, it took part in the memorable engagements known as the battle of Shiloh—so called from a little church in the vicinity. I do not propose to give a general description of these battles. The general histories of the time have done this.

The fight, as is well known, commenced on the morning of April 6th, by the enemy attacking our lines, and resulted in driving back our forces to the river, and the shelter of the gun-boats. Being reinforced during the night by Gen. Wallace's division, and the

3d division of Gen. Buell's army, the battle was renewed on the 7th, and the enemy was driven back, and our force re-occupied the ground from which they had been driven on the 6th, thus remaining masters of the field, though at a fearful loss of life.

In the two days, the 20th regiment lost in killed one officer (Adjutant John E. Thompson), and twenty-one men, seven of whom were from Will county. There were wounded in the regiment, six officers and ninety-eight men, and ten missing, two of the officers, and seventeen of the enlisted men, being from this county. Among the wounded was Col. Bartleson, then major of the regiment, who had just returned from his melancholy errand to Joliet and Ottawa, in charge of the body of Col. Erwin. He had been promoted major at Donaldson. He was wounded in the left arm so severely as to necessitate amputation. Lieut. John F. Cleghorn, of Co. B, who had been promoted captain, was also severely wounded in one arm.

The boys were gratified with a visit from several of our citizens immediately after the battle, who came to look after their wants. These citizens were B. F. Russell, J. T. McDougall, Wm. Tonner, O. Hardy, A. Leach, and Dr. McArthur, and perhaps others. They went over the field of battle, and although the dead had been buried and the wounded removed, yet the scene showed traces of a terrible conflict, trees, logs and underbrush cut and torn by the missiles; and huge mounds, having posted by them such inscriptions as these—"142 rebels," "70 Union," "50 rebels," "25 Union," &c., were frequent.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED AT SHILOH, IN THE 20TH REGIMENT, FROM WILL COUNTY.

KILLED:

Adjutant J. Edward Thompson.	Private Francis Danser, Co. B.
Corp. Isaac B. Reynolds, Co. B.	" Rudolph Troove, Co. B.
Private Philip Bentz, Co. B.	" John Delancey, Co. F.

WOUNDED:

Major F. A. Bartleson.	Private George Lee,	Co. B.
Capt. J. F. Cleghorn, Co. B., severe.	" Jacob B. Worthingham,	"
Sergt. Wm. S. Vail, Co. B.	" Samuel S. Myers,	"
Sergt. Benj. F. Coates, Co. F.	" E. D. Conner,	"
Corp. Rudolph Bush, Co. F.	" Henry A. Sperry,	"
Corp. Josiah Wright, Co. K.	" Otto Lopman,	Co. F.
Private Reuben Atkins Co. B.	" Charles Tege,	"
" George Bentz,	" Joseph Myrick,	"
" Joshua Dykeman,	" George Connolly,	Co. K.
" James Gallagher,	"	

The 20th had but (about) 394 men in the fight, and almost one-third were killed or wounded, and after the fight had only 264 fit for duty, out of the 1,000 men with which they left Joliet less than a year before.

Jacob B. Worthingham, a son of one of our oldest citizens, (who himself fell afterwards at Stone River), was wounded early Sunday morning, the first day of the battle, and lay among the heaps of the dead and dying until Monday evening, before he was cared for, passing two days and a night on the bloody ground, suffering from pain, thirst and hunger, while the desperate conflict was going on over and around him. During the fight, while the rebels had possession of the ground, a rebel soldier kindly placed a blanket under him, to make him more comfortable. When our forces took the field he was found, nearly exhausted, from loss of blood, and exposure.

It was for some time feared that Captain Cleghorn would lose his arm, but it was ultimately saved in a damaged condition.

The regiment also lost, from sickness, Albert S. Randall, of Co. F, on the 30th of April, who was acting at the time as brigade postmaster.

About the 1st of May commenced the advance on Corinth. It was slow, our army, (having been taught a severe lesson at Shiloh,) fortified their positions as they advanced, having occasional skirmishes with the enemy. Corinth was evacuated by the enemy May 29th, 1862, without a fight.

On the 3d of June, the 20th left their position near Corinth, and moved to Jackson.

The regiment remained at Jackson until about the middle of August. During its stay here the chronic trouble between Col. Marsh, and some of his subordinates again broke out. Captain Hildebrant was again placed under arrest by order of Col. Marsh. No charges were preferred at the time, and after a few days the captain reported to the general commanding the department, and was assigned to staff duty with General Lawler, commanding the post. Charges were not preferred until some time in October, when a copy was served upon him. The charge was disobedience of orders in not attending morning drill, from which he had been

excused by the assistant surgeon. He was tried by a court martial consisting of a major, two lieutenants, and Captain Pullen, of the same regiment.

On the trial clear proof was presented of his having been excused by the surgeon, and also to refute another charge of dishonesty which had been added to the original charges. The captain left the court without arguing the case, and came north in charge of prisoners to Alton. On his return he learned that he had been dismissed the service by sentence of the court, and that the finding had been approved by the general in command. The finding caused great indignation on the part not only of many in the regiment, but also in the brigade, and certificates from both officers and men in the regiment, were forwarded, and are now on file in Springfield, sustaining the captain's cause. In the roster in the Adjutant General's report, is the entry, "cashiered Oct. 1st, 1862." Such an entry, of course, compelled me, who knew the captain well, to make an inquiry into the history of the case.

Captain Hildebrant appealed to the war department, who finally reversed the action of the court. But, as meantime his place in the 20th had been filled, he took an honorable dismissal from the service, as now appears on the records of the office in Springfield and also at Washington. Captain Hildebrant afterwards joined the army at the east, and served under Sheridan in his chase after Early up the Shenandoah, and remained in the service until near the close of the war. There were other troubles in the regiment, but as they did not affect Will county men, I pass them by very gladly.

While staying at Jackson, the regiment was often annoyed by the application of negro owners for the return of their slaves who took the opportunity to escape whenever near any of our forces. The negroes could not get it through their woolly heads, that our forces being at war with the rebs, should not take the advantage of depriving their enemies of their main-stay, and the object for which *they* at least were confessedly fighting. It seems astonishing to some whose heads are not woolly, how tender the administration was of the rights of the rebels to their slaves. But the boys in the army early got disgusted with the business of catching negroes for rebels in arms, and held the work in great contempt—even the most democratic of them!

Well, some darkeys had got into the camp of the 20th, and presently two of the Tennessee gentry made their appearance on the hunt for them. They applied to Gen. Logan for the privilege of searching the camp of the 20th for their lost property. Gen. Logan wrote an order as follows: "Officer of the day will please pass these men through the camp of the 20th."

Capt. Hildebrant was the officer of the day. He looked at the pass and said, "all right," and calling an orderly and giving him a wink, told him to get a guard, and *pass* the men through. And he did—*straight through*, from one side of the camp to the other, with a brace of yankee bayonets at their rear, not allowing them to turn right or left, until they were helped over the fence at the rear of the camp. When they got round to the place where they had left their horses, they could not find them, but looking down the road saw them on a bee line for home. The indignant representatives of the aristocracy of color, found their way again to Gen. Logan, and made their complaints, as proudly and indignantly as if the business of the Union army was to help them to catch their runaway property.

The General sent for the officer of the day, and inquired what the d—l he meant by such conduct. This was done in a voice, and with a manner which was plainly forced. Indeed, the officer saw by the twinkle of his black eye, that he was enjoying the scene. In reply, the officer produced the order and assured the General that his commands had been carried out to the *strict* letter. The General looked over the order—saw the point—commended the captain for his prompt obedience, and dismissed him and the indignant complainants together.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF THE TWENTIETH REGT., CONTINUED.

JACKSON, TENN., TO JOLIET. AUGUST, 1862, TO MUSTER OUT.

Ordered from Jackson—A Narrow Escape—Goes Back—Sent to Esten-
aula—An Alarm—Ordered Back—What They Met—Battle of Britton's Lane
—Glorious Victory—Casualties—Dr. Bailey's Account—Returns to Jackson
—Resignations—Movements up to January, 1863—Movements to Memphis—
Down the River—Lake Providence—Milliken's Bend—Down to Grand Gulf
—Crosses—Thompson's Hill—Incidents—Results—Port Gibson—Bayou
Pierre—Big Black—Battle of Raymond—Casualties—Jackson—Champion
Hill—Big Black Bridge—Vicksburg—Siege—Incidents—A Visitor says His
Prayers—Assault of Fort Hill—Casualties—An Exploit—The Surrender—
Summary—Incidents after Surrender—Lieutenant Branch as a Detec-
tive—Moves Out to Big Black—A Dog Story—Meridian Raid—Inc-
idents—Results—Re-enlistment—Goes Home—Receptions—Recruits—Goes
to the Front at Big Shanty—Kenesaw—Atlanta—21st and 22d July—Casual-
ties—Remnant Mounted as Scouts—Joins March to the Sea and northward—
Receives Recruits at Goldsboro—Resumes Regimental Organization—Takes
part in Grand Review—Comes Home—Summary—Muster Out—Reception.

WHILE the 20th was at Jackson, it, with other forces at that place, had a very narrow escape. On the first of July, they were ordered to move with their *impedimenta*, and accordingly took up their march, destination unknown, and proceeded until two o'clock p. m., when a counter order was received, and the forces, after a short rest, took the back track, and in twenty-four hours from the time they left Jackson, were back in their old quarters. All this was a mystery at the time, but afterwards it was ascertained that the force had been ordered east, but the order was changed, for some reason, and they had narrowly escaped being gobbled up by Washington and the Potomac army. Truly, a merciful deliverance!

Early in August, the 20th and 40th regiments were ordered to Estenaula, a crossing on the Hatchie river, about twenty-five miles from Jackson, where there was a rope ferry for the accommodation of ordinary travel. Here the regiments remained, guarding the ferry, through the month, with but little of incident, except the visits of the contrabands, who wanted to cast in their lot with the yankees. As a squad were coming in one night, they were the innocent occasion of quite an excitement. The pickets called a "halt" on hearing them, but the darkies had not yet learned what "halt" meant, and kept approaching, whereupon the pickets fired off their guns and fell back, and the whole camp was at once aroused, and "fell in" in line of battle, awaiting the approach of the enemy. When daylight revealed a score or so of darkeys straggling into camp, as unconscious of the stir they had made as the mules they rode, the affair assumed the aspect of the ridiculous pretty largely, which, however, was changed again to the pathetic when their masters made their appearance and compelled them to return—our government not having yet gotten sufficient manliness to protect them.

On the 31st, the force had orders to fall back to Jackson. The order was one that demanded haste, and they burned their stores, tents and baggage. Besides the 20th regiment under command of Capt. Frisbie, and the 30th Ill. under Major Shedd, there were also two pieces of Swartz's battery, and two companies of Foster's cavalry, all in command of Col. Dennis, of the 30th. While on the march they received orders to go to Medan station on the Miss. C. R. R. They camped the night of 31st, near Denmark, and at day-light Sept. 1st, resumed the march. Soon after starting they received orders to go to Clover Creek and intercept a force of rebel cavalry which had been annoying our forces at Medan Station that morning and were now retreating. The guide of our force, either by mistake, as one account says, or to shorten the distance, as is stated in another account, took a road which led through some woods to a cross road known as "Britton's Lane." A detachment of Foster's cavalry were in advance, and entering the lane about ten o'clock, came suddenly upon the enemy's pickets. These being driven back, the enemy was discovered posted in a cornfield. The cavalry engaged the enemy's skirmishers until the

20th came up and took position on a ridge, supporting the battery, which was posted in the road. The artillery opened and the cavalry advanced, but had gone but a short distance when they met the enemy coming on in force, four deep, and, as it was afterwards ascertained, 3,000 strong. It is supposed that they had been preparing a surprise for our force, as they had thrown down the intervening fence, enabling them to charge in force.

Capt. Frisbie had placed companies B. and G. on the left, and the balance of the regiment on the right of the artillery. In front, and on the right and left were cornfields full of rebs. On they came, the ground fairly trembling beneath their tread, expecting no doubt, as from their superior numbers they reasonably might, to ride rough shod over our little force. The enemy had also sent out strong detachments both to right and left to flank, surround and bag the entire Union force.

On they came, tearing up the road and through the fields, firing volley after volley. Our men stood firm, reserving their fire until the enemy had got near enough for them to deliver it to some purpose. They then gave them such a deadly salute as not only checked the advance, but made them fall back with a hundred empty saddles. They soon rallied and made a second charge, and were again repulsed. They tried to outflank us, but Captain Frisbie did not allow it. A desperate hand to hand encounter ensued, the rebs riding in among our boys in superior numbers and taking some prisoners, for a little while; but the boys would not stay captured worth a cent. Their comrades came to their rescue. One Capt. of the 20th being completely surrounded with his little force was ordered by a rebel captain to surrender, but our captain got the start, and, firing his pistol first, the reb. bit the dust. They succeeded however in capturing one cannon and most of the transportation train, and so greatly did they outnumber us that the issue must have been against our brave boys but for the opportune arrival of the 30th regiment, which was one and a half miles in the rear at the commencement of the fight. On they came with a yell, led on by Capt. Shedd on the double quick. The two regiments had been together in previous encounters, and now they fought for and with each other with such mad desperation that the enemy was compelled once more to withdraw.

They had however, learned the exact position of our forces, and their strength, and with fresh troops they prepared for another onslaught, which they expected would surely be final and successful.

But Col. Dennis having ridden out in advance, and discovered them dismounting and preparing for a charge on foot, took advantage of the hull in the fight, and of a concealing cloud of dust, to change the position of his little force, without the knowledge of the rebs, so that when the next charge was made, it was made upon empty space, while our force poured in upon them such a deadly cross-fire as threw them again into confusion and made them retire defeated. They gained a little knoll, and made a stand upon a little point which promised them some advantage. Capt. Frisbie seeing the importance of this position, called for volunteer's to take it, and the entire 20th followed him in a charge, which drove them from it; meanwhile the 30th had repelled another charge on the left.

Three other attempts were vainly made by the enemy, and after four hours of severe fighting, a Union force which could not have been more than 800, all told, defeated a rebel force of 3 or 4 thousand. The rebs. left 179 (by actual count) dead on the field. The entire loss on our side was 5 killed, 51 wounded, and 52 prisoners.

CASUALTIES AT "BRITTON'S LANE" OF MEN FROM WILL COUNTY.

KILLED:

Sergeant Wm. Vail, Co. B.

C. Houstine, Co. F.

WOUNDED:

Serg't Michael L. Fannegan, Co. B.

August Abram, Co. B.

Francis Rook, Co. B.

Henry A. Sperry, Co. B. prisoner.

H. A. Sheffer, Co. F.

August Shierer, Co. F.

Henry W. Bartlett, Co. F. (died)

Martin F. Bissell, Co. K.

August Abrams, named in the above list, was from Wilmington, and was one of our adopted citizens. His wound was such as to disable him for life, and make him a pensioner on our government, and most dearly did he earn the pittance we pay him. The ball passed through his body, cutting away a small piece of the spine. The same ball passing out killed a sergeant behind him. He was a powerful fighter; he kept six men at bay when a cavalry

company charged upon them, spiking and pitching them off, as if they had been men of straw. He had been a soldier in Europe, and cheerfully took up the musket in behalf of his adopted country. On his return to Wilmington, the people appreciating his services and condition, got up a donation sociable in his behalf.

The rebs. took Assistant Surgeon Bailey, and Chaplain Button, prisoners with some others, but after getting across the Hatchie, having no use for a chaplain, and thinking perhaps that the Dr. would do them the most good at home, they released them, not however until they had made a trade with the doctor. The doctor had a fine spirited young horse of which he felt very proud. The rebs. thought it was not a safe animal for a doctor, so they kept it, giving in exchange, an old broken down secesh mule, as a much safer and more appropriate animal for a non-combatant. I don't think the doctor appreciated at the time, or even to this day has fully appreciated their kindness. But if you had heard the shout with which he was received when he rode that old mule back into camp, you would have thought the boys appreciated it. I believe that the rebs. thought they had done so well by the doctor in the trade, that they could not afford him a saddle, or even a blanket.

During the fight while one of Co. D was loading his gun, a rebel captain demanded his surrender, but hardly had he got the words out of his mouth, before he was shot dead by one of Co. H, and the reb. himself that it was surrendered.

Some of the mounted rebs. rode up to a teamster of the 20th, and demanded his surrender, "Surrender," he replied, "h—l! that's played out," and putting a whip to his team he drove away in triumph, saving two good mules for "Uncle Sam."

The *Times'* correspondent says, under date, September 2nd, 1862, "Yesterday two regiments 20th and 30th, stationed at Estenaula were sent out to attack Villepigue in the rear. They came upon him about seven miles from Jackson, and after a short engagement, waged at most wonderful odds in favor of the enemy, gave him a severe drubbing, putting him to an inglorious rout. We lost about a half a dozen in killed, and less than fifty wounded. The enemy left one hundred and fifty dead bodies on the field, and the wounded are estimated at two or three hundred."

Col. Lawler's official report of Britton's Lane, accords great credit to Captain Frisbie, commanding the 20th; and to Surgeon Goodbrake for his skill and attention to the wounded.

After "Britton's Lane" the 20th returned to Jackson on the 4th of September.

This fight at Britton's Lane was a very curious affair. I here copy from a communication of Surgeon Bailey some further account of it, especially of his own adventures :

"The chaplain and myself rode into a ravine where there appeared to be some wounded men brought, seemingly the only place where they could be safely placed. At this juncture, there was an onward movement of the train, and we followed. In a few moments some one came running up, saying that a wounded man had been brought to the ravine spoken of, and required assistance. I turned my horse, and, with the chaplain, rode back. Before reaching the spot, however, there came a body of men towards us, firing down the ravine. My horse was frightened and became unmanageable, and ran at full speed across the ravine and up a steep hill. When at the top, I saw an ambulance with the yellow flag. As we were approaching the spot, we were suddenly surrounded by a force of rebels, who, with leveled guns, demanded our surrender, which, of course, was the only thing we could do, though the thought of being prisoners to the rebels was not at all agreeable. We were soon ordered to follow our captors. No protestations of ours, that we were non-combatants, availed—go we must. We were taken to a secluded place in a ravine, where we were out of the way of the bullets, which were still flying lively. Here we found about two hundred men that they had taken on this and the day previous. My captor soon proceeded to exchange an old, broken-down mule for my fine animal, to which I had become much attached, and I saw her no more.

"About 3 p. m., the firing ceased, and we were uncertain as to the result of the conflict. We soon began to move. We went through cotton fields, and all kinds of ground, before reaching the public road, and then started southward, with an occasional halt. We went on till midnight, and then encamped. It was a fearful ride for one who had just recovered from an attack of sickness, and

who was hardly able to sit up. (And on that old mule! This was the unkindest cut of all!—ED.) Many of our comrades were sick, some wounded in the day's fight. The poor fellows were constantly goaded on by their captors, and often threatened with the point of a bayonet, if they did not make good time. Remarks more expressive than elegant, were frequently made, and all epithets imaginable heaped upon the yankees.

"Tuesday morning, our friends rose early, and at break of day we were on the move. I had not been able to sleep much, but had lain awake listening to the full and sonorous breathing of our good chaplain, who seemed to take things more philosophically than I could. During the forenoon, I interviewed the commander of the rebel forces, Gen. L. C. Armstrong, in reference to our release. He expressed a willingness to make out our parole papers, as soon as there was time. It was evident that he was afraid of pursuit. About 4 p. m., we stopped about ten miles from our former camp on the Estanaula. Here the general made out his paroles, and then we went on about a mile further and bivouacked for the night, upon the plantation of Dr. Watkins, who was supposed to be a Union man, and consequently must be at the expense of keeping the general and his staff, and the commissioned officers who were prisoners, about twelve in number.

"We were given a supper and breakfast by our captors, being allowed to come to the second table. To men who had fasted two or three days, the question of etiquette was not so important as that of time.

"On Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, we took leave of our rebel friends, and made our way back to the river. Thursday noon, we reached the battle field of Britton's Lane, and then learned the results of the battle. The dead rebels were not yet all buried, and the ground and lanes were strewn with dead horses. Our wounded had been taken to Jackson the day before, and we slowly made our way to the station at Medan. Wednesday and Thursday nights we spent with families along the route, We were received as kindly as could be expected under the circumstances, and on Friday we reached Jackson.

"At the time of the battle of Britton's Lane, the 20th could not have had more than 350 men who carried muskets, and I do

not think the 30th had any more. The entire Union loss is given in the Medical and Surgical History of the rebellion, as five killed, 51 wounded, and 52 missing, and the confederate loss as 179 killed and 100 wounded. These figures show a remarkable instance of good firing. We had but two six-pounders with us, and probably about 100 cavalry, so that our entire force did not probably exceed 800 fighting men. Now, as to the number of those engaged on the other side. In conversation with their officers, we were told that Gen. Armstrong had at least 6,000 men, and some of them claimed 10,000. At any rate, there was a much superior force in numbers. I was told by a confederate captain that some of their men were killed at a distance of half a mile, and that in some instances the same bullet would kill or wound several men. I asked one officer why it was, that, with such a greatly superior force, they did not surround and bag the whole of us. His reply was, that they supposed we had a much larger force. It appears that the boys of the 20th, with the two cannons, made fearful havoc before the 30th came up, and when they came to the front, the rebs. supposed it was a heavy reinforcement.

“Taken altogether, this was one of the most remarkable battles of the war, and it is said to have been so considered by Mr. Lincoln.

“All the houses in the vicinity were full of the wounded who could not be moved. Where we stopped on Thursday there were a number, and frightful cases they were. A surgeon was in attendance, who told me he had scarcely a dose of morphine or opium to administer. Having some morphine in my pocket, I divided with him, reciprocating a like favor shown to me on Tuesday by one of their surgeons, who had given me bandages with which to dress the wounds of some of our men who were prisoners.”

Dr. Bailey, had sent in his resignation in August, his health being much impaired, and on the Sunday after his return, he received notice of its acceptance, and on the 8th of September, bade the regiment farewell. The doctor afterwards served the cause ably as a hospital surgeon at Quincy. What disposition the doctor made of that old secesh mule, he forgets to tell us! He certainly ought to have taken him home as a trophy.

The last of August, Maj. Bartleson resigned, and was mustered out for promotion in the 100th regiment, of which he had been chosen colonel.

The regiment left Jackson, Nov. 8th, and arrived at Lagrange, Nov. 11th. Nov. 27th, left Lagrange, and arrived at Holly Springs the 30th. Left Holly Springs Dec. 1st, crossed the Tallahatchie Dec. 3d, and reached Oxford. Returned to Tallahatchie Dec. 24th, 1862.

CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

Jan. 5th, 1863, the regiment received orders to be ready for a move, and at 9 a. m. left with the army for Holly Springs, which place was reached at dark, and the regiment went into camp. Next day marched to Coldwater, seven miles. Next day marched to Lagrange, nineteen miles, and staid until the 10th, when we marched on the railroad track to Moscow, ten miles, and then leaving the track, we marched on a road parallel with it, and went into camp on a beautiful plantation. On the 11th, marched to Colliersville, twelve miles, and went into camp at 4 p. m. Here we remained until the 20th, when we left with brigade, and marched twelve and a half miles towards Memphis, going most of the way on the railroad track, and passing through Germantown, camped in the woods. The roads were very bad. Many men had to be left at Colliersville, to come on the cars, on account of their shoes being worn out, and the ground cold and muddy.

Jan. 21st, marched 11 miles, and went into camp in a pleasant spot, about one mile from Memphis, in a large grove. Mud knee deep on the march, though through a beautiful country, which began to show indications of spring.

Here we remained in camp until the 20th of February, receiving new clothing and tents, and doing some scouting and detached service, &c. While here, some of our men, who had been taken prisoners at Britton's Lane and parolled, rejoined the regiment.

On the 20th, went on board the steamer *Continental*, at 10 a. m., but did not leave the harbor of Memphis until the 22d, at 9 a. m. Then, after a fine sail down the Mississippi of 340 miles, landed at noon of the 23d at Lake Providence, and marched four miles along the bank, bivouacking in a pleasant camp. We

remained in this camp until April 18th, foraging some, but generally doing nothing but routine duty. We were visited by some notables, civil and military, who made speeches, &c.

On the 18th of April, went aboard the steamer *Continental*, started down the river, and arrived at Milliken's Bend about 11 a. m. of the 19th. Country low, but inviting. April 21st, nine out of the regiment went as volunteers on the boats to run the blockade. Many more volunteered, but only nine from the 20th were accepted. The brigade was reviewed by Gov. Yates, who made a speech.

The history of the 20th, from this time to the 6th of May, will be best understood by copying entire a letter from Sergt. James F. Branch, of Co. F, to his wife:

" IN CAMP, BIG BLACK, 30 MILES SOUTH OF }
" VICKSBURG, MAY 6TH, 1863. " }

" We started from Milliken's Bend on the morning of the 25th of April, at 9 o'clock, and marched to Carthage, below Vicksburg. We marched nine miles and encamped. The roads were in good order; ten days before, they would have been impassable. It was through a swampy country, and it was plain to be seen that if it rained we should have fun. And sure enough, on the night of the 26th, it began to rain in earnest, continuing all night. We were without tents, and were well soaked by morning. But no matter, we started on in a terrible thunder storm. Companies F and E were rear guard. It rained all day, and of all the roads I ever saw, ours was the worst. That day we passed over a hundred wagons stuck in the mud. We were drenched with water all day. We made six miles, and encamped on an old deserted plantation, and slept in a bed of raw cotton, without blankets, and in our wet clothes. I slept first-rate, got up in the morning all right, and started on again. We made ten miles that day, and encamped at Perkins' plantation, on the river, below Vicksburg. Perkins was U. S. senator six years ago. When he saw the yankees coming, he set fire to all his buildings, &c., and left for Grand Gulf, twelve miles below.

" We lay there until midnight, then started down the river bank, and arrived opposite Grand Gulf at 2 p. m., and the same evening we crossed the river on the gun-boats and transports, which

had run the blockade before we left Milliken's Bend. We landed six miles below Grand Gulf and encamped. General McClermand had crossed before us, and marched out the same night. On the morning of May 1st, we started at six o'clock out into Mississippi. We had gone about six miles, when boom ! boom ! from the front, told us of work ahead. The men quickened their pace without orders, and for four miles we marched so fast that the men began to drop from the heat. Some six or seven were sun-struck. About that time, Gen. Smith (commanding the brigade) came back and asked us if we could stand it to go three miles further, saying that we were badly needed in front ; that the rebels were holding Gen. McClermand very closely, and he must have help. We all said 'Go ahead,' and the next three miles were made on the double-quick, the noise of musketry and cannon increasing all the while, and at noon we unslung our knapsacks, loaded guns, and were marched to the front. The adjutant took command of the regiment, and we lay under fire for three hours, without any chance to retaliate ; we were held as reserves. One regiment after another was sent to the front, to try and dislodge the rebels from a high hill (Thompson's hill) which they held. The hill was covered with houses, and full of deep gullies, surrounded by deep ravines, while the side hills were covered with canebrake, so thick that you could not see a rod. Every regiment that went into that canebrake came out badly cut up and in confusion. It was no use trying to take the hill from that front.

All this time the 12 pound guns of the rebels were making bad work among our boys, and could not be silenced by our guns. At 4 p. m., the 20th and 45th were called in and sent to the left rear of the coveted hill. We went and lay in a deep ravine awaiting orders when Gen. McPherson came down and gave the following order—"Swing that 20th around so that its left will rest on the right of the 15th, and go up that hill and give the rebels h—ll."

Quick as thought we swung round and started up the hill, so steep and thick with canebrake that we had to draw ourselves up by the cane, and when we were at the top we were within 15 rods of the rebel battery. The order was given to fix the bayonets and charge the battery. We did so with one of those peculiar wild

yells, but when within five rods of the guns, a line of rebels rose as if out of the ground just behind the guns, but they did not get time to fire a gun. We stopped short, and without waiting orders, fired a solid volley into them, and what we did not kill or wound, left on the double quick.

"We then went ahead, took the guns, killing and capturing the gunners. I straddled one of the guns and fired two shots after the retreating rebels. Then we started to follow them, and found a squad lying in a gully, which we captured. That set me to thinking and I broke out on my own hook, and found seven rebels hidden in one gully. They had their guns which I ordered them to throw down. All but one did so. He started to run down the ravine. I hailed him but he would not stop, and I shot him dead. The other six I took to the rear, and gave them over to the captain, who had a squad already. We took over seventy-five men prisoners on that hill. This was on the left.

All this time the fight was raging terribly on the right, and McClelland could not rout the rebels. He sent to the left for Stephenson's brigade of our division. They went over and charged the hill and took it, as we had ours, in less than an hour. So you see Logan's division turned the day in our favor.

"On the right, left and centre we followed our advantage closely, and chased the rebels all day until dark, when as we raised a steep hill we were greeted by a rousing volley from the brow. The 20th and 30th Ill. claimed that hill; formed and advanced, fired one volley, when the graybacks skedaddled, again leaving us in possession of the field, and their commander mortally wounded. We lay on our arms that night, and thus ended the first of May, 1863.

"But the best is yet to be told. Not a man of the 20th was either killed or wounded in the charge or pursuit! A miracle surely, for I have never seen the bullets fly thicker. We killed their commander Gen. Tracy, captured a colonel, several captains and lieutenants, and 650 privates, and killed and wounded through the day, 3,000.

The entire Union loss through the day was about 400 killed and wounded; none of our force were taken prisoners.

"May 2nd we started in line of battle with the 20th deployed

as skirmishers, and went two miles in that order, but found that the rebs had run, and we marched into Port Gibson, as pretty a little town as I ever saw, of about 2,000 inhabitants in peaceful times. Here the rebs had burned the wire bridge and R. R. bridges, and run away. Logan's division took a circuit of nine miles in order to get there and head them off, but they were too fast for us, and we started on again, marching half the night to cut them off at Greystone Ferry, but they gave us the slip again.

"On the 3d of May we crossed Big Bayou Pierre on an iron bridge which the rebels failed to destroy, and marched one and a half miles, when we were brought up all standing by six shells dropping into us from the front. We immediately lay down, while our batteries tried the rebel batteries. While lying there we went to sleep, and slept for an hour while the shells were flying over us both ways. At the end of an hour I was woke up, and we formed in line of battle, and advanced to take the rebel batteries. But when we got to them, they were not there,—gone again! So we pushed on another while when the rattle of musketry, and the whiz of bullets told us of another blockade. We pitched into it in earnest. The 20th was detached to support a battery, which we did in fine style, being entirely out of danger, for the rebels run again as soon as our batteries opened on them. They had no idea of making a fight, but wanted to detain us until their forces, which were evacuating Grand Gulf, could get by us on another road. After we routed them Logan's division was ordered to take the Grand Gulf road, and try to cut off their retreat. We traveled half the night to do so, but they were too fast for us. We picked up a good many stragglers, captured over 10,000 pounds of meat, many horses, mules, etc., but the main force had crossed the Big Black before us about an hour, and planted artillery on the opposite side to prevent our crossing. They shelled the camp of the 30th Ill. yesterday morning, killing and wounding twelve men. Our batteries opened on them, when they ran as usual.

"We are now waiting here for rations, ammunition and 50,000 more men which are on the way. Grant is going to make a clean thing of it this time. It cannot fail. There is not a man in this army that would for a moment doubt that we shall take it, and

that soon. Grand Gulf was thought to be a Gibraltar until we crossed the river, when it fell by its own weight. Our gun boats had tried three times to take it. When the rebs left we captured two 128 pound columbiads, two six-inch rifled guns of superior English make. All the ammunition they use against us is of English manufacture.

Two negroes ran away from Vicksburg yesterday, and came in. They say the rebs are moving their commissary stores to Jackson, Miss.

The weather is very hot through the day, but the nights are cool. Five nights since leaving Milliken's Bend I have slept in wet clothes, without blankets. Our blankets were in the wagons, and the wagons stuck fast in the mud. After the battle I went into a house and *simply and innocently* took a good double blanket, promising to pay when the independence of the southern confederacy was acknowledged by Father Abraham."

On the 12th was fought the battle of Raymond, in which our 20th also took its part. This was fought by our forces under Gen. McPherson, and the rebs under Gen. Gregg, and was a very severe engagement, ending in our success. The second brigade of Logan's division, (in which the 20th was placed,) was early ordered forward to attack the enemy which had been found posted too strong for the cavalry to dislodge. The brigade advanced and held its ground against a superior force. The other brigades of Logan's division were brought up, aided by the 8th Michigan battery, and the rebels fell back to a position just in the rear of Farnsden's creek.

Gen. McPherson at once ordered an advance upon that position. Gen. Dennis' and Gen. Smith's brigades moved forward, and a severe though brief conflict ensued, in which the 20th Ill. fought most desperately, and lost heavily, but the rebels were forced from their ground.

During this desperate struggle the rebels attempted to turn our left flank, and very nearly succeeded. The fight on the left was fearful. The 20th Ill. had fired forty rounds of cartridges, and still held the enemy at bay. Their colonel had been mortally wounded while urging on his men, but not one of his heroes fal-

tered. At this critical moment, Stephenson's brigade came to the rescue and the rebels gave way, and fled towards Raymond. The 20th lost the only field officer in this engagement, Col. Richards, who was mortally wounded. The 2d lieutenant of Co. C was also killed, and fifteen privates, three of whom, Israel J. Waters, Henry Mitchell, and Wm. Shugar, were from this county.

May 14th, after a short, sharp fight of three hours, the enemy was again defeated under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, and retreated, and our forces had possession of the capital of Mississippi. In this the 20th took part, but was not seriously engaged.

On the 16th, occurred the battle of Champion Hills, or Baker's Creek, which was fought with the rebels under Pemberton. This was a very important battle, and the rebels were in strong force and well posted. The Union loss was 3,000. But our victory was complete and decisive, opening up the way to Vicksburg. Logan's division was in the most desperately fought part of the field, and stood the brunt of it without flinching.

During the battle, an officer was sent to Gen. Logan, to inquire how it was going. "Tell Gen. Grant," says he, "that my division cannot be whipped by all the rebels this side of h—ll."

In this fight, the major of the 24th Iowa, known as the "Methodist regiment," was wounded, and walking slowly off the field, he captured a rebel and made him carry him on his shoulders to the provost marshal's headquarters.

May 17th, there was a closing fight at Big Black Bridge, in which we were again successful, and soon after, Vicksburg was effectually invested. Pemberton had retired his army behind the defenses, with great loss of men and munitions of war.

The 20th arrived before Vicksburg the 19th of May, and had a full day's share of skirmishing in taking up its position, and from that time out, to the final surrender, took its full share in the labors and dangers which attended the memorable siege.

Much has been written upon the siege of Vicksburg. I shall attempt no description of its general features, and only relate a few incidents that occurred in the experience of the 20th regiment. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the harrassing, exhausting nature of the service which was rendered by the 20th, in common with all parts of the investing army. To lie day and

night in the trenches, in the heat of a southern summer, under the fire of the rebel forts, and with two 10-inch guns (84-pounders), four 24-pounders (McAllister's battery), and eight 10-pound guns, all the while being fired within twenty rods, was, to say the least, disagreeable. This was the kind of berth the boys of the 20th had got into. The rebels were, of course, as active as the Union army, and were constantly sending over their metal in various shapes, while their sharpshooters were ready to take advantage of the slightest exposure on the part of any of the men.

One day the rebels opened on the 20th, with a new battery of 10-pound guns, with which they kept things lively for a while, until McAllister's 24-pound guns got the range of it and soon silenced it. An officer, with his field glass, saw the rebels carry back fifteen dead men from the battery.

The rebels also planted a mortar somewhere out of range in a ravine, with which they threw over a very ugly kind of shell as big as a water pail—extremely disagreeable to meet. On one occasion, one of these shells fell in a tent, where two men were asleep, and exploded, and, strange to say, neither were hurt. Another time, one of these ugly visitants exploded in the camp, while the boys were getting their dinner, and scattered eight, ten, and fourteen pound fragments around in an exceedingly careless manner, happily, however, doing no other mischief than knocking over the camp kettles in which the bean soup was cooking.

It was while this mortar was doing its work that R. W. Waterman, of Wilmington, made the boys a visit, and wanting to see as much as he could, went to the front to see the big guns. While going around with Lieut. Branch, one of the shells came over and buried itself in the ground within about twenty feet of them. Branch, being used to the thing, dropped to the ground at once, and told Waterman to do so; but he was so paralyzed with surprise that he forgot to drop. Happily, the shell had buried itself deep in the ground before it exploded, which gave an upward direction to fragments, and they were not hit. On being asked why he did not drop, Waterman said he was so busy praying that he forgot it. Branch asked him what prayer he made, and he replied, "Now I lay me down to sleep;" not an inappropriate prayer under the circumstances. Whether he used it on account

of its applicability to the situation, or because it was the only one he knew, the author is not informed—ask him.

After a while, our side got the range of the gun and silenced it.

The rebel sharpshooters, though they did not make as much noise as their artillery, were perhaps more to be feared. Their balls were flying all the time, and everywhere; no one could safely appear from behind their works. Branch says in one of his letters: "While I was writing this last sentence, a bullet from a rebel sharpshooter cut off this leaf, which fell upon my paper, and I send it to you. We make light of such things here, but, at the bottom, we don't like it."

The 20th took part in the memorable assault of the 20th, 21st and 22d days of May, which was unsuccessful, and, as many thought, ill-advised. The 20th assaulted Fort Hill, in which it lost 30 men. They succeeded in planting their flag on the rebel works, but as the general movement failed, they were compelled to retire the next day.

The 20th was in the centre of Logan's division, on the Jackson road, and after the assault on Fort Hill, was occupied in digging and sharpshooting. They dug up to within twenty feet of the enemy's works, and so closely were they besieged, that they had not fired a shot in some time. In this charge of the 22d of May, Lieuts. King and Wadsworth, of our county, were both wounded. The regiment went into the assault with 164 men, of which number it lost 30.

On the night of the 3d of June, the boys of the 20th conceived the idea that they had as good a right to the rebel fort in their front as the rebels had, even though they were on the outside of it. Accordingly, they dug a ditch from the bottom of the earthwork to the top, five feet deep and three feet wide, and when they reached the top, they extended the trench each way, and in the morning the rebels were surprised to see, from the top of their works, the "Enfields" of the "damned yanks" pointing right at them. This was good as an exploit to pass the time, but was of no great advantage, as another fort commanded it.

July 4th, the 20th shared in the triumph of the surrender, and was the second regiment to enter the city, where it remained on provost duty for several months.

Surgeon Goodbrake, writing from Vicksburg, July 16th, says: "The 20th has been engaged in all the battles since Gen. Grant crossed the river, up to and including the charge of May 22d, in which Col. Richards, Capt. Stevens, Lieut. Sears, and sixteen privates were killed. Up to the surrender of Vicksburg, the regiment had 21 killed and 102 wounded; had been in nine battles, with honor every time, and had gained the soubriquet of the "Little Fighting Regiment."

Lieut. Branch, of Co. F, writes from Vicksburg, August 17th, that of the 103 boys of that company who left Joliet, only 16 remained with the regiment, and that of these, only seven reported for duty that day. Twenty-nine were absent, eight on detached duty, twenty-one sick or wounded, and of the balance, many "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." "We have left," says he, "the slaughtered at Fredericktown, Donaldson, Shiloh, Jackson, Britton's Lane, Raymond, Champion Hills, and Vicksburg. We have buried our dead at Birds Point, Cape Girardeau, Memphis, and Mound City." Of the original commissioned officers, they had but one left, J. B. Bailey, and of the non-commissioned officers, not one. "One thing," he says, "distresses the few who remain more than all else, the cry for a dishonorable peace."

After the surrender, the men were nearly all sick. The excitement being over, they seemed to collapse. Some incidents which occurred after the surrender, we record.

One sabbath, in the Episcopal church, when the prayer for the president was being read, nine young ladies of the "*upper ten*," rose and went out, to manifest their rebellious spirit and contempt for the president of the United States. Next day they received orders to leave the city, or take the alternative of going to the common jail.

An order was issued from headquarters, forbidding any person wearing U. S. clothing (blue) that did not belong to the army, and authorizing the provost guard to strip any such persons of all such clothing. The 20th was at this time doing provost duty. The boys used to go for such persons lively. One day, walking down the main street, they saw a gent coming, with a lady on each arm. He had on one of our blue blouses and a military vest. The boys asked the officer in charge what they should do. "Obey

orders, of course." So they ordered the gent to strip, but he showed fight, inspired by the presence of the ladies. The boys knocked him down, and stripped him of his coat and vest, and left him to escort his ladies in his shirt sleeves.

On another occasion, they stripped a man of his pants also, leaving him in a still more unrepresentable condition.

I am afraid the boys were hardly actuated by the golden rule in these proceedings. But the southern gentry were so insulting in their treatment of our men that it is hardly to be wondered at that they sometimes exceeded the limits of christian forbearance.

During their stay at Vicksburg, Lieut. Branch was called upon to play the part of a detective. A widow, whose husband, being a Union man, had been hung by the rebels, had been robbed of a large lot of jewelry, to the value of \$3,000, by one Geo. W. Paine. The thief was said to be still living in the vicinity of Vicksburg. Branch was commissioned to investigate the case. He accordingly disguised himself in "butternuts," and went out alone beyond our lines, into a secesh neighborhood, where he found his man, quietly enjoying the fruits of his steal, at his own house, with a female quadroon. He had a full description of the stolen property, and identified the man by a large diamond pin and ring which he wore, and a diamond brooch, which was glistening on the bosom of his inamorata.

The lieutenant, who was a bitter secesh for the occasion, ingratiated himself into the good graces of the lovely pair, and took dinner with them, and then returned to the city. The next morning at daylight, while the gentleman was still sleeping in the arms of his dulcinea, Lieut. Branch, with four men, well armed, made another call upon him, not now in butternuts, but with Uncle Sam's uniform, and one of Uncle Sam's muskets. Having secured the gentleman's weapons, he made known to him the nature of his visit, and called upon him to disgorge. This he did in part, and while two of the party kept watch of the pair, the rest searched the premises and found some more. But a large part of the plunder was still missing, and Mr. Paine refused to reveal its hiding place. Thereupon Lieut. Branch took a bed cord from one of the beds, and ordered the boys to take the gentleman out into the yard, adjusted a hangman's noose around his neck, threw the end over

a branch of the tree, and told the boys to "pull away." This brought the gentleman to terms, and he gladly accepted the alternative of revealing the hiding place of his plunder, which, being secured, the lieutenant let him go, a sadder, but probably not much better man. The lieutenant and his men returned to the city, and had the pleasure of restoring the plunder to the widow.

The 20th remained, as has been said about four months in the city of Vicksburg, and sometime in the fall of 1863 moved out to the Big Black River, where it remained until the raid on Meridian.

In the fight at the Big Black in May, a rebel captain of a Georgia regiment had been killed who was the owner of a fine large dog. The dog refused to leave his master's body until it was buried, and then remained upon the grave uttering the most dismal howls. Some of the men tried to coax the dog to go with them when they left, but he could not be induced to desert his vigil. Now, eight months after, when the regiment was again encamped in the same vicinity, the dog was still there every night, uttering the most dismal howls over the grave. No coaxing could swerve him from his fidelity to the memory of his dead master. The brute was better, more faithful than the man, for he had forgotten his allegiance to Uncle Sam. Although the dog's howlings made night hideous, the boys could not find it in their hearts to shoot him.

In the celebrated Meridian raid of General Sherman's, the 20th bore a part, an account of which I have condensed with slight alterations from a description given by Lt. Branch, of Co. F to his old captain, T. Q. Hilderbrant. His letter was written March 9th, 1864, just after the return of his expedition.

He says: "Our brigade consisting of the 20th, 31st, 40th and 124th Ill. Infantry, with a battery of twenty pound parrots, and Co. D, Captain Felters, of Dickey's 4th cavalry, have been encamped on the Big Black, 15 miles east from Vicksburg, for the last four months. On the 2nd of February, Sherman's troops consisting of the 16th army corps, and Gens. Stephen's, Hurlbut's, Leggett's and Crocker's divisions of the 17th army corps, under General McPherson, marched from Vicksburg to this place, where our brigade joined them, and on the 3d crossed the

Big Black on pontoons, and started out for the purpose of breaking up the extensive R. R. communications of the rebels, by which they have been enabled to concentrate their forces in Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, at any point in Mississippi in forty-eight hours.

"We marched four miles and encamped without tents. Feb. 4th we marched at 7 a. m., and after proceeding four miles had a lively skirmish with the enemy in front, on the old battle field of "Champion Hills," in which we had whipped the rebels in the advance on Vicksburg last May. The cavalry were now driven back upon the infantry line. But in this infantry the rebels found a snag, from which their cavalry rebounded, and we passed on. From thence to Baker's Creek, nine miles, was a continued skirmish, in which our side lost five killed and eighteen wounded, mostly of the 12th Wisconsin. We encamped at dark on the creek.

"Feb. 5th, marched at daylight, and as the rebels were known to be in force on the opposite side of the creek, the 1st brigade was put in advance, and as usual on such occasions, the 20th was in advance of the brigade. The passage of the creek was obstinately disputed, but to no purpose. We routed them in one-half an hour, and advanced across a large plantation, firing as we went, and occasionally passing a dead grayback in the road.

"That day we reached 17 miles and skirmished on every hill. We drove them through Clinton. And here was one of the finest sights I have ever seen during the war. Clinton is situated on a high hill, while to the west and south is a level plain a mile or more in width. Hurlbut came in from the southwest, and McPherson from the northwest. We were fighting and driving Lee's cavalry, while Hurlbut was driving Jackson's cavalry, and both drove the rebels out of the woods at the same time. We were on the skirmish line and could see the whole thing.

"The rebels came out in confusion and close on our and Hurlbut's skirmishers in splendid lines, while our batteries took position on the hills in the rear, and sent shell and canister over our heads. Down the hill, across the bottom, and up the hill, and through the town, pell-mell went the rebs and close after them the blue jackets, yelling and firing like devils until ordered to

halt, a mile behind town. While resting, our cavalry passed us to the front to follow up the chase, but in the course of twenty minutes they came back fleeing and chased in turn. Then the order, "First brigade fall in," came, and we advanced through the woods to the edge of the large plantation, where we found the enemy strongly posted on the opposite side in the woods.

"We formed our line, then threw out our skirmishers, and lay down for orders. Meanwhile our artillery opened and was replied to by six pieces of rebel cannon well served. Their first shot knocked two of our artillerists *hors du combat*, and the next killed two of the 124th Ill. The third was aimed at Gen. Force, our brigade commander, which ricocheting in front, passed close over his head. We occupied some time here in order to let a body of troops pass to the right and left, to flank them. When the proper time came we opened on them with ten guns, which soon made them change their position, and while doing so came the command, "Attention, 20th Ill.! forward, double quick," and away we went. But the rebs always could out run us. We followed them for about a mile, when we came in view of their whole force, drawn up in an open field, apparently with the design of charging on us. A few rounds from our parrots, however, made them change their minds, and show us their horses tails. We moved on in line of battle until dark, when Gen. Leggett, commanding the division, came to us and said that we were two miles from Jackson, and as we had driven the rebels twenty miles that day, and had worked well and hard, he would not order us to march any farther. But it was believed that the rebels were evacuating Jackson, and if there was a brigade that would volunteer to go to Jackson and hold the place for the night; he would feel much obliged to them. Of course that meant us. Up jumped our boys, tired as they were, with the ready reply, "We will go sir," and we went; and as we entered the rebel works from the west, the enemy went out on the east side, firing a few parting shots at our advance.

"The night was spent in laying a pontoon bridge across the Pearl river; our artillery in the meantime shelling the Pearl river swamps to protect the working parties. We encamped on

the Canton road, north of the city, and inside the rebel works where we lay waiting for the bridge to be finished, all the next day (6th.)

On the 7th we crossed Pearl river, and after marching two miles halted for Crocker's division to pass. We found the Southern R. R. repaired to Pearl river, with a new turn table on the bank, which we burned, also the bridges and trestle work. We tore up the track making piles of the ties, setting them on fire and laying the rails across, so that when heated they bent in such a way as to render them useless. In this way we used up the railroad as far as we went.

"The city of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, was, before the visit of Grant last May, one of the most beautiful in all the south. But the rebels had inaugurated the policy of burning all buildings which contained commissary stores, an example which our side was not slow to follow, and now this was the third visit which the yanks had made this city, and from its appearance I think one visit more would make a finish, for the State House is about the only building left of any importance, standing in melancholy grandeur amid a forest of chimney stacks, and ruined brick walls, among them those of the penitentiary. They had fortified the place so that they regarded it as almost impregnable. But Grant walked into it after one bayonet charge, an hour after he had formed his lines.

"We marched thirteen miles this (7th) day, passing through Brandon, a very pretty site for a town, but as the 4th corps passed through it, they set fire to everything that would burn, and all we could see was smouldering ruins. We were obliged to go around it to avoid the heat, destroying the railroad as we went. The first few miles after leaving Jackson, we passed alternately through pine swamps, and over pine hills, sand ankle deep, a miserable looking country, but good for raising cotton. We know when we are coming to a large plantation, by the smoke of burning cotton, cotton gins and negro quarters. We encamped in the pine woods, one mile east of Brandon. Here we had full rations, plenty of fresh beef, pork, mutton and poultry of all kinds, for now we make the rebels feed us as we go.

"Monday, the 8th, we marched at 9 o'clock, Crocker's division

in advance, we then crossed the railroad a mile from camp, setting all the ties, trestle work, bridges, etc., on fire as far as we can see before and behind us, besides houses, barns, cotton gins, and cotton sheds and warehouses filled with the bodsted staple, (no longer king,) fences and woods all on fire in all directions. We march in a cloud of smoke by day, and the light of the burning fires by night, like the Israelites of old. But unlike them our pillar of cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night, were not supplied by the miraculous interposition of God, but by the cruel torch of desolating war.

"We marched sixteen miles and encamped in a heavy pine forest. We are driving a rebel brigade steadily before us, besides a large cavalry force who skirmish with us continually.

"A sad accident occurred to-day while on the march. The rebel cavalry made a stand on every hill, and fired upon our advance, and then run. In one instance, they formed in a yard in front of a house, in which a family were living, and fired on our troops without giving any notice to the inmates. On their firing, the lady of the house came to the front door to see what was the occasion of it, and was hit in the neck by our return fire, and instantly killed. She left six small children alone, her husband being in the rebel army. It was a heart-rending sight, over which many a soldier, albeit unused to weeping, dropped a tear.

"Tuesday, 9th, marched at 9 a. m. We went into Morton, contrary to expectation, without a fight. The enemy had 18,000 troops here, and boasted that this was to be the end of Sherman's expedition. They formed in line of battle, threw up earthworks, dug rifle pits, and seemed to have made every preparation to contest our advance, and then skedaddled. We were glad they did so, for they had a splendid position, with an open field and swamp in front, and it would have been a hard job to take or turn it.

"Morton, its depot, warehouses, &c., shared the fate of the other places through which we passed. We remained here all day, and here the 16th army corps passed us, Gen. Hurlbut claiming the privilege of driving the rebs part of the way.

"Wednesday, 10th, left Morton at 9 a. m., and made fourteen miles. We marched through what *had been* the town of Hillsboro, but when we came up, the boys christened it "Chimney Town."

The 16th had been obliged to fight its way through the town, and applied the torch to everything combustible, and chimney stacks were about all that was left. We went into camp at 11 o'clock p. m., two miles east of Hillsboro. To-day I had charge of 54 rebel prisoners, and marched in the rear of the regiment. Two of these prisoners belonged to the 2d Florida infantry, of which an uncle of mine (on the mother's side) is colonel. We lay in camp until 4 p. m.

"At ten this morning, a rebel lieutenant and seven men made a dash at our rear pickets, Co. D, 4th Ill. cav. (Captain Felter's.) Oscar T. Randall (of Channahon) waited until the rebs had got into close range, then fired, and killed the lieutenant on the spot, and the rest left. We marched again at 4 p. m., and marched all night, going through the worst piece of swamp I ever saw. We made six miles, and went into camp at 4 in the morning, tired out, sleepy, foot-sore, and hungry.

"Friday, 12th, marched at 8 a. m., and made eighteen miles. We were twenty out of the twenty-four hours on the move, and encamped at Decatur. The night was dark, and the march would have been very dreary, but for the light of burning plantations. Decatur shared the fate of the other towns on the march, and we could say of it as of ancient Troy—it was!

"Saturday, 13th, at 11 a. m., left Decatur, marched a mile, and halted for the train to close up. While resting, the rebels made a dash at our train. The 20th was ordered back to repulse them. But the rear guard, the 45th, had done the job before we got there. Some few rebs killed, was the result. Marched thirteen miles, and encamped on a small creek at 11 p. m., receiving orders to cook rations to-night, as we were to go on a separate expedition to-morrow.

"Sunday, Feb. 14th, St. Valentine's day, the first brigade marched alone at nine o'clock, on a road running south, with orders to proceed to "Chunkey Station," on Chunkey river, and destroy the railroad bridge, burn the town, warehouses, depot, &c. We were told that there were two companies of rebel cavalry guarding the bridge, and having two stockades. We marched light, taking nothing but haversacks and canteens. The 20th, as usual on such occasions, had the advance. When within one mile

of the bridge, we ascertained that there were 2,000 of Jackson's cavalry there. We were less than 1,000 strong ; but, as we had never yet met our match among the greybacks, we determined to sail in, well knowing that nothing but a bold front would save us. We advanced thirty of the 4th Ill. cavalry—all we had—to find out their position. We soon came upon their picket fires, still burning. The order was passed down the line to load as we went, and by the time we had loaded, the cavalry opened on them from the top of a hill. Colonel Bradley sang out, "Forward, double-quick," and up the hill we went on a run. Then, "On the right by file into line," and the regiment swung into line lively. Companies A and F were deployed as skirmishers, Captain Wadsworth on the right, Bailey on the left, and Co. B had command of the centre of the skirmish line. We soon came up with and passed our cavalry, and came in sight of the enemy. They had a fine line of skirmishers, but we soon turned it into a running rabble. We were on the left of the railroad, and two companies of the 45th on the right. We had a good cover of brush, while they were exposed in an open field, so for their benefit we gave an infernal yell, which drew the enemy's fire from them to us. We advanced to the river bank, and, as we broke cover, were greeted with a shower of balls, which made us take to the trees and fight shy. We had found that we were fighting with their main line across a narrow river, at a distance of five to eight rods. We told the boys, (in a voice loud enough for the rebels to hear), to take it cool, as the artillery would soon come up, and that we were flanking them. These words, addressed to our own men, but meant for the rebels—a little yankee strategy—gave the enemy a scare, and they broke and run. Thus two companies, A and F, of the 20th, and two companies of the 45th, fought and whipped 2,000 of Jackson's cavalry in an hour. The regiments came up, and we burned the bridge, warehouse, mills, and 300 bales of cotton, and marched back, making eighteen miles in eight hours. Our loss was three men of the 45th, wounded ; none hurt in the 20th. We sent the d—l sixteen valentines in the shape of dead rebels, one of them a colonel, wounding thirty-five more.

"An amusing incident occurred during this skirmish. In order to preserve the line intact, it became necessary to pass through the

door-yard of a house in which there was a family living. While doing so the boys *happened* to see a well filled hen coop. The temptation to improve their rations was too strong to be resisted, and as they passed along, each took a chicken, and, wringing its neck, clapped it into their empty haversacks, and John W. Coombs knocked down an old gobbler with his gun, and slung him over his shoulder. All this brought the lady of the house to the door in a great rage, and crying and wringing her hands, she blurted out to the boys: "Oh, you nasty thieves! the secesh came along here and stole my old hoss, and now you are stealing all my chickens, but you'll catch h—ll when you get down there to the bridge." The boys cheered her, and passed on well satisfied with their part of the joke. We encamped with the trains of our division that night.

"Monday, 15th, started for Meridian. We marched ten miles and encamped five miles from Meridian. Here we heard that the place was evacuated by the enemy and occupied by our advance.

"Tuesday, 16th, marched at seven, reached Meridian, and encamped. We found it a place covering a great deal of ground, as the houses were scattered. It is the headquarters of this part of the "confederacy" for the manufacture and repair of arms. We found a large arsenal, armory, foundry, machine shops, &c. In the arsenal were 5,000 rifles and shot-guns, and shot, shell, grape, canister, &c. Here, too, are—or rather *were*—large grist mills, saw mills, barracks, hospitals, two large hotels, and a great many new houses, built by refugees from the territory which had come into the possession of the Union army. All of this made a splendid fire before we left. Meridian, too, is among the things that were.

"We remained here and around here three days, and on the 17th, the 20th alone went out foraging. Gen. Sherman told Col. Bradley that he sent him out because he knew the 20th could get back if anyone could. The 18th, I remained in camp, while the regiment went along the railroad, tearing up and destroying the track. A lady had sent in a request that an officer might be sent for her protection, to save her from the insults of the soldiery, and her house from the flames. So I had the pleasant duty of passing two days and nights at the house of a very pretty and well-informed southern lady, whose husband was absent in the rebel army.

“The regiment went seven miles, and captured two hogsheads of sugar, one yoke of oxen, and wagons loaded with meat and sweet potatoes. Part of the boys, mounted on captured horses, went out on their own hook foraging, and before they had got out of sight, they met a squad of rebels mounted. Both parties fired, and then turned and ran as fast as they could. It was amusing to see each party fleeing from the other.

“Friday, 19th, the regiment went two miles from Meridian to guard a mill and grind up a lot of corn for our own use. After doing what grinding we wanted, we let on a full head of water, applied the torch, and left her grinding and burning.

“Saturday, 20th, we marched at daylight back to town, and found that all had left at five o'clock, on the return march, except the details left to finish up the work of destruction. We had to march around the burning town, as the heat was too great to pass through it. The sun was just rising as we came in from the west, and as it came up through the smoke and flames of the burning city, the whole scene had a weird and strange appearance, while the guns, many of which were loaded, and the shot and shell exploding—the crackling and roar of the flames—the crash of falling walls—altogether made a scene grand, but terrible and sad. May I never have to look upon another.

“After looking upon the scene awhile, we took up our return march to the tune ‘Get out of the wilderness,’ and after a few hours overtook our brigade, and went on our way. While at Meridian we captured [and burned five locomotives and 35 cars, and while we lay there our cavalry went down the Mobile & Ohio railroad, and burned Enterprise and Quitman, destroying everything as we went. We marched twenty miles and encamped in pine woods, tired, foot-sore, and short of rations.

“Sunday, 21st, started at seven, marched thirteen miles to Decatur, and encamped before night, sending out foraging parties, which returned heavily loaded with all kinds of plunder, gathered from the pastures, smoke houses, poultry yards, and potato patches. We were once more in clover, while many a family, I fear, was short of rations.

“Monday, 22d, started from Decatur at 7 a. m., and made eight miles, camping on the Radcliff plantation, three miles from

Pearl river, waiting for the laying of pontoons. While lying here, our foraging parties brought in large quantities of all kinds of produce which had been hid away in the swamps by the old planters. The negroes would reveal the secret hiding places, and the foragers would go for the spoils without scruple. The 16th corps commenced crossing at dark, and we had orders to be ready at midnight, but the bridge broke, and we lay till 11 o'clock next day.

"Friday, 26th, we marched three miles and crossed the river. We now struck high lands, with beautiful plantations, the finest country through which we had passed. We made fourteen miles, and camped within one mile of Canton, on the west. This has been one of the most rabid of rebel cities, and one of the most beautiful places in the south. A heavy rebel force has been kept here since the capture of Vicksburg. The city is made up of planters' residences, elegant and costly, and the surrounding country is one of splendid plantations, rich in cotton—at least such *was* the town and country before the advent of the Union army.

"Saturday, the 27th, we lay in Canton. Five companies of the 20th remained in camp, near Gen. Force's headquarters, while the other five were out foraging. About noon some scamp set fire to a cotton shed, which so enraged General Force that he ordered Major Kennard to take his regiment out into a plowed field and put a guard around them, where we were kept (companies A, C, E, F, and K,) in corral for six hours. When the rest of the regiment came in, we moved camp two miles south of town, on account of water.

"Sunday, 28th, marched back to town and encamped in line of battle around the place, on account of reports that there was a heavy force of rebels in the vicinity. The 31st, 45th and 124th regiments occupied the day in tearing up the railroad. We captured here twenty-one locomotives in one lot, and then moved up the road a few miles and burned the whole lot, with ninety cars. We put a 24-pound shell in the fire box of each engine, which exploded and tore the boiler wide open.

"Monday, 29th, the day came in cold and blustering, with a cold, north wind, and drizzling rain. At 10 a. m., it held up, and we went out and destroyed the railroad on the north side of the town,

while the cavalry was having a heavy fight within a mile of town, on the south, with the cavalry of Jackson, Lee, and Wirt Adams. We destroyed a mile of railroad track and returned to camp, to find that a provision train of forty wagons had just come in to meet us, from Vicksburg, bringing also a heavy mail, the first news we had had from the civilized world for twenty-nine days. You may be assured the sight was a welcome one.

" March 1st, we left at twelve, after a rain all night, with three days' rations in our haversacks, and accomplished but five miles in nine hours, on account of the mud, and camped at night in the mud—wet, cold, hungry, and fagged out. We had to break the ice half an inch thick to fill our canteens.

" March 2d, marched at 7 a. m., the 16th corps in advance. Cavalry skirmishing commenced before we had fairly got out of sight of the camp, and continued, with little intermission, all day, accompanied with heavy artillery firing. The rebel cavalry and artillery followed closely on our rear, and kept our cavalry busy all day. We encamped on an old plantation.

" March 3d, at 8 a. m., the first brigade was marched to the rear to cover the retreat of the whole army. We formed in line of battle on the edge of the woods, and let our entire train pass us. The position was one of great peril. An open field two miles long had to be crossed, and on the opposite side was a poor bridge and a swamp, requiring a long time to cross, while a high hill in the rear afforded a grand position for the enemy to place a battery and shell us. But for some reason or other they did not trouble us.

" After our forces had passed we marched across the plantation, and resumed our place in the division on the homeward stretch. We made eighteen miles and went into camp without any further trouble from the rebels. Gen. Leggett said that the reason he took the 1st brigade out of its place to cover the retreat, was that he knew he could depend upon it in a tight place.

March 4th, left camp at 7 a. m., and after a march of 15 miles arrived at our camp on the Big Black, at 4 p. m., well fagged out; but in half an hour had to go on picket duty!

Thus, from Feb. 3d to March 4th, we had marched 375 miles, captured and burned the towns of Clinton, Jackson, Brandon, Decatur, Hillsboro, Chunkey Station, Meridian, Enterprise, Forest,

Quitman, Canton and Brownsville; captured and burned 35 locomotives and 125 cars; and killed about 400 rebs, wounded 800 more, and took 800 prisoners. We had captured 2,000 horses and mules, and brought in with us 10,000 contrabands of all ages, sizes, colors, sexes and shapes; in all kinds of conveyances from the great plantation wagon, crammed full of woolly heads, down to the smallest jackass, loaded down with a big wench on her pack of movables. Our contraband train was a sight to behold, worth more than any street show that Barnum ever organized. We had destroyed more than 150 miles of R. R., burned every R. R. building on the route, and every cotton gin, mill and public house—and some private ones. Long, long will the people remember the visit of Sherman's army, and its marks will not soon be obliterated from the region. When we marched out we were told that the march would be a short and rapid one, and we took no extra clothing, and consequently we went thirty-three days without a change. How we looked on our return, you can conjecture. I will not attempt to describe it. Even the "ragged 20th" never looked so ragged before."

The regiment as has been seen returned from the Meridian raid early in March, 1864. The term of their enlistment would expire in May, (14th). What remained of the regiment had (mostly) agreed to re-enlist. The regiment was therefore granted what it had so richly earned, a veteran furlough. Only 197 of the original enlisted men remained. The two Will county companies had a public reception on their return to Joliet, at the court house, where they were welcomed with appropriate honors, and addressed among others by their old captain and major, Bartleson, who was just home from Libby.

A supper at the Auburn House, and a reception at the house of Otis Hardy, Esq., was also given them.

The regiment veteranized, and recruited its thinned ranks, rejoined Sherman's army, which had now entered upon its Atlanta campaign, at "Big Shanty." It then took part in that memorable campaign. It lost heavily at Kenesaw, being in the first assault, and also in that of June 27th. It was also in the fiercest of the fights before Atlanta, on 21st and 22nd of July. On the 21st the regiment was on the left flank of the army, and with the divis-

ion took a strong work of the enemy situated on a high hill, and maintained its position against repeated attempts to dislodge it. It had six killed and forty-eight wounded. Among the killed was Sergeant Macherly who had carried the flag of the regiment since Shiloh, and had been distinguished for his bravery in every engagement, having received the gold medal of merit at the siege of Vicksburg.

On the 22nd, the enemy charged the division with great force, and the fighting was severe until dark, when the enemy withdrew severely punished. It was estimated that the division killed more rebels in this engagement than its own number. Lt. Col. Bradley commanded the 20th in this engagement. Its losses were heavy. It had the misfortune to get flanked, and nearly all were captured.

CASUALTIES.

Commissioned officers—killed, 1; wounded, 5; missing, 4; Enlisted men—killed, 8; wounded 47; missing, 66; Total—killed, 9; wounded, 52; missing, 70. Total loss, 131.

Only 13 men of the number engaged on the 22nd escaped capture. The prisoners were taken to Macon, Ga., whence the privates were sent to Andersonville, the officers to Savannah. Among the officers taken were Jeremiah B. Bailey, 1st Lt. Co. F, and David Wadsworth, Captain of Co. F, and Gideon Bernier, Lieut. of Co. B. These were taken to Savannah, and subsequently to Charleston, where they were placed under the fire of our forces, then bombarding the city. They were finally exchanged under a special cartel between Sherman and Hood.

For a daring act of Captain Bernier, of Co. B, in this engagement, and for some other details, the reader is referred to the history of McAllister's Battery. The remnants of the regiment, (about 20 men and officers) together with some others that had been on detached duty—the whole numbering 35, were placed in command of Captain Harry King, mounted and put on a scouting service in the memorable march to the sea and northward.

At Goldsboro, they received 250 recruits, and at Alexandria the captured men that had been exchanged, rejoined them, and the regimental organization was resumed. It took part in the grand review at Washington after this "cruel war was over." Surely

they were entitled to partake in the triumph after having done and suffered so much to achieve it.

The regiment then returned by way of Louisville to Chicago, where they arrived and were discharged, July 19th, 1865.

It came home with 21 officers and 322 men, of whom only about 70 were in the original muster roll of 924 men.

At the grand review in Washington, the regiment attracted much attention as one that had participated in more regular battles than any other. It had been in twenty-nine battles and numerous skirmishes, and was in service four years and two months.

Co. B was noted for its promotions. Its captain had been promoted major, and then Col. of the 100th. Henry King who enlisted as private came out Colonel. Bernier who enlisted as private at the age of eighteen, returned Captain, having won his first promotion on the field of Donaldson for his bravery and soldierly conduct. A public reception was given the 20th, with other soldiers of the 8th Cavalry and Battery D, (McAllister's) on the 25th of July, and a supper at the National. The military record of each member of the regiment from Will county, so far as I have been able to obtain it, will be found in part four of this work.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF THE THIRTY-NINTH REGT., OR YATES PHALANX.

FROM ORGANIZATION TO MUSTER OUT.

Organization—Will County Companies—Leaves for the Front—En route—Surprised and Captured—Arrives at Williamsport—Sickness—First Death and Funeral—Another Bereavement—Leaves Camp—Crosses into Dixie—Distributed—Affairs at Great Cacapon—Alpine Station—Bath—Present to Gov. Yates—Captain Munn Tested—Movements—Promotions—Sickness—Movements—Winchester—Strasburg—Battle—Gen. Shields—Battle of Winchester—Incidents—Advance—Woodstock—Foraging—Advance—Brilliant Charge—Movements—Columbia Bridge—An Astonished Reb—Temperance Story—Advance to Fredericksburg—Grand Review—Takes the Back Track—Movements—Manassas—Review—Goes to Alexandria—Harrison's Landing—Closing Scenes of McClellan's Fizzle—Malvern Hill—Change of Base—Fortress Monroe—Suffolk—Resignation—Breaks Camp—Chowan River—Embarks—Folly Island—A Flag from Yates—Attack on Sumter—Night Exploit—Morris Island—Fort Wagner—Casualties—Hilton Head—Veteranizes—Comes Home—Receptions—Recruits—Goes Back—Washington—Yorktown—A Historic Region—City Point—Wiers Bottom—Drury's Bluffs—Fight—Casualties—Another Fight—Losses—Other Movements—Assaults Deep Run—Losses—Incidents—Casualties to Will County Men—In the Trenches at Petersburg—Another Fight—Incidents—Another Fight—Winter Quarters—A March—Charge on Fort Gregg—Casualties—Incidents—Last Battle—Casualties—In at the Death of the Confederacy—Comes Home.

THE organization of this regiment was begun immediately upon the receipt of the news of the attack upon Fort Sumter. T. O. Osborn, who subsequently became its colonel, (and afterwards a general), was active in its organization. At that early stage of the rebellion, the government had not become fully awake to the magnitude of its proportions and of the work before them. Considerable delay was therefore experienced before the regiment could get accepted. Indeed, such were the difficulties it encountered, that at one time an effort was made to get it into the service

as a Missouri regiment. And all this trouble and delay was encountered, notwithstanding earnest efforts made in its behalf by Gov. Yates, by whom the organization was regarded with especial favor, it having assumed his name. Bull Run, however, secured its acceptance on the day following that disaster.

In this regiment, Will county was represented by 20 commissioned officers and over 200 enlisted men, perhaps a greater number than could be claimed by any other one county. At any rate, we were so largely, and, I may add, so ably and honorably, represented, that a brief history of its eventful and noble career is demanded at our hands.

With the exception of about 100 men in the 8th cavalry, and 10 men in the 12th cavalry, the 39th was the only regiment in which our county was represented, to any extent, in the east. Its history will therefore take us to different scenes and localities from those elsewhere traversed.

Recruiting for this regiment was early commenced in this county, principally in the city of Wilmington, and the towns of Florence, Wesley, Channahon, and Homer. Co. A was raised in Wilmington, largely through the efforts of S. W. Munn, Esq., who became its captain, and was afterwards promoted major of the regiment. He was assisted by Lt. L. A. Baker, afterwards captain, and Lt. Richardson, and others.

Co. E was also raised mostly in Wilmington, Wesley, and Florence, and was originally known as the "Florence Rifles," Jas. H. Hooker, of the last named town, being its first captain.

Hon. Amos Savage, of Homer, one of the oldest and best known residents of that town, was also actively engaged in raising Co. G, in his town and vicinity, and he became its 2d lieutenant, and subsequently its captain. The first captain of this company was the Rev. Wm. B. Slaughter, well known to many of our citizens as once pastor in charge of the Methodist Episcopal church of Joliet. At the organization of the regiment he was stationed at Blue Island, where he recruited a portion of the company. For the other officers of the regiment, as well as the privates, from our county, the reader is referred to the roster and muster roll of Will county names in Part Fourth.

The organization of this regiment was completed at Camp

Mather, Chicago, with Austin Light as its colonel, and left camp at Chicago, 950 strong, Oct. 13th, 1861, for Camp Benton, Mo., where it reported to Gen. Curtiss.

But the west was not to be the scene of its exploits. On the 29th, it was ordered to the east. The statement has been made that this change in its destination was not in consequence of orders from the war department, but by the direction of Marshall Lamont—a general in expectancy—who wished to have it in his division. However this may be, it left Benton barracks at 6 p. m of the 29th, by the Terre Haute, A. & St. Louis R. R., arriving at Indianapolis in the afternoon of the same day, where it was treated, after the manner of that patriotic city, to a substantial dinner in the market house, by the loyal ladies of the city, who had come together for that purpose.

During the night they arrived at the smoky, but no less hospitable city of Pittsburg, where they found a fine supper awaiting them. The hearts of the boys—which were perhaps a little downcast, thinking of the homes and the girls they had left behind them—were greatly cheered by such hospitalities, and made to feel that their self-denial in behalf of an imperiled country was not unappreciated. The ride had also been a delightful one. It was the beautiful Indian summer; all the groves and woods were dressed in crimson and gold; the air was soft and balmy; the orchards were loaded with golden fruits; and at all the towns and hamlets they were greeted with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and offerings of pies, cakes, fruits, and flowers.

But the regiment had the best reception of all at the town of Carlisle, Pa. The memory of it is still sweet and precious. This place lies below Harrisburg, about 50 miles from the border, and in the track of threatened rebel invasion, of which the inhabitants were living in constant fear. The appearance, therefore, of troops going on to the front, to place themselves between them and the rebel army, was hailed with joy. Indeed, they had good reason for their fears, for subsequently these were realized in the partial destruction of the place, during the invasion of Lee's army in 1863.

The railroad at Carlisle runs through the main street of the town, where the train was halted, and, all unconscious of what was in store for them, the boys at once got out to stretch their legs, and

see what was to be seen. Although it was late at night, the streets were full of citizens, and no sooner had they got upon the sidewalks on either side, than they found themselves attacked in front, flank and rear, by a crowd of well-dressed and beautiful women and girls, who at once began to hug and kiss them, with a gush and heartiness seldom equalled. Taken thus entirely by surprise, the boys were—just for a moment—at a loss what to do. But although they had not yet received their muskets, they had the right kind of arms with which to meet such an encounter, and no doubt returned the attack—sudden and unexpected as it was—with compound interest. Indeed, I suspect they rather liked it! Whether this attack upon them would have been as hearty if the regiment had not been composed of good-looking men, is a question I leave for the reader's consideration.

But hugs and kisses was not all that the boys got. The ladies then took the men round to their houses and fed them—giving them something more substantial, if not so sweet.

Friday evening, at ten o'clock, the regiment arrived at Hagerstown, Md., where it debarked from the cars and passed the night, and on the next day marched six miles to Williamsport, on the Potomac, and encamped one mile from the town. At this place the regiment remained for some time, learning meanwhile the details of the new business in which it had embarked.

While at this place, the measles—the seeds of which had been brought from Benton barracks—broke out in a severe epidemic form, and many were sick, and some died. Here, also, Lieutenant Joseph W. Richardson died of typhoid fever—the first death in the regiment.

The death of Lieut. Richardson, universally beloved, both as a man and as an officer; a young man of great promise as a soldier, and with brilliant prospects in his chosen profession of the law, threw a great gloom over the regiment. But he was dead, cut off by disease, without having an opportunity to fight for the Union and the country he loved, and all that they could now do was to pay him the last honors. These would consist in part of a salute fired over the grave. But the regiment as yet had not a musket, and could not render this service. A request was therefore made upon the colonel of the 13th Mass., which was in camp near, that

he would send a company of his regiment to render it. In response, the entire regiment turned out and attended the funeral. Both regiments stood with heads bowed and bared around the grave, while Chaplain McReading read the solemn burial service of the Masonic order, to which the deceased belonged. And there they buried him—on the banks of the Potomac, in sight of two hostile armies—the friends and foes of the Union; and the hills of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, echoed the salute which Massachusetts fired over the grave of the patriot son of Illinois!

At this place the regiment received its arms and equipments. Before leaving Chicago, it had been presented with a handsome stand of colors by Miss Helen Arion, and had also won a handsome flag at a prize drill. The regiment had lain here, in sight of the enemy's pickets, six weeks without arms.

While at Williamsport, the regiment also experienced a second bereavement. This was no less than the loss of its colonel, by dismissal from the service. This took them with painful surprise. The regiment had become much attached to him; and he was an able and efficient officer, and had brought the regiment to a high state of discipline and drill. He had formerly been in the U. S. service. As to the cause of his dismissal we have nothing to say. It was greatly regretted by the regiment at the time. The men marched in a body to headquarters to bid him good-bye, and the colonel addressed them in these words:

"Fellow Soldiers, Officers and Gentlemen of the Thirty-Ninth:

"It has pleased the war department, through the influence of some political intrigue, I know not how else, to deprive your colonel of his command. As I leave you, I must say that I have found you soldiers such as command my respect, and such as I should be proud to lead against the rebels now in arms. I must now bid you all farewell."

As he passed down through the ranks, every head was bared, and there were few dry eyes. There was the deepest and most intense feeling in the regiment. All mourned the loss of a friend, as well as an able officer.

On the 14th, the regiment received new arms, which, greatly to their delight, were the Springfield rifled musket.

On the morning of the 17th, the regiment left Camp Lamon (as it had been called), and marched eleven miles to a little village called Clear Springs, and had just got settled down to sleep, when a dispatch came, to the effect that the canal boats, on which the baggage of the regiment was placed, were about to be attacked by the enemy. This looked like business. The long roll was sounded, and the boys "fell in," and were quickly on their way to defend their property. But on reaching the spot, a distance of two or three miles, no enemy, or signs of an enemy, were visible, and they returned. Next morning they marched to another point known as Dam No. 5, and here they found no enemy. Then they marched to Hancock, fifteen miles, and the third day crossed over into "Dixie's land."

Companies A, B, C and F were stationed on the opposite side of the river from Hancock. Companies E, H and D were sent six miles up the river, to a place called "Sir John's Run;" and companies I and G five miles further on, to a place called "Big Cacapon." Three companies were afterward moved three miles back into the country to Bath, the county seat of Morgan county, Virginia. The men of the 39th were now learning picket duty, scouting, &c.

The country where they were located, as is well known, was a romantic and rough one, composed of mountains, valleys, rocks and ravines, being but sparsely populated. A night excursion over the hills and mountains, and through the passes and ravines, was an exciting though wearisome adventure—one in which details were often called to indulge.

The companies at Sir John's Run (E, H and D), occupied buildings which had been deserted by the inhabitants, when the rebel troops took possession of the place, and were comfortably fixed in respect to quarters.

On Friday morning, Jan. 6th, a report came to the companies at this point to the effect that the enemy was approaching Bath. But the men had been so often fooled by mere rumors, that they did not credit this one until a dispatch came from Major Mann, ordering part of Co. E to go to Big Cacapon to assist Captain Slaughter. Twenty men, under Lieut. Whipple, were thereupon dispatched to the place, where they arrived about one o'clock in

the morning. What took place at this point—Big Cacapon—will be best told in the official report of Capt. Wm. B. Slaughter, who was in command of the companies at that point. If it was not a very "big thing," it was quite a brilliant one for its size, and showed the kind of metal of which the 39th was composed. His report, dated Jan. 6th, 1862, says:

"The afternoon of Friday, the 3d inst., I spent with a small part of my company, and Lieut. Rudd, in a careful reconnoissance from the top of Big Cacapon mountain, taking observations from prominent points, for a distance of two and a half miles. From these points we could plainly see indications of the presence, in the valley between us and Warm Spring mountain, of a large force of the enemy. We estimated it at not less than 3,000, and in the distance could be seen two extensive camps. I accordingly extended my pickets on the mountain during the night, and ordered my men to sleep on their arms.

"On Saturday, I threw out a party of 21 men, under Lieut. Rudd, to the top of the mountain, with instructions to observe the enemy, (which we knew to be approaching Bath in great force), and embarrass the approach of any force that might be sent against us. About eleven o'clock, information was brought that a column of three regiments was approaching by the Bath road. It was thought probable that another force would be brought against us, by the Long Hollow from Bloomery Gap. This supposition was enhanced by the fact, which I had learned, that the movements against Bath were simultaneously made, by large forces by way of Sleepy Creek and the valley east of the Big Cacapon. I therefore directed Capt. Direks, with his company, to occupy the approaches by the Long Hollow and points across to the bluffs of the Great Cacapon creek, and took measures to defend the bridge and ford with my company, and the detachment from Co. E, under Lieut. Whipple.

"Breastworks of timber and railroad ties had been constructed during the day, on each side of the bridge, and strong defenses planted along the bluffs of the creek. Lieut. Whipple, with 30 men, were posted at the bridge, and the balance of my force, except the detachment under Lieut. Rudd, disposed on the bluffs, under command of Lieut. Savage. Valuable service was rendered during

the day by the detachment under Lieut. Rudd. Having the whole valley west of the Big Cacapon mountain before him, he was able to see every movement and disposition of the enemy, and to perceive their strength.

"The column advancing against us consisted of three regiments of infantry and one piece of artillery. To check so large a force was a desperate undertaking for 22 men, but, as the event showed, not impossible one. Selecting a position near a bend in the narrow road, which they knew the column must pass, our boys knelt on one knee, and awaited its approach. Not until the foremost files were within twelve rods, was the presence of our party suspected, and then, at the critical moment when the discovery had caused hesitation, the men coolly delivered their fire. Several of the enemy were seen to fall, and the head of the column was thrown into confusion. Our party retired to another shelter. The enemy was thus held at bay for three hours, and it was not until the darkness of the night covered them, that they ventured to descend the mountain. Lieut. Rudd expresses the highest admiration for the coolness and determination of the men. The whole execution of his part was such as to reflect the highest honor upon him.

"Col. Foster, with the 13th Indiana, arrived on the ground at Big Cacapon about six o'clock p. m., but he declined to take the command, and our plans were not changed. Had the enemy descended the west side of the mountain before dark, nothing could have saved the 13th, as its retreat would have been effectually cut off. I am fully convinced that its salvation is due to the courage and skill of the detachment that occupied the mountain road.

"About seven p. m., we became aware of the fact that the enemy were fixing a gun in position to attack us. Deeming it probable that we should be obliged to retire before their superior force, I ordered all the company baggage and stores to be placed in the cars, so as to facilitate our retreat when it should become necessary. Our loading was not completed, when the enemy opened on us with his cannon. The engineer immediately started the train, and moved around the curve about two miles, where it could lie in safety. The 13th Indiana, being in the cars, were carried along. Our men, stationed at the bridge, under command of Lt. Whipple, could distinctly see the position of the enemy's gun. They answered

its fire with their muskets. After the second shot the gun was deserted, and gave us no further trouble.

“A large force of their infantry at the same time made its appearance at the creek, and replied with muskets. Our men, being well protected, were able to maintain their position with impunity. The skirmishing continued for about three-fourths of an hour after the train had left. A company of cavalry, and a regiment of infantry, made a show of purpose to cross the ford opposite the bluff occupied by Lieut. Savage, but they were handsomely repulsed. I was confident the position could be maintained at Big Cacapon, provided the Indiana regiment could return and take part in the defense. I accordingly dispatched a message to Col. Foster, with the request that he would bring down his force and assume command. Before the messenger reached him, however, I received word that the enemy had crossed the creek a mile and a half above, and were likely to cut off our retreat. I therefore ordered a retreat, which was effected in good order. Since the above was written, we have reliable information that the enemy lost seventeen men in the Big Cacapon affair, including Dr. Wilson, a distinguished and influential citizen of Morgan county, and surgeon in the rebel army.”

At the same time with the affair at Cacapon, Col. Osborn, with a portion of the regiment, (four companies), was attacked at Alpine Station. Two companies, in command of Captain Munn, went out to engage the enemy and hold them in check, and cover the retreat across the river, which they accomplished successfully. They met the enemy a short distance from camp, when, after getting into position, the rebel cavalry made a charge upon them, which was met by our boys with a volley from their rifles, which emptied some fifteen saddles. Our men fell slowly back, contesting the ground inch by inch, and completely covering the retreat of our force across the river.

In the meantime the other companies were hurrying themselves across the river as fast as possible, with their baggage, all of which they got over safely, while Co. A lost their tents, and the captain and 2d lieutenant lost their trunks with their books and papers. Capt. Munn also lost his horse.

As soon as the enemy reached the river, they planted their guns and commenced shelling the town, and our batteries replied. They finally drew off.

In the meantime General Lander had arrived with an additional force, and had taken command. Next morning the enemy commenced planting their guns above town, and sent over a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the place. The flag of truce was brought over by the afterwards famous Ashby, who was received by Captain Munn, and another who blindfolded him, and marched on either side of him through the town, to Lander's headquarters, where he demanded the surrender of the place saying that if not surrendered they would fire upon it. To this Lander gave a peremptory refusal, telling him that he might shoot and welcome, as they would kill more of their own friends than they would of Unionists. He was then conducted back in such away as to impress him with an exaggerated idea of our strength at this time, which was perhaps the reason that the enemy afterward withdrew with so feeble an attack.

Gen. Lander was then notified to remove the women and children, as the place would be bombarded. This it was thought advisable to do. All kinds of animals and all sorts of vehicles were brought into sudden requisition, and a general skedaddling of non-combatants took place, which would have been amusing if it had not been so serious. The enemy had set the next day at 12 a. m., as the hour when the bombardment would open. Our men waited until the time was past, and hearing nothing from them, sent them a shell to inquire "why the delay?" The rebels then replied with a shower. To this the Union battery replied so well as to soon silence them, and drive them from their guns. The enemy had the advantage of position, but our boys had the best guns, and scattered the rebs like sheep.

The 39th regiment was highly commended for its behavior, in these its first encounters with the enemy. None were killed but about a dozen were captured, one of whom was from Co. E. The enemy were 15,000 strong, and in command of the famous Stonewall Jackson.

In the skirmish near Bath, some members of the 39th captured a very beautiful horse, the rider whereof had been un-

horsed by Sergeant Hopkins, of Co. D. This rider, by the way, was the adjutant general of Stonewall Jackson. The boys at once determined to send this horse as a present to their patron saint, Gov. Yates. It was accordingly put in charge of Captain Munn for that purpose. While subsequently going through Winchester, the horse was claimed by one of the loyal rebel women of that place, as her property. She affirmed that she had only loaned it for that day as a special favor to the officer from whom it was captured. Now, I need not say to those who know him, that the captain, (now major) is an exceedingly gallant man, and would naturally be disposed to yield to the claims of a woman, especially if young and pretty, as this one happened to be. I am furnishing no mean evidence, therefore, of the major's nerve, as well as loyalty, when I assert that he was proof against all her appeals. The horse had been found in bad company, it was contraband of war, and above all, the boys had made it "corban" to Gov. Yates, and however loyal, and however pretty the widow who claimed it, she was compelled to see it depart forever, with the prospect of its being subjected to the ignoble use of carrying the loyal governor of the Sucker State.

Cumberland being threatened about this time, the regiment was ordered to make a forced march to that point, which they did over very bad roads in eighteen hours, a distance of thirty-nine miles.

From Cumberland the regiment was ordered to New Creek. In the meantime Lt. Col. Osborn had been promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment, and Major Mann had been made lieutenant colonel, and Captain Munn of Co. A. had been made major. It will be well for the reader to look sharply to the vowels in these two last names. It is our Munn, who is now the major, and though he is a man, he is not "Major Mann," as the "patriotism of Illinois," erroneously calls him.

During January, while at New Creek, the regiment received new uniforms, of which they were greatly in need, as they still wore the ones with which they left Chicago. It was not with our soldiers as it was with the children of Israel in the wilderness;—their clothes waxed old and that very soon. The comfort and health, as well as the appearance of the regiment, was greatly en-

hanced. For it was now suffering greatly from sickness, brought on by exposure and fatiguing duty. The weather was very cold, and much of the time their quarters were poor—being cattle cars. For over two months at this place and Patterson's creek, the men endured the discomforts to which they were exposed without grumbling, although many of their comrades were dying.

In February the regiment had the advance in the movement to open the railroad toward Martinsburg. It had been assigned to the first brigade of Gen. Lander's division. It was for some time kept on the move, and sometimes divided, watching the road at different points, until the boys began to think that that was the chiefend of their creation.

Company E left Alpine Saturday afternoon and crossed the river to guard the baggage train of the regiment that had been ordered to Martinsburg by way of Williamsport. They left Hancock Saturday evening, and marched to Clear Spring, fifteen miles. This was a beautiful village of about 1000 inhabitants, and comparatively loyal. The citizens treated them to a good breakfast. Moving on they reached Williamsport, eleven miles further, about 11 a. m. Here they crossed on a ferry. The train consisted of twenty-four wagons, and only one could cross at a time. The town was full of soldiers. The regiment was at this time distributed between Williamsport and Alpine Station. On the 11th of March the rest of the regiment came into Martinsburg, and marched through town and bivoucked about one and a half miles out on the road to Winchester; and the next morning Company E joined them, and all moved on about ten miles, and waited for the wagons to come up, and bivoucked for the night. Started next morning at 4 a. m. and hastened on to join the brigade. They came up with them and encamped two miles east of Winchester.

Here they found a vast array of armed forces; the country as far almost as they could see was covered with tents and trains. Here was all of Shield's force, consisting of 17 regiments, (Gen. Lander had died, and Shields was now in command); together with a large part of Bank's force. They had taken possession of the place Wednesday morning, the enemy retiring before them, a few of their rear guard being captured.

On Tuesday the 18th, the regiment was ordered to move with three day's rations and 60 rounds of cartridge, and 9 a. m. moved out with the brigade, passing briskly through Winchester, all the bands playing inspiring music. The day was fine and the roads good, and the boys were animated with the hope of doing something more brilliant than the guarding of railroad bridges. Far as the eye could see the column stretched out before and behind over the rolling hills—infantry, artillery, and cavalry, an imposing sight.

“'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.”

Gen. Shield's division was with them, and they were moving in the direction of Strasburg—a “reconnoissance in force.” Just the other side of a village called Newtown, the advance came in sight of the enemy's cavalry six miles from Winchester. The Union column pressed on as fast as possible, with some skirmishing, until they came to a little stream called Cedar Creek. Here, the enemy having got across, blew up the bridge and turned their cannon on our forces. The advance waited for the artillery, which soon came flying up, but before they could get into position, the enemy retired. The 1st brigade was assigned to guard the artillery, and not allowed to build fires. So they bivouacked on the wet ground, and stretched out their tired limbs, and rested as best they could, under their blankets, and in the morning found themselves nearly frozen in.

In the morning, crossing the creek, they marched out about three miles, passing through the camp of the enemy. General Shields reconnoitered the ground, sending forward the artillery and the 1st brigade. The batteries took position on two hills, commanding the position of the enemy, and the infantry were posted on the hill side, in the rear. Two regiments were deployed as skirmishers, and the artillery opened fire. The rebels at once withdrew, and the skirmishers and cavalry were ordered forward. After advancing two miles the enemy began to throw shells, and it being now night, the advance was called back and bivouacked near town. This constituted the great battle of Shenandoah, near Strasburg, on the 19th of March, 1862. The rebels did not stop

long enough to fight, after our forces got into position. Two men were slightly wounded on the Union side. Next morning the force returned, and got back to their former quarters, (21 miles) just after dark.

Saturday, March 20th, the report came into camp that Col. Ashby had made a dash into our pickets, and had taken Co. C of the 39th, prisoners, and captured eighty wagons. The long roll was sounded; the regiment formed in line and moved out on the double quick, through Winchester, and off to the right on the Romney road. Just as they got through the town they encountered a rebel battery which opened on them, and here General Shields had his left arm broken by a fragment of shell, which at the same time did not wound the flesh. Our artillery quickly replied and drove them off. The report that Co. C was captured proved false,—only two men of that company were captured. The regiment moved on about eight miles, but found no enemy, and returned to camp at one in the morning.

March 23d, the regiment had the privilege of taking part in the brilliant fight at Winchester, in which "Stonewall" proved to be a "bowing wall and a tottering fence" before the Union army.

Being posted at the extreme left, the 39th did not come into the thickest of the fight, and suffered but little. Its part in the battle is thus told by a member of the regiment, writing to the *Wilmington Herald* at the time. Under date of March 29th, near Strasburg, he writes :

"Everything remained quiet after that, until Sunday noon, when the long roll sounded again. We marched out on the Strasburg road, and within two miles of Winchester, turned off to the left, and marched through the fields and woods until we came in sight of the enemy. We halted and were ordered to lie flat. Meanwhile the enemy's cannon on the front and right was speaking loud and fierce. Some of our artillery were planted on a hill to the right, and replied with good effect. The position of the enemy was in the woods to the right and left of a little village called Kernstown. All around there were patches of timber in which the enemy concealed themselves as much as possible. Their main force seemed to be in the edge of a wood on a hill,

northwest of the town. Most of our force was on a ridge northeast of the town. The rebels opened fire on our regiment from a battery in front, but few shells reached us. They then moved to the left and nearer, and the shells burst thick and fast around us. Two cannon came to our rescue, and soon silenced the rebel guns. We now moved to the left, and took position close to the enemy, so as to command their position, and they immediately drew back.

"About five o'clock we hear a heavy roll of musketry, and another, and another in quick succession, then one continued roar and crash, and the smoke rises thick above the trees where the battle is raging. The roar and smoke continue without abatement, but it moves farther and farther off, and we conclude our forces are driving the enemy. As night comes on we see the flash of the guns, as the messengers of death fly fast from line to line, and as the darkness increases, the noise dies away, until it ceases altogether. We lie down on the field with our guns beside us, not knowing when we may be called upon to renew the conflict. All night long the men are moving about with torches in search of the wounded and dead. Many poor fellows on both sides have gone to their long rest. Many more are crippled for life. The Union loss is said to be from fifty to one hundred killed, and three or four hundred wounded. The enemy's loss is not known, but said to be three hundred killed.

"The scene of the battle field is awful. Dead men lying in heaps here and there, limbs of others, and dead horses lying in every direction. In a little hollow behind a battery, four rebels were playing cards. They had just dealt, and each held his hand, when a shell burst in their midst, and killed all of them. In other places the wounded are groaning and crying for help. Such is a battle field! Although the shell fell thick around us, and Co. D. were skirmishing all the afternoon, none of our regiment were injured. Next morning before light we moved on, the artillery occasionally throwing shells. All day we followed after the retreating rebels, till we came to Cedar Creek, when our artillery threw shells across at the rebels who were cooking their supper. They gathered up in haste and fled; one shell killed one man and wounded three. Next morning as we passed over the

ground of the rebel bivouac, we found it strewn with half filled barrels of flour, cakes half baked, and tents half burned, and things scattered very generally. We passed on without much skirmishing, to our present position, three miles from Strasburg."

In the pursuit of the enemy down the Shenandoah valley, the 39th were in advance. The pursuit was resumed Tuesday, the 25th, and as our forces moved forward, the rebel cavalry and artillery disappeared. Our artillery continued to throw shells after them, and they went behind the hills and woods towards Woodstock. The pursuit was kept up with more or less skirmishing, and the regiment went into camp about three miles southeast of Woodstock. The town of Woodstock is a county seat, and consisted of one main street running through the valley. As we entered one end, the enemy left at the other. They had artillery planted upon the hill on the further side, and ours was planted upon the height on this side. Not wishing to injure the place or peril the lives of the citizens, our forces did not fire until the enemy opened from their side, when we replied ; and then for a little while the shells flew from either direction over the little town, to the no small terror of its inhabitants. One of our shots struck the large brass ball upon the top of the court house, and halved it. During this artillery duel also, Gen. Ashby's horse was killed under him, giving the rebel general a close call.

When we went into camp, near the little town of Edinburg, the army was short of rations, and permission was given to forage, which was eagerly accepted on the part of the men. The woods were full of hogs, and forthwith a big hog hunt was instituted, and a promiscuous firing was going on all over the wooded sides of the mountain. It is a wonder that something besides hogs were not slaughtered. Indeed, one man had a very narrow escape. He was sitting down by a tree reading a letter—no doubt one he had just got from home—when all at once he was seen to throw up his arms and sink down. On being examined, he was found paralyzed and insensible. A ball had struck the top of his head, depressing the skull, so that it pressed upon the brain, and yet the scalp was not lacerated. The surgeons, with ready skill, elevated the skull and relieved the pressure, and he was restored to consciousness, and recovered.

While in this position, which was in a beautiful grove, on the north bank of the Shenandoah, there was daily more or less skirmishing with the enemy.

On the first of April, the regiment was called up at one o'clock, and moved forward toward the enemy. It marched through Edinburg, the advance driving the pickets of the enemy. The rebels fire a few shells and retire, and our force moves on. After sunrise they go through Mt. Jackson, a village of five or six hundred inhabitants. Here the rebels, before leaving, set fire to cars, engines, bridge, &c. While they were trying to burn the bridge over the Shenandoah, our cavalry charged them, shot one man, took three prisoners, and saved the bridge. Jackson tried to make a stand on the heights across the river, but Shields flanked him, and he withdrew toward Stanton.

It was here that the 39th made its first, if not its most brilliant, charge. Across the valley, on Rood's Hill, nearly a mile distant, a masked battery was discovered. The men were concealed, and only the mouth of what was at least a 24-pounder, could be seen. It was important that this battery should be taken at once. To the 39th was assigned the duty and honor of taking it. Away the boys went on the double-quick, but silently and cautiously, and making a *detour* so as to conceal their movement, and come upon the battery in flank. When they had got sufficiently near, with a yell, a whoop, and a hurrah, through the woods they charged with a rush upon the formidable battery, which was found to consist of an old steampipe, which had been abandoned, by the roadside, and which was supported by any number of trees standing in serried ranks behind it! How many of the regiment owed their promotion to this gallant exploit, the writer is not informed.

Our force then marched around, forded the river, and arrived at Newmarket, Friday afternoon, and went into camp in the woods, April 19th.

Next day, the 39th was ordered across the mountain, to the south branch of the Shenandoah. Four companies of the regiment were stationed at the bridge, near Luray. The other companies, in charge of Captain, or rather Major Munn, (for such he now was), were sent some seven miles above, to guard another bridge, known as the Columbia. They found the cavalry of the enemy in pos-

session of the farther end, and had quite a sharp and brilliant skirmish before getting possession. They, however, drove off the enemy, and took some seventeen prisoners.

Major Munn then posted his men in such a way as to hold the place. The bridge was a covered one, and of considerable length, so that the character of any persons in the bridge could not be determined by anyone approaching it. This circumstance gave them another prisoner soon after they had got possession.

One of the rebel officers had been off down the valley to see his girl, and was returning on his horse very leisurely, and without the least suspicion that in his absence the bridge had changed hands. He came along singing to himself, feeling very happy, no doubt, for the parting kiss was still warm upon his lips! Our boys saw him coming, and one drew up to fire upon him. But Major Munn said, "No, we will not murder him, but we will have some fun." So they withdrew into the shadow of the bridge, and, when the reb had got close up, they gave the word "halt!" He sang out, "What are you halting me for; I ain't no d—d yankee." "We be! halt!" and our boys, with levelled muskets, stepped out and repeated the challenge. The astonishment and chagrin of the reb, at thus finding himself a prisoner to the hated yanks, was beyond description. The remembrance of the good time he had just had with his girl down the valley could hardly compensate him.

The regiment remained in the valley some weeks, having more or less skirmishing with the enemy. During this time, Co. E lost one man, John Ripple, by capture, he having got outside the lines.

The weather was, much of the time, wet and disagreeable, and even as late as April 23d, there were snow storms. One member of Co. A also died at Newmarket, April 22d, David S. Farabee.

Patrolling for bushwhackers, and for whisky, relieved somewhat the dullness of the stay here. Some of the boys made visits to the top of the mountain, three miles distant from camp, from which the view of the Shenandoah valley was so splendid and enchanting as to amply repay one for the labor of the ascent, and the hazard of being gobbled up or bushwhacked. The valley lay spread out like a map beneath the eye. It was now beginning to put on its spring garb. One could not but regret that such a beautiful region should feel the tread of devastating armies.

We said that the regiment was engaged in patrolling for whisky. This may need some explanation, and it also reminds us of a little story.

Whisky had been made contraband of war, and was also excluded by military edict from the army lines—at least from the rank and file of the army. Hence it was part of the duty of officers and men, when doing provost work, to hunt it up, and destroy or confiscate it, and get into safe hands. Now, in the 39th, as in most other regiments, there were some who had a fondness for the contraband, and many were the devices of such to hide it from the provost details. It is said that some were in the habit of hiding their canteens in the tents of the officers, well knowing that no one would think of looking in them for anything contraband, and that there they would be *perfectly* safe.

Well, one day, a private of the regiment was returning to the camp from a foraging expedition. He was a good and brave soldier, but sadly fond of contraband, and his gait and general appearance now showed plainly that he had somewhere got hold of some of it. In this plight he was met by the colonel, who, seeing his condition, felt bound to call him to account. He therefore halted him, charged him with being drunk, and demanded of him where he had got his whisky. The man stoutly denied the charge, although his speech and manner testified sadly against him. The colonel was somewhat taken aback by the man's bold denial, and was about to pass on, when he discovered that the man was trying to conceal his canteen. He then demanded of him what he had got in his canteen. "Nothing," was the unblushing reply. "Nothing," says the colonel, "hand it up and let me see." The man had no choice but to comply, and a slight examination only was required to demonstrate that it was full of whisky. Enraged at the man's mendacity, he asked him what he meant by lying so. The soldier avowed that he had not lied. "Not lied," said the colonel, "why, you told me that you had nothing in your canteen, and here it is full of whisky. What do you mean." "Oh, said the soldier, "this is not *my* canteen; my canteen is in my tent." "Not your canteen; then whose is it, sir?" demanded the colonel. "Oh—this—is—Ma—jor—Munn's—canteen!"

The colonel confiscated the canteen and contents, and rode on.

The subsequent history of Major Munn's canteen is veiled in obscurity.

Symptoms of an advance now manifest themselves. All the sick and disabled, and extra tents, baggage, &c., were sent back, and preparations made for a long march.

Monday, May 12th, the 39th started out with Shields' entire division of three brigades, marched around ten miles across the lower bridge, and encamped near Luray. From thence the force moved to Front Royal, twenty-seven miles, in a day and a half—the last day and night being very rainy. The boys of the 39th, not being provided with rubber blankets, they were quartered in a large hospital building, which had been put up by the rebels. After remaining twenty-four hours, they moved on for Warrenton Junction, which was reached the next Monday. From this place to Manassas, the country was one complete scene of devastation, having been so often traversed by the armies of both north and south. Wednesday the march was resumed, and the army reached the vicinity of Fredericksburg Thursday night, and encamped on the east bank of the Rappahannock, among McDowell's forces. Fredericksburg lay on the opposite side of the river, apparently a fine city.

On the 23d, there was a grand review of the army. This was witnessed by the president, and secretaries Seward and Stanton. It was a splendid pageant. The president particularly noticed the 39th, it being an Illinois regiment, and bearing so loyal a name.

Here, the next day, the news of Gen. Banks' defeat in the valley arrived, and the regiment was ordered back. Although they had had but one day's rest, they made a forced march back again, a distance of 180 miles. They left Sunday morning, the 25th, and reached Front Royal, Friday, the 30th, going by way of Manassas Junction, and having considerable skirmishing. The march was a hard one, and, to increase its discomfort, the rations were scanty. Sunday afternoon they moved on from Front Royal, and arrived at their old camp at Luray, having been absent three weeks.

Subsequently the brigade was sent from Luray to Port Republic, to hold, or, if need be, to burn the bridge across the south branch of the Shenandoah, and met with a sad disaster. But the 39th had not reached there, and escaped. Some of the boys were called upon

to assist in the care of the wounded brought in from that fight, (about 75).

Gen. Shields' command remained in the vicinity of Luray until the 15th of June, when he started for Front Royal, where the whole command arrived on the 17th. Remained here until the 22d, when the march was resumed, passing through Manassas and Thoroughfare Gap, arrived at camp near Manassas. Here there was another grand review and inspection.

While here, orders came to move by railroad to Alexandria, Va., where it was embarked upon transports for the James river, and next day, June 29th, reached Harrison's Landing, in time to take part in the closing scenes of General McClellan's seven days' fight and seven nights' retreat. It here met the 8th cavalry, in which were many old friends and acquaintances. Sunday, August 3d, Chaplain McReading preached, having the 8th for part of his congregation. While here, the 39th was kept at the front, on picket duty, and had a series of skirmishes, of no great importance, until the 5th of August, when it took part in the second fight at Malvern Hill, without material injury, although it was on the picket line, Major Munn being in command.

From this point, many, both officers and privates, were sent away sick. The regiment was assigned to the 1st brigade of Peck's division of Keys' corps. It participated in the memorable "change of base" of McClellan's grand army to Fortress Monroe.

On the 1st of September, the regiment was sent to Suffolk, Va., where it remained three months, fortifying the place, and making frequent expeditions to the Blackwater, having occasional heavy skirmishes with the enemy. On one occasion, it aided in the capture of two pieces of artillery and forty prisoners.

While at Suffolk, Maj. Munn, finding his health giving way, resigned his commission and returned home. This closed the campaign of 1862.

On the 5th day of January, 1863, the regiment again broke camp, and leaving its comfortable quarters at Suffolk, where it had been resting since the first day of Sept. last, marched to the Chowan river, a distance of about 75 miles. Having lain idle so long, the marching came pretty hard. Here they embarked on transports for Newbern, N. C., passing through Albemarle and Pamlico

sounds, where they arrived on the 9th, and reported to General Foster. Col. Osborn was here placed in command of the 1st brigade of Terry's division of Foster's corps.

After remaining at Newbern two weeks, the regiment was ordered to form part in the great southern expedition of General Foster. It went by railroad to Morehead City, where it embarked on the 25th. But as a storm was raging outside, they lay at anchor several days for it to subside. They finally put to sea. This was the first experience many of them had of "a life on the ocean wave," and to many of them it was not very delightful. They had to settle their accounts with old Neptune, who demanded the usual tribute exacted from fresh fish.

After a rough voyage, they anchored safely in the harbor of Port Royal, on the island of St. Helena, having been on ship-board about two weeks. Here they went into a beautiful camp at Land's End, seven miles from Hilton Head, which was shaded by live oaks and orange trees; and here they remained several weeks, passing the time in drill exercises. The regiment was highly complimented, by experienced drill officers, for its perfection in drill and soldierly appearance. By way of recreation, the boys indulged in boat rides, oyster bakes, and in alligator hunting; also in collecting shells, which were found in great abundance on a neighboring island.

While here the regiment received a beautiful flag from Gov. Yates, which had the State coat of arms on one side, and the portrait of their patron saint on the other. The regiment also carried a national flag. The portrait of Gov. Yates subsequently met with a casualty. A solid shot from a rebel cannon carried away the governor's head entirely. I suppose the rebs would have been glad if it had been the head of the patriotic governor himself.

On the 2nd of April the regiment left St. Helena Island to take part in the expedition of General Hunter, against Charleston, and embarked on the steamer New England, and arrived at Folly Island, the 6th of April. This island is about five miles from Charleston. The men were pleased with the idea of taking a hand in the task of subduing the hot bed of the rebellion. They were immediately set to work to erect batteries. They were here

brought into close relations with the rebels again, as they occupied part of the Island.

From an observatory, the entire harbor, Forts Sumter, Moultrie and Johnson, and the steeples of the city were plainly visible. On the day after their arrival, they saw Admiral Dupont enter the harbor with his fleet of iron clads and monitors, and they witnessed the engagement with the famous Fort Sumter which a member of the regiment thus describes :

“FOLLY ISLAND, April 7th, '63. When the day broke this morning, we discovered that the eminence upon which we had encamped last night about 12, commanded a view of great range. We could see the blockading fleet off Charleston harbor; the iron clads, and the reserve fleet of wooden vessels; Fort Moultrie and the sand batteries on Sullivan's Island; Cummings Point battery on the end of Morris Island, and Secessionville; the steeples of Charleston; and above all Fort Sumter, with the rebel flags flying defiantly over it. Old Sumter loomed up grandly; as we gazed upon its massive walls we thought bitterly of the startling episode of two years ago. Every heart in the 39th was burning to avenge the insult and treason of that hour. Between two and three o'clock p. m., the entire iron clad fleet had crossed the bar, and for a time we watched in suspense, as the intervening woods and sand hills shut out the fleet from our view. Suddenly we saw clouds of white curling smoke fly from the walls of Sumter. It was the signal for engagement, and the fort became calm as before.

Soon we discovered a white flag flying beneath the stars and bars, but it was no flag of peace and submission. Leveling our field glasses we recognize the “Palmetto flag,” the contemptible rag with which South Carolina opened the rebellion, and displaced the stars and stripes. Immediately we saw smoke and heard the roar of heavy guns as Moultrie and Sullivan's Island opened fire. We could see their flags, but not the works, nor could we see the fleet as yet; but soon the monitors sailed up the channel, and we could see the smoke stacks and turrets. Soon one of them approached very near Sumter and opened fire. The fort was soon hidden by dense clouds of smoke, as in rapid succession it dis-

charged its guns, and similar clouds hung over Moultrie, Cummings Point and Sullivan Island. The engagement had now become general, and the roar of the many heavy guns of both sides was terrific. It seemed impossible that the little monitor could float under such a fire. But the heavy boom of their sixteen inch dahlgreen, and two hundred pound parrots, which we could distinguish from the rebel cannon, assured us that they were afloat, and fighting bravely and desperately. Occasionally, too, as the clouds of smoke lifted we could see them in position, but we could see also the accursed flag of Sumter still flying amid the smoke of battle. The scene was grand and sublime beyond description. For two hours the fight continued; between four and five Sumter slacked fire, and as the shot and shells of the indomitable iron clads still flew through the air, we expected that the walls of Sumter would soon fly the national colors.

But the fire was again renewed fiercely by the rebels. Day was drawing to a close, and the fleet firing a parting shot withdrew over the bar, and thus ended the conflict. We rejoiced that when we counted the "cheese boxes" (as they were moving after the huge iron-clad, like ducks following their mother bird,) none were missing, and we supposed that the contest would be renewed in the morning, but we were doomed to disappointment. The engagement was not renewed, we know not why. Our only loss was the sinking of the Keokuk. We would have thanked Gen. Hunter, if he had ordered us then and there to take Morris Island and its batteries by storm. Our boys commenced swearing when they saw the fleet withdraw, and are still at it."

I don't suppose the boys' swearing hastened the downfall of Sumter, and the taking of Charleston one bit. At any rate they had to content themselves in their position for sometime longer. Meanwhile the tedium of their sojourn on Folly Island was relieved by an occasional adventure.

One night they got up an excursion to a rebel craft which had got aground on the sand bar in trying to run the blockade. Being unable to get it off, the crew had abandoned it, first setting it on fire. For some reason the fire went out, and the vessel and cargo were but little damaged. The vessel lay under the fire of the rebels on Morris Island, and the Union batteries on Folly Island,

so that neither side dare visit it in the day time to get off the cargo. The 39th made up a boat's crew, in charge of Maj. Linton, one dark night, for the purpose of making the vessel a visit, and seeing what they could find on board. They approached the vessel very cautiously, not caring to be discovered, and thus draw the fire of Morris Island, and not knowing but they might meet a like expedition on the part of the rebels.

They reached the vessel safely and got aboard, and found themselves sole possessors. But unfortunately the matches with which they were provided had somehow got wet, and they could not strike a light to aid them in their explorations. They could only ascertain the nature of the cargo by the senses of feeling and smell. But they were able to smell out, and feel out, a lot of pineapples and other fruits, a lot of cigars, and some fine old Scotch whisky. It is something wonderful how keen the boys were on the scent! It was a wonderful instance of that compensating provision of nature, by which when one sense is absent, the other becomes preternaturally acute. They confiscated as much of the cargo as they could conveniently carry, and got back to quarters again all right.

On learning the success of this trip, another squad thought they would try it. These managed to keep their matches from getting demoralized, and thus were able to examine the cargo pretty thoroughly, finding it to consist of cigars, liquors, and ready-made clothing, for all of which, no doubt, the rebels in Charleston were longing. After satisfying their curiosity, and getting together as big a load of the cargo as they could conveniently carry, they prepared to return. But what was their chagrin to find that the boat, which had been left in charge of some careless sentinel, had got loose from its moorings, with the rising tide, and had floated off. They could do nothing now but to leave their plunder, (except such as had been consumed), and swim for the shore. This they did, except two who were not swimmers, who had to be left behind until the next night, in full possession of the vessel and cargo. The rest of the party reached the shore safely, although some of them were pretty nearly exhausted.

In June the regiment was moved to Coles Island, where they had a pleasant camp beneath the scattering live oaks, and also good water. June 29th, it returned to Folly Island.

July 10th, the regiment assisted in the capture of part of Morris Island, Forts Wagner and Gregg being still in possession of the enemy. The regiment now engaged in the construction of the forts, parallels, and trenches, which resulted in the capture of Fort Wagner. It had been assigned to Gen. A. H. Terry's division. A day or two previous to the fall of this fort, Col. Osborn was temporarily disabled by the premature discharge of a piece of ordnance.

The 39th formed the advance of their brigade, under command of Lieut. Col. Mann, and occupied the trenches on the night (Sept. 6th) when it was discovered that the fort was being evacuated. As soon as the purpose of the enemy was discovered, a detail of the 39th went into the fort, capturing the rear guard of the enemy, and being just in time to stop a man who was just about to pull the lanyard of a gun, which was heavily loaded with grape and canister, and which had the range of our men, who were advancing; and also to cut the fuse which the rebels had fired to explode the mines and magazine. They then had the satisfaction of being the first to plant the national colors, and the portrait of Gov. Yates, upon the parapet of Fort Wagner. A part of the regiment garrisoned the fort for a few days, and the rest occupied Fort Gregg, which fell at the same time. While in Fort Gregg, the regiment lost one of its officers, Capt. Woodruff, of Marseilles, by a shell thrown by the rebel guns on Sullivan's Island.

The loss of the regiment during the four months it had been engaged in siege duty, was not very heavy, considering its exposure. The experience of being under fire continually, although behind intrenchments, is much more trying to the nerves, and courage even, than a hotly contested battle-field.

Walter Van Bogert, of Co. E, (from Wilmington), was killed by the fragment of a shell, while passing from one fort to the other, just after being released from outpost duty. He was a brave and valued member of his regiment, a young man barely old enough for enlistment at the time the regiment was raised. The following tribute to his memory was written by a member of the regiment at the time of his fall:

"Comrade, sleep, thy warfare is done,
Roll we in grief the muffled drum,
Bear thee with sighs, and measured tread,
To the silent home of the patriot dead.

We shall miss thy bright and joyous face,
When we see thee not in thy 'custom'd place ;
But we know that thy Heavenly Father's hand
Has placed thee in a bright and better land.

Fast fall our tears on thy hallowed clay,
And, laden with grief, we turn away ;
And at night 'round our camp-fires thy virtues tell,
Comrade in arms, farewell—farewell !''

Fort Wagner was a strong and extensive fort. In its front there was a space which ran out to the shore, and which served as a dyke, or passage to the fort. This had been filled up, it was said, by the bodies of those who fell in former attacks. It was also said that Col. Shaw was here buried, under a heap of his colored soldiers. This, no doubt, was meant as an indignity. There are those so peculiar as to regard it as the noblest burial !

After assisting awhile in the repair of the defenses of Morris Island, the 39th returned again to Folly Island, Oct. 28th. While on Folly Island, Lieut. Kingsbury was presented by Co. E with a fine sword, sash, &c.

The regiment left Folly Island the 6th of December, going to Hilton Head. Here it remained until about the first of February, 1864. While here, the 39th set the example of re-enlisting for another three years, and received its veteran furlough. It left Hilton Head, Feb. 1st, 1864, for Chicago, going by way of New York. It was escorted to the place of embarkation by an entire brigade, with several generals and their staffs. During the passage to New York, a sad accident occurred. A water butt broke loose from its mooring on deck, rolled against some of the men, injuring eight—two fatally.

The regiment reached Chicago about the 4th of February, with 352 men, 40 whose time was not expired, remaining with 40 others who did not veteranize. They received a fine ovation at Bryan Hall. The people of Wilmington also gave companies A and E a fine reception, at which Col. Osborn and a portion of his staff were present, and the Col., who was as good a talker as he was a fighter, made an eloquent and patriotic speech.

The boys spent their furlough at their various homes, being everywhere received with the honors they had so deservedly won. During their furlough great efforts were made to fill up its deci-

mated ranks, which were ably seconded by their former Major—Munn. This county, especially Wilmington and vicinity, furnished its share of recruits. The citizens of Wilmington treated the 39th to a re-union, which was a happy and pleasant occasion. A highly complimentary letter was written to Governor Yates in relation to the regiment by Gen. Seymour, who had commanded the brigade, speaking in the highest terms of the conduct and pluck of the 39th. This letter was strongly endorsed by Gen. Gilmore.

After the regiment had recruited to 750, it left (March 15th,) for Washington, by the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne R. R., once more saying good-bye to friends and relatives, and after a safe and pleasant trip, arrived at Washington. After spending a quiet Sabbath in the city, it marched over the famous long bridge, and went into camp at camp Grant, Arlington Heights.

The regiment remained for some weeks in camp at this place, enduring the discomforts of a Washington spring, which consisted of mud, rain and snow, in about equal proportions. The time was spent in drilling recruits, and in the routine of camp duty, and in witnessing the practice of the artillerists at the neighboring forts. The thundering of the cannon, and the terrific shrieking of shells, being new to the recruits, gave them an inkling of the experience that awaited them. While here, the regiment raised by subscription \$600 for instruments for a brass band which had been organized by members of the regiment.

While here the 39th was temporarily brigaded with the 25th, 62d, and 67th Ohio regiments. Col. Pond of the 62d being in temporary command. At a review of the brigade by Major General Casey, the 39th was highly complimented by him. A squad of recruits from Springfield, Illinois, was also received at this time.

On Monday, the 25th of April, the regiment struck tents once more, marched to Alexandria, and embarked on board the "Montauk," for Fortress Monroe. After a pleasant voyage they reached the Fortress on the next morning, and proceeded immediately to Yorktown—the place made historic by Gen. McClellan, as well as by Washington and Cornwallis. Here they were rejoined by the members of the regiment who had not veteranized, and who

had remained behind at Hilton Head. The regiment was now assigned to the first brigade, first division, 10th army corps.

The regiment had now come into a region of great historic interest. On the James River, about fifty miles from its mouth, was planted in 1607, the first English settlement in our country. On the site of the present city of Richmond, was the capital of Powhattan, the great chief of thirty tribes, where, in his royal residence of twelve wigwams, he dwelt in regal state, as proud as any of his successors; and here originated that beautiful legend, concerning the rescue of the great founder of the Smith family by the beautiful Pocahontas. (We would tell the story—but we have a suspicion that it would not be fresh.) At Williamsburg was the old colonial capital of Virginia, where Patrick Henry uttered the thrilling words, (since occasionally quoted,) "Give me liberty, or give me death." Near by, on the shore of the Pamunkey was the home of that charming widow, to whom the great Washington struck his colors, while a little to the north on the Rappahannock grew the famous cherry tree. At Yorktown was settled the question of our independence by the surrender of Cornwallis. And now in these days the 39th was to aid in enacting new events, and in settling new questions which were to add new interest to the region—to make it still more historic. At Hampton, an old town near the mouth of the James, Captain Baker strolled into an ancient grave yard surrounding the ruins of an old brick church which had been burned by the rebels, and here he found a moss grown grave stone which would have delighted Old Mortality himself, on which was the inscription, "Under this stone lies the body of Captain Willis Wilson, who departed this life the 19th day of December, in the year 1701, it being the 128th year of his age." This man was then 32 years old when Captain Newport brought over the Jamestown settlers—the 105 persons, 48 of whom were "gentlemen,"—Captain John Smith being one. It is not unlikely that Captain Wilson came over at the same time and was one of the 48 gentlemen. I wish I knew. He died five years before the birth of Franklin. He no doubt enjoyed the honor of being the oldest inhabitant of that quaint old town for several years. Surely he must have been "fully ripe" when the great reaper "gathered him in." I wonder if he smoked!

The regiment left Yorktown for City Point, on the James River, Wednesday, May 4th, at which place it arrived on Thursday evening. Friday morning the army disembarked without any opposition, and then took up the line of march, (the 39th being in the advance,) for a dense pine forest known as Wier Bottoms, within fifteen miles of Richmond. The day was excessively warm, and the road soon became strewn with discarded blankets, overcoats, etc.; everything which could be dispensed with to lighten the load, with the usual recklessness of the soldier, being thrown away. During the next few days the army had considerable heavy skirmishing, capturing trains, prisoners, etc., and tearing up railroad tracks. Gen. Gilmore was in command of the corps.

After a few days the column was moved forward to Drury's Bluff, and the 39th was placed on the extreme left of General Butler's command, and was not brought into action until the 14th, when it supported a battery, and had two killed and seven wounded. On the 15th had some casualties from sharpshooters. On the 16th our entire force was driven back. The 39th was at one time completely surrounded by the enemy, but succeeded in cutting its way out, suffering great loss. To use Gen. Butler's words, "The 39th fought most gallantly, and suffered most severely." In respect to this action, a correspondent of the *Wilmington Herald*, (E. D. Conley), one of the new members of the regiment, writes:

"On Saturday morning, at 2:30, we were ordered to "fall in," with two days' rations. We marched eight miles, and halted on the R. & P. R. R., eleven miles from Richmond. Firing was already going on, and the 39th proceeded at once to the extreme left of the Union line, under a heavy fire, to support the 5th N. J. battery, which was shelling the rebel earthworks, two miles from Fort Darling. After a stubborn resistance, the rebels were driven back from a thick pine wood to their strongholds. Here an open field of three-fourths of a mile intervened between the two armies. Col. Osborn received a ball in his right elbow, but kept the field for hours, until compelled to leave from loss of blood. The rebels made two charges after dark, but were repulsed. Night came on,

and the rebels returned to their defenses. Sunday there was desultory firing by the sharpshooters, and the time was improved by the 39th in intrenching themselves. Monday, the 16th, the bloody work began again in earnest. The rebels were in possession of the railroad which ran through the battle-field to Richmond. At daylight the enemy opened with heavy cannonading. A heavy fog shut them from sight until after sunrise. Our right wing was pressed hard by the rebel cavalry that had advanced under cover of the fog, and after repeated charges, broke the Union line at a point where we had no artillery. About 8 a. m., as the right was giving way, two regiments on the right of the 39th fell back in disorder, and the 81st New York was ordered away from our left, leaving the 39th on the extreme left, and compelling them to stretch out and occupy the rifle pits vacated by the N. Y. regiment. At this moment, on came the enemy in heavy columns, but the 39th was ready to receive them. The adjutant ordered the boys to hold their fire until the enemy was within 300 yards, when we delivered a fire that mowed them down, and threw their ranks into confusion. They rallied and advanced a second time, and were treated to the same reception. It was here, that while standing upon the earthworks, cheering on our men, that Adjutant Walker fell, and Major Linton soon followed. At one time the enemy got in our rear, after the command had devolved upon Capt. L. A. Baker, and he was called upon to surrender. The demand was answered by a volley and a cheer. The army finally fell back to our fortifications, and it seems the rebels were not anxious to follow. The 39th was the last regiment to leave the field, and was thought to be captured by the commanding general."

The entire loss in the regiment was nearly 200.

On the 20th of May the regiment was again ordered out, to dislodge the enemy from some temporary work near Wier Bottom church, which was accomplished in a most gallant manner, being entirely successful. The 39th captured a large number of prisoners, including Gen. Walker, who was seriously wounded. In this engagement, Lieut. Col. Mann was wounded, and the regiment was left without a field officer. The entire loss of the regiment was about forty killed and wounded. The following is a

list of casualties to Will county men in these engagements of the 14th, 16th, and 20th of May, 1864 :

KILLED:

Silas Benton, Co. E; Elisha Carr, Co. E.

WOUNDED AND MISSING:

Adj. Joseph D. Walker, of Lockport, wounded by a musket shot in the bowels, and died in five hours. Co. A—A. H. Carrigan, wounded, died June 3d; Henry Bowen, severe and missing; James Wilcox, slight; Corp. John Holton, slight; Henry Ruppenthal, arm amputated; Wm. Willard, slight; Daniel Ashton, missing; F. Bronchet, missing; Claus Arhues, slight; M. Coons, missing; Andrew Sybert, missing; James Dobson, severe; Samuel Proud, slight; Wm. Baxter, severe; Harvey Tracy, missing; Barton S. Walters, missing; Ira Nichols, severe and taken prisoner; Daniel Daly, slight. Co. C—Michael McNally, slight. Co. E—2d Lieut. Elisha S. Kingsbury, left arm amputated; Sergt. T. Gronigal, severe and missing, (died); Sergt. David M. Hansom, missing; Sergt. John L. Ripple, missing; Hugh R. Snee, severe and missing; James Gillett, severe; James Nelson, severe; Dilton Lee, missing; Henry Ohlhues, severe; Reuben Slayton, missing; George H. Dunn, slight; Frank M. Corbett, slight; Wm. Baxter, severe and missing; Almon Merrill, severe; Lawrence Baker, mortally; George W. Morgan, severe; Howard Johnson, severe; Moses Mayer, severe; Alpheus Rogers, arm amputated; James Munroe, slight; Wm. F. Hertzog, slight; Orson C. Porter, slight. Co. G—Corp. N. B. Kendall, severely wounded and left on the field, reported mortally, but recovered; Henry Frank, concussion; Sergt. Horace T. Corwin, slight; James B. West, slight. Co. A—May 26th, Lieut. Burrell, severely wounded.

On the 2d day of June the regiment was again called out, and had a severe engagement on nearly the same ground as on the 20th of May, and its losses were nearly the same, about 40. The losses from our county were: Co. A—Corp. Thos. DeLine and Wm. H. Reed, taken prisoners; Frank Abrams, missing.

Many of those reported missing in the above lists, experienced the delights of rebel prisons. Andrew Sibert and David H. Hansom perished in Andersonville. Barton S. Walters and Thomas DeLine lived to get into our lines, but never recovered from their sufferings. Smith died at Annapolis, April 1st. DeLine came home, lingered awhile, and died.

On the 16th, 17th, and 18th days of June, the regiment came into collision with the famous Longstreet corps, near the Richmond and Petersburg pike, and fought them night and day. Here Capt. O. F. Rudd, of this county, was killed, and the regiment lost in the three days' fight about 35 in killed and wounded. Sergt. W. J. Harris, of Channahon, was also mortally wounded, and died on the 17th.

Monday, June 20th, the regiment was ordered to Jones Landing, on the James river, where a pontoon bridge was thrown over, and the regiment crossed to the south side next morning. The 25th it proceeded to Point of Rocks, went on board transports to Wilcox Landing, to make a diversion in favor of Sheridan. Finding their services were not needed, they returned. Remained at Bermuda Hundred until the 14th day of August, when they crossed to the north side of the James at Deep Bottom, and operated in conjunction with the 2d corps of the army of the James, under the direction of Gen. Grant, in a reconnoissance toward the works near Richmond. They fell back at night across the James, and on Monday, the 15th, recrossed a mile below, and again advanced on the enemy at Strawberry Plains, near Malvern Hill. Not much was done on Monday, as the day was very hot, and some were sun-struck. They were visited by Grant, Hancock, and Butler.

On the 16th the brigade was ordered to charge the works at Deep Run at the point of the bayonet. The assault was made by the brigade most gallantly, but it was met by a resistance as stubborn and fierce. Even after the assaulting column had mounted the works, the enemy maintained a hand-to-hand fight. But success at length crowned our brave boys, and the lines of the enemy were broken, and a large number of prisoners captured. But it was at a fearful expense. In perhaps fifteen minutes' time, the 39th lost 64 men, and came out of the encounter with only two of the officers left on duty that appeared on a roster of 28, when they left Washington in the spring.

During this action, a private of Co. G, Henry M. Hardenburg, encountered the color sergeant of an Alabama regiment, when a desperate conflict took place for the colors. After a sharp struggle of some minutes' duration, Hardenburg was the victor, having dispatched the rebel sergeant, and captured his colors, not, however, without receiving divers wounds himself. He presented the captured colors to Gen. Birney, commanding the corps. General Butler, on hearing of the affair, promoted him to a lieutenancy in a colored regiment. But he did not live long enough to assume the position, as he was himself killed at Petersburg, two days before the commission arrived.

The entire loss in this engagement in the 39th, was 104 in

killed, wounded and missing. The casualties to Will county men, were Capt. L. A. Baker, in command of the regiment, shot through the leg, so severely as to necessitate amputation.

Lieutenant N. C. Warner, of Co. E. was severely wounded and suffered amputation of a leg. Corp. H. E. Sartell, of Co. E, Sergeant Joseph S. Evans, and Charles H. Jackson, of Co. E. were also wounded, the latter losing an arm. Corp. Wm. Butterfield, Co. A, killed, and private John Berden.

In the latter part of August, the regiment went into the trenches in front of Petersburg, where it was on duty, and under fire almost constantly, night and day. In the latter part of September it moved with the corps north of the James, and on the 7th of October met the enemy near Chapin's farm, where it was assaulted behind some hastily constructed breastworks. But the enemy was repulsed in three successive assaults with great slaughter.

On the 13th of October, the 39th shared in the charge made under command of General A. H. Terry, upon the enemy's works near Darlington road, seven miles from Richmond. The regiment went into this fight near 250 strong, out of which number they lost 60. Several officers were killed. Indeed, the fight left the regiment again with but three commissioned officers on duty. In this engagement we lost Geo. W. Yates, of Co. A, from Wilmington. He had been promoted color sergeant for his bravery, and fell with the colors in his hand. Some one passing rapidly by him in the charge, seeing the flag, seized the staff to take it along. Sergt. Yates, though dead, held the staff with so firm a grasp that his body was dragged some distance before the muscles relaxed sufficiently to let go.

On the 29th of October, the remnant took part in a reconnoissance near the same place, and had a brisk engagement with the enemy. In November, Colonel Osborn returned to the regiment, although not fully recovered from his wounds. He was placed in command of the brigade, and the command of the regiment devolved on Lieut. Plimpton, who was promoted captain. All the field officers that survived, were off duty on account of wounds.

During the winter, the regiment remained behind the intrenchments, on the north side of the James, and was equipped anew. It had some skirmishes during the winter. In March, it received

about 100 recruits, and on the 27th took part in the movements which resulted in our final victory over the rebel army in Virginia:

On that day, it struck tents before Richmond, and made a forced march to the extreme left of the Union lines. Next evening passed Sheridan's camp, and the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, where all was busy. Going a few miles further, it went into camp, having marched 37 miles. Monday morning, it advanced to a position near Hatcher's Run.

Heavy skirmishing, sharp shooting, etc., occupied the next three days, while Sheridan's cavalry was operating on the south side of the railroad, gobbling up prisoners by thousands. Saturday night, April 1st, preparations were made for a grand advance on Petersburg; and Sunday morning the ball opened, the enemy falling back to Fort Gregg, the key to the rebel works around Petersburg and Richmond. This was a work of great strength, surrounded by a ditch six feet deep and twelve wide, and defended by the picked men of Lee's army. It was assigned to the 1st brigade to charge and take the fort, Col. Osborn of the 39th being in command. With wild cheers the brigade advanced under a galling fire. The fighting was terrific. The 39th was the first regiment to gain the ditch, (a ditch six feet deep and twelve wide, to get out of which they had to dig footholds with swords and bayonets,) and stockade, and then the parapet. The supporting column came up in line of battle, but the enemy did not surrender until the General in command of the fort was felled to the ground by a clubbed musket in the hands of a sergeant, and our troops were inside the works, and the colors of the 39th floated from the parapet.

In this assault 150 men of the 39th were engaged, the rest being on other duty. Of these 150, sixteen were killed, and now lie buried where they fell, and forty-four were severely wounded, some of whom died afterwards. Among the killed was George W. Burton, of Co. E, of Wilmington, who had mounted the parapet alone, under a raging fire, and fell pierced by three balls. The president and Gen. Grant witnessed this charge which occupied twenty-four minutes. For the gallantry displayed by the 39th, a magnificent brazen eagle, cast for the purpose, was placed

upon the regimental color staff at a subsequent review, by Major General Gibbons. The color sergeant, Henry M. Day, of Wilmington, who was severely wounded while placing the colors upon the fort, received a medal of honor from the war department.

Thus flanked and defeated, the rebel army retreated, and on Monday morning April 3d, our army marched into Petersburg. The fleeing foe was promptly pursued, the 39th joining in the chase in advance, on the line of the south side railroad, marching one day forty miles, General Grant accompanying the column. The brigade took part also in the action of the 9th, in which Osborn's old war horse, "Mack," was killed under the General by the explosion of a shell. In this its last engagement, the regiment had several casualties, as given below.

And now as a fitting close to all its fierce combats and weary marches and campaigns, the 39th had the glorious privilege of witnessing the surrender of Lee at Appomatox Court House, when the "back bone of the rebellion" was finally and effectually broken.

But little now remains to be said. The regiment was occupied a few days in guarding the spoils of the rebel army. It was then ordered to Richmond, where it had the satisfaction of treading the streets of the proud rebel capital until August, when it moved to Norfolk, Va., where it remained until Dec. 6th, when it was mustered out of service, and on the 7th started for Springfield, Ill., where it arrived via Chicago, on the 12th.

On the 16th, the regiment was assembled in chapel and surrendered its flag,—which it had borne so bravely on many a bloody field, and which had never been polluted by rebel hands,—to the State. The adjutant general thanked them for their gallant record and valuable services to the State and country, congratulating them on the happy termination of their honorable and patriotic service. The following are the casualties in companies A and E in the last actions. In action of April 2d, 1865:

KILLED:

Co. A—Samuel A. Proud, of Channahon; Hugh Rourke, of Channahon;
Co. E—George W. Burton, of Wilmington; Henry Olhues, of Florence.

WOUNDED:

Co. A—Serg't. Wm. A. Keepers, of Wilmington; Serg't. Henry M. Day, of Wilmington; Corp. Ernest Holtz, of Wilmington; Cornelius S. Wil-

lard, of Channahon, lost an arm ; Sergt. Wm. Cumberlick ; Nicholas Smith, (died). Co. E—Ralph Babcock, Alexander Anderson, (substitutes) ; Serg't. Wm. F. Kelly, of Wesley.

In action of April 9th :

WOUNDED :

Co. A—James Hopkins. Co. E—Theo. F. Axtell, of Wesley ; Eden R. Strobel, (a substitute) ; Martin V. Harderman, of Wilmington.

Of the field color guard organized in the spring of 1864 at Washington, not one survived the battle of August 16th, 1864! Lieut. N. C. Warner, who himself lost a leg at the assault on the enemy's works August 16th, 1864, and who now resides at Rockford, Ill., says, "Theodore Gronigal was chosen color sergeant of the regiment, and bore the national colors at the battle of Drury Bluffs, and was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy, and is supposed to have died. He was magnificently brave. George W. Burton, Almon Merrill, Walter Van Bogert, Alexander Gray, Henry Olhues and Thomas Stewart were boys just old enough to pass muster, and belonged to substantial families of Wilmington and vicinity, and all perished in battle from wounds received, and I remember them as conspicuously brave." To which statement we add, that N. C. Warner is entitled to the same compliment which *he* bestows upon his comrades. He was struck down as we have related August 16th, 1866, with the regimental colors in his hand, and was breveted major for his gallantry.

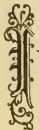
This history, brief as it is, needs no concluding words of rhetoric. Our county lost in the 39th four commissioned officers, two of whom were killed on the field. Several others were cruelly maimed. Twenty enlisted men from Will county, died of disease, thirty more were killed on the field or died of wounds. Four died from imprisonment. Many others were wounded and suffered imprisonment. Surely the Yates Phalanx contributed its full share of precious life and loyal blood to the preservation of the Union. May that life and blood not have been spent in vain !

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT; OR, YATES SHARPSHOOTERS.

Will County in the Yates Sharpshooters—Organization—Movements—From Birds Point to New Madrid—Movements—First Blood—Under Fire—Island No. 10—River Sights—Expedition to Fort Pillow—Goes to Hamburg, Tenn.—Siege of Corinth—Battle of Chambers Creek—Casualties—Incidents—Reconnoissance—Evacuation of Corinth—Incidents—Becomes Gen. Rosecrans' Headquarters' Guard—Major Matteson's Death—Capt. Morrill made Colonel—Goes to Iuka—Movements—Battle of Iuka—Pursuit of Price—Iuka—Recruits—Contrabands—Battle of Corinth—Casualties—Incidents—Various Accounts—Goes to Glendale—Long Stay on Outpost Duty—Incidents—Goes to Iuka—Pulaski—Re-enlists—Comes Home—Recruiting—Becomes a Full Regiment—Promotions—Leaves for the Front—Decatur—Sunny South—Captain Logan's Company—Brigaded—Chattanooga—Forward—Resacca—Snake Creek Gap—Kingston—Van Wirt—Dallas—Casualties—Pumpkin Vine Creek—Ackworth—Big Shanty—Kenesaw, June 27th—Casualties—A Gritty Boy—On Kenesaw—4th of July—Movements—A Friendly Swim—Marietta—Roswell—Nancy's Creek—Decatur—July 22d—Casualties—Incidents—What Sherman Says—True Story of the Dispatches—Who Filled the Gap—28th of July—Before Atlanta—Change of Base—Atlanta—Transferred to 17th Army Corps—Chasing Hood—Hard March—One Man Hard to Wake—Snake Creek Gap—Fight—Casualties—Rations Short—Rations Full—Co. G as Foragers—Marches—Return to Atlanta—Joins the March to the Sea—Poole's Station—Savannah—Poke-em-till-i-go—Northward—Salkahatchie—Orangeburg—Columbia—Fayetteville—Battle of Bentonville—Major Reynolds Wins a Brevet—March Resumed—Washington—Review—Home—Something About the Smith's—A Problem in Natural History—Conclusion.

N the 64th regiment, Will county was represented by 16 commissioned officers, and about 300 enlisted men. We had, therefore, about the same number of Will county men in this regiment as in the 20th.

Capt. David G. Grover, of Co. E, was one of our well-known lawyers, and raised his company here early in the war, in the fall of 1861.

Co. F, of this regiment, was raised largely through the efforts of Joseph S. Reynolds, of New Lenox, a son of one of our oldest and most respected Hickory Creek families, who had just graduated from the Chicago high school at the breaking out of the war. He was assisted by Lieutenant Ward Knickerbocker, also of New Lenox. Mr. Reynolds entered the company as 2d lieutenant, and shared in all its campaigns and exposures, from New Madrid to Goldsboro. He gradually rose first to the command of the company, and then of the regiment. Co. F was raised mainly in the towns of New Lenox, Frankfort, and Wilmington.

Henry Logan, captain of Co. G, (afterwards major), was, and still is, a well-known Joliet lawyer, and raised his company entirely in this county in the winter of 1863-4.

The first major of the regiment, Fred. W. Matteson, although at the time of entering the service a resident of Springfield, was born and brought up in Joliet, and his early death was as deeply felt by our citizens as if he had gone immediately from this county, and his remains now sleep in our own "Oakwood."

All these facts fully justify us in giving the history of this regiment as part of the war record of Will county. To these reasons we might add the fact that in the 64th we had the only general of whom we can boast, Colonel Reynolds being breveted brigadier toward the end of the war, as he richly deserved to be.

The first battalion of this regiment, consisting of four companies, was originally known as the "Yates Sharpshooters." This was organized at Camp Butler, Dec. 16th, 1861, by Lieut. Col. D. E. Williams, of Peoria. Two more companies—E, Capt. Grover, and F, Capt. Payne—mostly enlisted in Will county, with Fred. W. Matteson as major, were mustered in the last day of December, 1861. Jan. 10th, 1862, the battalion, consisting of six companies, was ordered to Quincy, where it went into barracks and was armed. Feb. 16th, it moved to Cairo. March 5th, it moved via Birds Point, Charleston, Bertrand, and Sykeston, to New Madrid, where it was assigned to Morgan's brigade, Payne's division of General Pope's command.

The march from Birds Point to New Madrid was a hard initiation for the Yates Sharpshooters into the discomforts of army life. Much of the country was heavily timbered and low, and—as the

river was now high—covered with water, which obliged them to follow the railroad track. Anyone who has tried it, knows that a railway is a hard road to travel—on foot. They reached Charleston the same day, a very pretty town of 1,500 inhabitants, now reduced to 36 persons—the rest having fled when our army took possession, as they cast their lot with the rebels. Next day the battalion marched to Bertrand, where they joined other Union forces. Here they staid the 7th and 8th, and on the 9th resumed the march, having the same kind of swampy country, with the additional discomfort of rain, before they reached Sykeston. They were without tents, and passed the night in the mud and rain, without shelter. But they made the situation a little more cheerful with numerous fires. Next morning the march was resumed, the Yates Sharpshooters in the lead, over a rough and muddy turnpike, but the rain had ceased. Night came on again when within five miles of New Madrid, and this, too, was passed without shelter, and it was a cold and chilly one, rendering sleep almost impossible. Next morning, their rations being short, a detail was allowed to see what they could find in the country to help them out. The result was that the boys had plenty of fresh pork.

The force then moved on to within two miles of New Madrid, where they were welcomed with shot and shell from the rebel forts. The boys made their bivouac about one and a half miles northeast of the town, near the river, protected from the rebel gun-boats by a heavy piece of timber, making their shelter out of brush and corn-stalks. Next day the Yates Sharpshooters had the honor of being selected from the large army there gathered, to make the first move toward the capture of the town and forts, which consisted in a demonstration in the night, on the opposite side of the town from the one where our forces were planting siege guns. Maj. Matteson, in command of the battalion, moved cautiously forward until fired upon by the enemy's pickets, when they were ordered to lie down. The bullets flew freely, but no damage was done, except that one bullet passed through the coat collar of Jesse Cremer, of Co. F, and slightly wounded his neck, just enough to give him the honor of shedding the first blood drawn by rebels in the Yates Sharpshooters.

The skirmishing was kept up during the night by the picket line. The enemy's pickets were reinforced by several hundred men, some of whom were well posted in an old mill. As all the object of this demonstration was to divert attention from the operations of our forces who were planting the siege guns, no attempt was made to dislodge them. In the morning, the battalion was early drawn up in line of battle, and just at sunrise had the pleasure of hearing from one of our 64-pound siege guns, which had been successfully planted during the night. Loud cheers went up from the boys on hearing the music. Gen. Paine's division was then ordered to support the guns, as it was anticipated that the enemy would make an effort to take them. Silently and solemnly the men moved forward in anticipation of serious work.

The division was halted in the rear of the siege guns, and then awaited the movements of the enemy until about 11 a. m., when, no demonstration being made by them, the division was ordered to move to the left, and if it should be practicable, to attack the upper fort and carry it by storm. Gen. Paine moved the division forward until the Yates Sharpshooters, who were a quarter of a mile in the advance, reached the edge of the town, where the division was halted. The Yates Sharpshooters could look down into the rebel fort, which was firing its guns very rapidly toward our siege guns. Soon, however, the presence of the division was discovered, and one gun turned upon them. Two rebel gun-boats also came in sight, and commenced playing upon them with shot and shell in profusion. This necessitated rapid changes of position, and the Yates Sharpshooters were ordered to lie flat upon the ground, and never did a squirrel lie closer to a limb, when the hunter was trying to draw a sight on him, than did the boys, just then, to mother earth. The position was by no means pleasant, but they endured it for about an hour, when the order came to fall back. The Yates Sharpshooters, being deployed, were not so much exposed as the rest. Some were slightly wounded, but not enough to take them from duty. After another hour in the woods, they returned to camp.

Next morning (the 14th), the men rose with the expectation of another day's exposure, and perhaps a bloody engagement; but soon one of Gen. Paine's orderlies passed through the camp, sing-

ing the welcome song, "Madrid is evacuated!" Such was the fact, as the reader of our war history well knows; and our forces came into possession of the place, with a great amount of guns and munitions of war.

The battalion then witnessed more or less of the operations against Island Number Ten, and the rebel batteries on the main land; the running of the blockade by the Pittsburgh and the Carondalet, and their gallant exploits in silencing and spiking their guns, assisted by the batteries which our forces had erected on the Missouri shore. Here were some of the most brilliant operations, and the most sublime and magnificent spectacles of the war. As is well known these operations resulted in the evacuation and surrender, (it partook of the character of both), of Island No. 10, with 5,000 prisoners, among them several generals and other officers, and of great numbers of guns, etc.

Three companies of the battalion then went to Chicago to assist in escorting the rebel prisoners, while the other three in the command of Major Matteson joined Pope's expedition down the river to Fort Pillow. This expedition left on transports preceded by gun-boats on the evening of the 13th of April, and arrived at Osceola, in the vicinity of Fort Pillow next day at 3 p. m. The voyage down the river by daylight was a fine one. The day was beautiful. The transports had bands of music which made the woods on either side resound with the national airs, while the stars and stripes waved gaily in the breeze, and flashed in the sunlight. The men also witnessed a fierce naval battle between our gun-boats and a fleet of seven rebel boats, lasting half an hour, and closing by the retreat of the rebels down the river.

After, their arrival the battalion escorted Generals Pope, Palmer and Hamilton, and the assistant secretary of war, on the "clipper Brown," on a reconnoitering expedition up the river, landing (about twelve miles up) at the house of a Unionist, where they took on board some rebels who gave themselves up as prisoners.

The gun-boats lay just above a given point of land, and sent their compliments into Fort Pillow, while the transports lay in their rear out of range of its guns. As is well known the opera-

tions against Fort Pillow directly, were not pressed, and the expedition returned.

The battalion then moved with the army up the Tennessee and disembarked at Hamburg Landing on the 22d of April. From that time it was engaged in the siege of Corinth until its evacuation, May 30th, being continually on the picket and skirmish line, generally a mile in advance of the main army.

On the 3d of May it was heavily engaged. A reconnoissance in force was ordered, and Generals Paine and Palmer were detailed for the work. Among the regiments selected was the "Yates Sharp Shooters." After proceeding five miles on the Farmington road, the enemy was encountered, and the battle of Chambers Creek ensued.

This battle in which the "Yates Sharp Shooters" played a most important part, is thus described in a letter of Sergeant Henry S. Clark, of Lockport, to his family friends :

"The 3d inst. (May), our division made a movement toward Corinth, our battalion in advance. After proceeding some three miles we came to low swampy woods with thick underbrush and tangled vines all through it. In the center of the wood, and running at right angles with it, was a small stream, the bridge over which had been burned by the rebels, and along which the enemy's pickets were stationed. On nearing the swamp, the battalion was deployed, three companies on the right, and three on the left of the road. The order then came "forward march!" and away we went. It was one of the worst places I ever tried to get through. We had not got ten rods in the swamp, before the rebels opened fire upon us. Neither party could see each other ten paces off, and the first intimation we had of their presence was a volley from their guns. Our boys never faltered, but pushed steadily forward, loading and firing as they went. In fifteen minutes after we started we had cleared the swamp of every rebel, and held the high ground on the other side. Our loss was six wounded, two of whom have since died. Upwards of thirty of the rebels have already been found and buried, including one lieutenant and a large number wounded. We also took two captains and a number of men prisoners.

"After we gained the high ground, and ceased firing, General Paine sent his orderly to find us, but he returned saying that he could not. Then he sent another, and soon rode up himself. He said he had learned from the prisoners that the rebel force was 600 men, in the swamp. Our battalion had left part of its men in camp, and went into the action with only 295 men, and in fifteen minutes routed the enemy from a strong position, killing, wounding and taking prisoners about seventy-eight of their force, with a loss of only six men. General Paine said he did not expect us to do it alone, but only to draw their fire, and then he was to have a regiment of infantry charge them. As soon as the sappers and miners had repaired the bridge, the whole division crossed over with its artillery. Pretty soon the order came for us to advance again, the enemy having retreated to where its batteries were stationed. We advanced at the double quick across an open field, and had scarcely gained the high ground before the enemy opened on us a terrific fire of shot, shell, grape and canister from their batteries, and musketry from their infantry supports. Here four of our men were wounded. In the meantime our artillery had begun its work, the first shot killing six of the rebels, and for twenty minutes it seemed as if all the demons from the infernal pit had broken loose. Our lines had faltered at first under their terrible fire,—but only for a moment. The next we sent a shower of minie balls in return, lying down and loading and firing. Soon General Paine rode on the hill, a fair mark for the enemy's guns which were immediately trained upon him. But he was as cool as upon parade, and did not mind them. "Now boys," said he, "dash forward at the double quick and flank that battery, and shoot their gunners." We dashed down the hill and towards the woods to the left of their battery, and soon flanked it, but they had skedaddled. We got two prisoners, and came near getting their baggage train. The infantry then came up, and the whole of us, infantry, cavalry and artillery, moved toward Corinth.

"We followed to within two and a half miles of that place, when we were ordered to return to the high ground near the swamp, where we are now encamped. General Paine rode along our line with his staff and said, "Boys, you have done nobly to-

day. I never saw men do better, I am proud of you." He says we have done enough for a while, and some of the others must try their hand. We did all the fighting done by the infantry during the day. The artillery only helped us."

The battalion was received with shouts of welcome on its return from the fight. Gen. Pope also complimented the battalion in his special orders.

In this engagement, Lt. J. W. Baker, of Wilmington, had command of the left wing of the skirmishers. While pressing on and fighting sharply he saw a rebel behind a tree, aiming at him. But fortunately he did not hit the mark. Lt. Baker then ordered one of his men to shoot the reb. But he could not see him, and so the lieutenant took the soldiers gun and shot the reb in the arm, and he fell. After the fight was over, Lt. Baker saw the man he had winged, who said he was from Quincy, Ill., and was 1st sergeant in a rebel regiment.

In this engagement, 118 of the enemy were killed, 25 wounded and 90 taken prisoners, according to one account. While the Union loss was four killed and eleven wounded, mostly in the Yates Sharp Shooters. Co. A. had two killed and three wounded. B and E each one killed. As has been seen the battalion received the special commendation of General Paine for their skill and bravery on this occasion. This engagement gave our forces possession of Farmington.

On the 8th, a reconnoissance of General Pope's entire command was made towards Corinth, which is thus described in the diary of an officer of Co. F:

"A reconnoissance in force was made to-day. The Yates Sharpshooters were in their accustomed place, leading the force as skirmishers. The rebels retired before us without offering any determined resistance, until within about two miles of Corinth. Here, as we entered a rye field, a battery opened on us. The shell exploded over our heads, and fragments flew in every direction, but did little harm. Our line of skirmishers pushed on until about the middle of the field, when we came in sight of the enemy in full force. Our sharpshooters, and those of the enemy, kept up

a brisk fire. While standing, leaning my hand against a tree, a bullet struck between two of my fingers, slightly wounding each. I saw the miscreant when he shot. He was on the fence, behind a clump of bushes. I pointed him out to the boys, and they soon cleared him off the fence. After remaining about an hour in the field, and getting no orders, I thought it strange, and started to the right of our company, which was in the woods. But on entering the woods, they were not to be found. I started on still farther to the right, but had not gone far when I was arrested by the whizzing of bullets. I hastened back and told Capt. Grover that the rebels were getting in our rear, and that all the boys, except his company and part of ours, had fallen back. Captain Grover then ordered a retreat, and, by double-quicking, we escaped the enemy. When we got out of the woods, we found that the rest of our forces had fallen back two miles. With no pleasant feelings toward our superiors, we returned to camp."

By way of explanation of the above, it is proper to say that it was afterwards found that an orderly had been sent to notify Capt. Grover of the falling back, but for some reason he failed to reach him.

Another engagement, which is known in history as the battle of Farmington, followed on the 9th, when the rebels, 20,000 strong, attacked our forces under Palmer and Paine, with the design of cutting them off from the main army. Gen. Paine engaged them at once, and fought them for five hours, but as the orders were imperative to avoid a general engagement, Gen. Paine fell back. The enemy made some demonstrations, but did not see fit to follow. In this engagement, the Yates Sharpshooters were not seriously engaged, the fighting being done by the brigade of General Plummer. The Yates Sharpshooters, however, held the front, after our forces fell back, until relieved by the 10th Illinois next morning.

The Yates Sharpshooters remained quiet in camp until the morning of the 15th, when it was again ordered out in line of battle, supported by two companies of the 10th, but after advancing about half way across the swamp, were halted, and at noon returned to camp.

May 17th, Pope's army, the Yates Sharpshooters in advance,

was moved beyond Farmington, and the line established very close to the enemy, and the night spent in fortifying. In the morning a sharp picket firing commenced, which was kept up till 4 p. m., with an occasional shell from the enemy; but our big guns kept silent, though ready to speak. The advance was general. The fortified lines were extended eight miles, with three tiers of works. The drums of the enemy, and the rumble of the cars in Corinth, were plainly heard.

On the 19th, a large force of the enemy was seen moving to our left, and an attack was expected. The Yates Sharpshooters were placed in support of Houghtaling's battery. A brisk artillery fight occurred between it and a rebel battery, but the rebels soon withdrew satisfied with the experiment.

On the 20th, the Yates Sharpshooters were marched out with other forces, and had a brisk skirmish across a swamp, over which they could not pass, and at noon returned to camp.

Nothing special now occurred until the 28th, when the position of the battalion was changed. Marching back through Farmington, it took a southwesterly course, which brought it directly in front of General Price's "Pea Ridge batteries." Here they were deployed as skirmishers, and advanced within half a mile of the enemy, and within 200 yards of his skirmish line. Sergt. William Scheel, Corp. Jesse Cramer, Corp. Wm. Lamb, and private Wm. Kimber, of Co. F, were sent out to ascertain the direction of the enemy's lines, and their strength. Cramer advanced within two rods of a rebel picket, and ordered him to surrender, but he turned to run, when Cramer shot him down. This provoked the enemy, and a lively skirmish was the result. But our sharpshooters held their ground, and, in the course of the afternoon, excavated a row of rifle pits. At dark, the Yates Sharpshooters were relieved by two companies of the 11th Missouri. The pickets were posted by Lient. Reynolds, at the request of Major Matteson, who was now in command of the battalion. Early on the morning of the 29th, a brisk firing commenced all along the line, and heavy artillery firing in front all the forenoon. This, as it afterwards proved, was a show on the part of the rebels, while they were busy evacuating Corinth.

The rebel generals, finding their position no longer tenable,

commenced evacuating Corinth, the 27th, and May 30th the battalion entered Corinth in time to see the rear guard of the enemy leaving. Lieut. Baker, of Co. E, was the first man in the rebel works. The rebels had effected their retreat safely, and carrying off much of their stores and ammunition, and leaving the rest damaged and useless. The place presented a scene of desolation and destruction that was complete.

The evacuation of Corinth is thus described in the journal of an officer of the Yates Sharpshooters :

“May 30th, 1862. Very early this morning Gen. Morgan rode out to our line, and told the Yates Sharpshooters to prepare at once for a reconnoissance. He gave us minute instructions, and we moved towards the enemy's works. We advanced very cautiously, every moment expecting the enemy's guns to flash in our faces. But the thickest brushwood was passed, the summit of the hill gained, and no enemy met. From the hill top the enemy's works were plainly seen. A negro and a white horse were all that could be seen moving in the rebel works. Colonel Tilson's adjutant and myself moved around to the left, so that we could see behind the works. Nothing was to be seen but broken gun carriages, and some large shells. When we informed Gen. Morgan, he ordered the Yates Sharpshooters to occupy the works. At five o'clock in the morning we clambered over the immense fortifications, and were fully aware that Corinth was evacuated. General Morgan and the Yates Sharpshooters were the first to discover this.

“Maj. Matteson now sent me with twenty men down the Kosuth road, where it was known the enemy had heavy works. The remainder of the battalion moved into Corinth. Going down the road a short distance, we came in sight of a squad of about 60 rebel cavalry. They galloped off on our approach. When about a mile and a half from the Pea Ridge batteries we saw them again behind a long line of fortifications, moving in great confusion among the tents. A bullet sent into their midst by Corp. Lamb started them again post haste still further down into Dixie. We now took possession of the second line of works, which were much more extensive than the first. Behind them were the camps of Gens. Price and VanDorne. Everything indicated that they had

left in the greatest haste. Tents were standing, victuals on the fire cooking, many guns, knapsacks, and camp equipage of all kinds, were lying scattered about. Hundreds of barrels of flour, beef, pork, sugar and molasses, were left behind. Two fine flags, belonging to the regiment known as "McCullough's Avengers," were found.

"After a little, Fred. Sonner called me into the tent of Capt. A. Jack's (such was the name on the tent), and invited me to partake of a warm breakfast which had been prepared for the captain. Being hungry, I ate heartily. The board was loaded with warm biscuit, blackberry jelly, corn bread, butter, &c., and a bottle of superior wine. Thanks to Captain Jack for an excellent breakfast.

"We had been here four hours before we saw anyone else. Gen. Granger then came up, and was much surprised to find us, supposing that he was in the advance. He told me to take charge of the camp."

In the afternoon of the same day, the battalion joined in the pursuit, taking the advance. They came upon the rear of the enemy at Tuscumbia Creek, just at dark, on the 30th, when a brief skirmish ensued, continuing during the night, and the next day the pursuit was continued to Boonville with frequent skirmishes. The battalion then returned June 11th, and camped at Big Springs, six miles from Corinth. One man, Wm. Johnson, of Co. F, was killed in a skirmish on the second day of the pursuit.

Thus, from April 12th, the time that the battalion landed at Hamburg, until the return from Boonville, June 10th, the battalion had the advance of Pope's army, generally a mile in front, more than half the time without tents, and always sleeping on their arms. During this time they lost but one man by disease. It was true of them, (and of our army generally), that the men were healthier on an active campaign, than when lying idle in quarters. And more men could be rallied for a fight or a skirmish, than for a drill or parade.

At Tuscumbia Creek the battalion was actively engaged in skirmishing. Some of the boys had become so tired and exhausted with the constant marching, &c., that they went to sleep right under the fire of the rebel battery of four guns, and of the butter-

nut and Indian supports. Having been three nights without sleep, they had become almost indifferent to anything else. One of the captains, John Morrill, in the 64th, shot an Indian who had a bush tied to his head, from under which he was shooting our men.

In July, Gen. Rosecrans succeeded Pope in command, and the battalion of sharpshooters was chosen as his headquarters and provost guard, and remained on this duty until November.

Lt. Col. Williams having left the battalion on sick leave, the command devolved on Major Matteson, who held it until August, when he was taken sick and died August 9th. Captain Payne of Co. F, going north as escort, to the body, Lieutenant Reynolds was left in command of Co. F.

Captain John Morrill, of Co. A, then took command of the regiment, and was afterwards promoted to lieutenant colonel. About this time Captain Payne resigned, and Lieutenant Reynolds was promoted captain.

August 29th, the battalion moved to Iuka, Miss. This is a village of a few thousand inhabitants, and was famous for its mineral springs, being before the war a place of great resort for the southern chivalry. It was a spot of considerable attraction, the spring being in a beautiful grove, with summer houses, and affording a cool and pleasant retreat from the heat of summer. The boys enjoyed the retreat very much, and were grateful to Uncle Sam for sending them to this fashionable resort, where they could refresh themselves without being subjected to the payment of hotel bills. They had faith in the medicinal virtue of its waters.

In September, the battalion returned to Camp Clear Creek in the vicinity of Corinth. August 18th, it again started for Iuka, going by way of Jacinto. While on the march to Iuka, the tidings of the rebel reverses in Maryland, reached the army. It was said that Gen. Rosecrans on hearing it, jumped out of his bed *en deshabille*, leaped over two camp stools, grasped the ridge pole of his tent, and turned two summer-saults in his joy at the news.

The battalion reached the vicinity of Iuka on the second day's march,—the day of the battle, which commenced about 5 p. m. of the 19th. The battalion took a position in support of a battery on our extreme right, and was not seriously engaged. Next day it joined in the pursuit of Price.

A private member of the regiment writing home in reference to the battle of Iuka, under date of September 27th, says :

“ We left Corinth with five days’ rations, and took through the country, marching thirty-five miles each day. On the 2d, about five miles from Iuka, we were alarmed by the booming of cannon. We were halted and told to look to the priming of our guns, then ordered to march double quick. We were supporting Powell’s battery about eighty rods from the fight. We lay out all night; it was very cold. The fighting was terrible from four o’clock until after dark. I was on the picket near the field, and the groans and cries of the wounded were awful. The ambulance driver says our army lost 300 killed and wounded. The rebs were drunk. The 11th Missouri had to push them back so as to shoot them. They lost two generals, one (General Little) killed, another wounded and captured. The rebs started that night and we started about nine in pursuit, and after marching about twenty miles came up with their rear guard, and our battalion deployed and came up too close to go any further without artillery, and so fell back.”

Orders then came to abandon the pursuit, and the battalion returned to Corinth, Sept. 27th.

While the battalion was at Iuka, many of the residents of northern Alabama enlisted in that and other regiments. Many of these recruits were as pronounced in their hatred of slavery as Wendell Philips himself. Said one to an officer of the 64th, “ When I find a northern man upholding slavery I feel to curse him.”

The negroes also came into the Union lines in great numbers. Trains from Tusculumbia brought them by thousands. Many were sent to the north daily, but thousands were continually about the Union camps. They held big prayer meetings, in which they sang and prayed and talked as only the contrabands could. They compared their deliverance to that of Daniel from the lion’s den. The soldiers all welcomed the darkies, and even those who had once been bitter against fighting the war for the overthrow of slavery, had got cured of their prejudices, and did not seem to

feel bad at seeing the slaves escape, and every mess soon had its colored cook and servant.

Price having been reinforced by Van Dorne and Lovel returned to attack our forces at Corinth, and on the night of October 3d, formed his lines within 1000 yards. The Y. S. S., went into position on the evening of the 3d as skirmishers. On the morning of the 4th, the battalion met the first advance of the enemy, and was heavily engaged through the day, rendering efficient and effective service. It lost heavily in this engagement,—going into fight with 233 men,—at evening roll call but 160 responded, 73 were killed or wounded. Co. E suffered most of all, losing twenty-one men, killed and wounded, and among these, alas! Captain Grover, who was mortally wounded. He was in command of companies B, C and E on the skirmish line, and was cheering on his men when he fell. Sergeant Major Henry S. Clark, one of Lockport's most promising young men, was also killed.

A private of Co. E, writing home after the battle, says :

"I am safe and sound after the great battle of Corinth, fought Friday and Saturday. The enemy attacked us 50,000 strong, under Price, VanDorne and Villipugue. The first day's fighting was terrible, but nothing to the next. We were out in the woods, three companies of us, Co. B deployed as skirmishers. Our men were driven in and the rebs attacked the reserve. We fought about an hour, at last they came so fast that we had to retreat behind our breastworks. We went out with forty-two men, (referring to Co. E) and when we got back, had but twenty-one. Serg't Henry Clark, from Lockport, is killed. Our Captain is dangerously wounded, but the Dr. says he is better. Peter Brown from Channahon, Mike McGalligut and Geo. Rouse are killed. Messrs. Coyles, Casey and Tom Garlish, from Lockport, are wounded. John Sullivan from Joliet, lost his leg. We have taken 2000 prisoners. Our men are after Price, and captured his army train, and Price had to leave his horse and take to the woods. We took his staff. His men fought like devils charging our batteries, and taking both; but the 11th Missouri, (which was really an Illinois regiment,) 52d Illinois, and our battalion charged and drove

them out. Our camp ground was covered with their dead. It was mighty rough at first, but I soon got used to it."

The same soldier writing again the 16th, says :

"We had a job yesterday of lifting our little orderly who had been buried ten days without a coffin. I helped to bury our gallant little captain. I may well call him gallant, for a bolder man never drew sword than him and Lieutenant Manning. I believe Manning will be our next captain. I hope he may. I saw S. W. Bowen this morning. We will have to lift our captain to-day. By this time you know all about the great battle, but you don't know about our company (E).

"We lay out all night, and as soon as daylight the ball opened. We lay between our artillery and the rebel fire for two hours, when Captain Morrill told Captain Grover to send some of his best shots over to see how the rebels got along, when Pat Feeley, Darwin Gifford and myself, went over to the railroad and got behind an old milk cellar, and with some of Birges' Sharpshooters gave them the best we had in our boxes for about an hour.

"We saw them crossing on our right in brigades, trying to flank us right and left, which they did. I then went and reported to our commander. We stood our ground which was to our loss. We got behind a big log and waited in silence until they came within about three rods when we gave them a volley which made them waver and go into the woods again. In front of us was a deep gulley with a very steep bank next to the enemy. They came to the edge of the bank in solid column, five brigades deep, mostly Arkansas troops. We filled the gully full of them. But our own batteries gave us two charges of grape and shell, killing four and wounding a great number of our company. So we had to retreat up to the breast works, when we stood and held them in check. They came up to the batteries on the double quick, charging them three times, and we drove them back as often. They got up in town as far as old Rosey's headquarters, when they met our boys that was guarding them, and they drove the rebels back, killing twenty and not losing a man. I saw one sixty-four pound ball go through one hundred yards of a solid body of the 2d Texas, killing almost a whole company.

“As soon as the enemy was driven off the field, I went over to see how many were hurt. The first man I found was John Sullivan, of Joliet. Says I, “John, your leg is broke.” “Yes, says he, “but by—we drove them!—they had to run!” I examined many of the rebel haversacks to see what they had to eat. All I could find was some corn, some roasted and some raw, with a little side meat,—no bread in any of them.”

Such is the account given by a corporal of Co. E. We add another account given in a letter of a commissioned officer of the regiment.

“CORINTH, Oct. 6th, 1862.—We are still at Corinth, but it was by a close chance that our forces held the town. The rebels were perfectly desperate, and fought like mad men. On the 3d of October the fight was kept up from eight [in the morning until dark. On the left our force drove the enemy from the field the first day, and the enemy drove us on the right. On the second (4th) the rebels made a desperate charge on the left; but were repulsed with great slaughter. In about one and a half hours after, the combined forces of the enemy made a second charge on the town from the northwest. Here was the most desperate fighting of the day. Two brigades charged at once in column by division, on the double quick. Two of our siege batteries are posted on the northwest side of the town, and our forces were drawn up in a double line of battle, connecting the two batteries, and also in one line extending some way on the outside of the batteries.

“At first the rebels drove our forces back about fifty rods, and got possession of both batteries and about half of the town. But our troops rallied, and then followed such a scene as I hope never to witness again. Eleven of our battalion fell dead and thirty-nine wounded. The contest remained for some time undecided—victory leaning now to the one side, and now to the other—for about twenty minutes. During this time, the enemy made continuous efforts to plant their flag upon our forts, but no oftener was the attempt made than flag, and flag-bearer, fell from the parapet together. Our battalion paid its especial attention to the upper fort, or the rebels in and about it, and at that very place the

rebels first began to give way. No sooner was it known along our lines that they were yielding on our right, than our whole line commenced to advance with wild shouts, and when the rebels saw that our men were going to give them a hand-to-hand fight, they turned and sought the woods like frightened sheep. But while our men were in the height of their exultation, lo! two new brigades of rebels were rushing up at double-quick directly toward our lines. Although our regiments were now all mixed up, yet order prevailed along the whole line the moment the enemy were seen advancing, and an earnest and determined look took the place of shouting. The danger was met most gallantly by our boys—not a foot of our lines gave way, but every man stood up nobly, and poured volley after volley into the foe, still advancing, even when to do so was certain death. They were more than brave—they were reckless. Their officers advanced the last time mounted, but not one who was mounted returned. Their regimental officers were on foot. When they commenced to retreat, they did so in order, but it soon became a stampede.

“The fresh battle-field was awful to behold; many a Union soldier lay dead or wounded, but the enemy lay piled up in heaps—the wounded often weighed down by the lifeless body of a comrade. The fighting continued next day on the Chevallia road, and report says the secesh suffered terribly. Our battalion did not join in the pursuit, being too badly cut up.”

In this battle, Lieut. Reynolds, of Co. F, had a very narrow escape. A bullet broke the ring which held the scabbard of his sword to the belt, and a spent ball hit his leg with sufficient force to drop him, and make him lame for a while.

During the fight, Lieut. Knickerbocker got hold of a rifle, but having no cartridges, on coming up to one of our men who lay dead on the field, he put his hand under his head for the purpose of slipping off his cartridge box, which the poor fellow could use no longer, when his hand went into a ghastly wound from which the blood and brains were oozing. Just then some one spoke, “This is hard,” said he. The words came from a mere boy, though a soldier. “Do you know the man?” inquired the lieutenant. “*It is my father,*” was the reply. The boy shed no tears, but his look expressed volumes of agony.

After the fight was over, Lieut. Knickerbocker went over the field to look after the wounded. In one place he found a rebel soldier bleeding from a wound in the ankle, which was badly broken. The lieutenant picked him up and carried him under a tree, and procured him medical aid. These attentions both surprised and touched the man, even to tears. He said that he did not expect such treatment, as their officers had told them before the battle that anyone who fell into our hands would be butchered. He avowed a determination, that if he got well, he would fight us no more.

Nov. 22d, 1862, the battalion was ordered to Glendale, Miss., where it was stationed on outpost duty, and where it remained nearly one year, engaged in hunting guerrillas, and scouting for Gen. Dodge, and in erecting fortifications, &c., thus assisting in holding this portion of the Union lines, while more active operations were going on elsewhere.

Of its stay while here, we have but little record. It was during this period that Capt. James C. Cameron, Co. A, of Ottawa, organized a regiment of cavalry from the Union men of that region, which was known as the 1st Alabama cavalry, of which he was commissioned colonel. Philip A. Steinberg, of Will county, a sergeant in Co. F, was commissioned a captain in the same regiment. Col. Cameron was afterwards killed in a fight at Barton's Station, April 17th, 1873, and Capt. Steinberg was killed at Vincents Cross Roads about the 23d of October, 1873.

While at Glendale, John Sullivan, who lost his leg at Corinth, was discharged, and came home—the boys of his company generously making up a purse of \$200, out of their hard earnings, to help him on his way.

The same corporal, from whose letters we have already quoted, says under date of Sept. 7th, 1863 :

“ I was in Corinth the other day. I walked in. It is a long walk through the woods, and they are full of guerrillas, and they shoot without halting us, as they would a dog. So we are ordered *not* to take any prisoners, but to shoot them on sight. They put six bullets into one of our men the other day, without telling him to halt. But he is living yet, for we are hard to kill. We went

out the other day, a squad of eight, to a house where we found six women and girls, but we could see no man. So we began to look around a little, and presently three men ran out of an old stable. We ordered them to halt. Two did so, but the third kept on, and we leveled our rifles at him. The mother, wife and sisters screamed out to us not to shoot him. So we fired over him, but still he would not stop. So three of us took good aim, and *brought him to a halt*. He proved to be a lieutenant in the rebel army. We did not kill him, but we gave him a long furlough."

We give one more brief extract from the same soldier's letters, to show how the sensibilities become hardened in time of war. He says: "We do have some *funny* times now and then. We have skirmishing with the enemy almost every day. We killed fifteen, one of them a colonel, this morning. Send me the *Joliet Signal* as often as you can!"

Nov. 4th, 1863, the Yates Sharpshooters moved to Iuka, and thence to Pulaski, Tenn., arriving at the latter place on the 12th, making a march of 135 miles in eight days, crossing the Tennessee river at Eastport. It formed part of Sherman's great army of 60,000, sweeping through Alabama and Tennessee, cleaning out everything as they went, leaving not a hoof upon the grass—a preliminary movement to the next summer's campaign.

The latter part of December, enlistment rolls were opened to see who would re-enlist. The battalion had been two years in active service, and in eighteen different engagements of more or less importance—forty days before the enemy without tents or shelter of any kind, except the forests—yet so determined were these brave men that they would see the rebellion crushed out, and the Union restored, that over three-fourths of the battalion re-enlisted; and on the 15th day of January it went north on veteran furlough of twenty days from its arrival at Chicago, the 22d. During this interval, recruiting was actively engaged in, to fill up the ranks of the old companies, and four new companies, G, H, I, and K, were added, thus making it a full regiment, known thereafter as the 64th regiment. Of these new companies, one was raised in our county by Captain (afterwards Major) Logan. Of the regiment thus recruited and enlarged, Lieut. Col. Morrill was

made colonel, and Capt. Manning, of Co. E, was made lieutenant colonel, and Captain Thompson, of Co. B, major. The regiment re-assembled at Ottawa, Feb. 14th, and after being fully re-organized, left on the 17th of March for the front. On the 20th, it arrived by rail within two miles of Decatur, Ala., where it went into camp.

Captain Logan's company, not being yet provided with tents, and having no covering but their blankets, and being all "fresh fish," had rather of a cool time, for just at this time a storm came on which would do credit to northern Illinois. True, they were now in the "sunny south," and they had great faith in that poetical expression; but their faith was somewhat dampened, when, on the next morning after their arrival, they found themselves under a blanket of snow a foot thick. This seemed a rough introduction to a soldier's life, none the easier to bear because the old campaigners made light of it. But they soon got comfortably quartered in the town, and the weather got hot enough before they reached Atlanta.

Ten days after their arrival at Decatur, the inhabitants of the town were ordered to leave, and the place was converted into a fortified camp. Redoubts were built, rifle pits digged, and every preparation made for an attack or siege. For two weeks the regiment was kept continually under arms. The rebels, under Roddy, were hanging about the place, nine or ten thousand strong.

Capt. Logan, writing home during this period, says: "I can get more work out of my men, when there is a prospect of a fight, than at any other time. On one occasion, when called up at midnight, in expectation of an attack, I noticed that my company was unusually full, and found a dozen or more in the ranks that had been on the sick list the day before. Among them was Jacob Lutz, of Jackson, a mere boy, who was really sick. I asked him what he was there for when he was sick. "Well," he replied, "Captain, I am sick, but I wanted to get a pop at the rebs and make them sick, too."

The regiment was now placed in the 1st brigade, 4th division of the 16th army corps.

May 4th, it arrived at Chattanooga, and entered upon the great Atlanta campaign. Leaving Chattanooga the 5th, it camped

the first night on the old Chickamauga battle-field. Here they found many bones and skulls still unburied ; whether they belonged to friend or foe could not now be told, but they gave them decent burial. The civilized human mind revolts at the sight of human remains unburied.

We shall quote now, generally verbatim, from the diary of an officer of Co. F, in detailing the movements of the regiment during the Atlanta campaign :

“ We arrived before Resacca May 9th, and companies A and F were deployed, and drove the enemy in their front into their works. In the night the regiment marched to Snake Creek Gap. On the 12th it was in the advance on the skirmish line. Captain Reynolds, who was in command of the right of the line, had a very narrow escape. His sword was hit by a bullet, and knocked out of his hand.

“ On the 13th, advanced to Resacca, and was engaged until the 16th, when the enemy retired. May 20th, arrived at Kingston, and remained in camp the 21st. On the 22d, Sunday, inspection. On the 23d, moved at 2 p. m., going about a mile, halted until sundown, when the regiment moved again, and, going some three miles, crossed a branch of the Coosa on a covered bridge, and going four miles farther, went into camp at 11 p. m.

“ On the 24th, moved at 5 p. m., passing through a pine district about eight miles in extent, passing a steam mill and numerous wheat fields, stopping at 11 to rest at a splendid spring of water. The men were footsore and weary.

“ Moved on again at 4 p. m., going some six miles, camped at dark in the town of VanWirt ; on the way passed a fine slate quarry. It rained all night, and we got thoroughly soaked. May 25th, lay in camp until 5 p. m., then moved on, acting as train guard, moving a few rods at a time, until about 1:30 a. m. of next day, when we lay down until morning. It rained for a couple of hours, and was so dark as to compel us to move by the sense of feeling more than by sight. About sunset, we hear heavy artillery firing some eight miles in front.

“ May 26th, moved on again as train guard at sunrise. Some sight for a fight. After going on five miles, camped in the town-

ship of Dallas at 2:30 p. m., and had dinner and rest. We hear that bushwhackers are about, two men having been found with their throats cut while they were asleep, and one shot through the head. At 9 p. m. we are under arms, expecting to move every moment, and at 11 we moved half a mile, and lay down until morning. For the last two days we have been passing over high ground, being a spur of the Blue Ridge. May 27th, we started early and marched three miles to Dallas. We hear heavy firing in front.

"In about twenty minutes after halting, companies A and F are out as skirmishers, and deployed in the woods, and moved by the left flank into an open field, then by the right flank forward. Thomas Rickard, of Co. F, was shot through the hip at this time. When about half across the field, an order came to halt, leaving about half of the company without cover except two or three trees or shrubs, and the bullets in the meantime were raising the dust lively. Getting tired of this position, we made a change on our own responsibility, and reached the timber without further loss. We then moved forward again, and changed direction to the right, got close to the enemy, within four or five rods, and found them stubborn and hard to drive. We could only move them by making a rush for them. I tried to make one of them surrender, but he wouldn't, so I tried the next best thing, and emptied my pistol at him. The right of the line fell back, obliging us to do the same. The 35th N. J. came up and assisted us. Three of them were killed within fifteen feet of me. When our line fell back they left, although we did not move more than ten rods to the rear, which position we held until we were relieved, after dark. Our loss in the company was severe. A. Wagner, killed, shot through the head, while in the front rank, loading and firing with all his might. We were obliged to leave his body in the hands of the enemy. They buried him under the tree where he fell. James H. Gilfallan, shot through the leg, died at night. Corporal John Parks, shot in the abdomen, will probably die. John Schleken, shot through the leg. Richard F. Hammond, (of Alabama,) shot through the shoulder, and Thomas Rickards, through the hip. Corp. G. Waldron, through the arm. Co. A had three men killed, and among the wounded was Capt. Conger.

"While writing, the rebels are sending sundry missives, and one of Co. D has just passed, hit in the head. Their sharpshooters look like Indians to me, and I have had a pretty good look at them. I was told by one of the 16th Ill. that there were women on the line in front of them, and that one of them was shot."

The regiment in this engagement lost fourteen men, killed and wounded. Among the wounded was Captain Logan, of Co. G., who was shot in both legs.

"May 28th, we lay in camp all day. We found ourselves badly stiffened in the morning. We expected to move at night, but did not as the rebels charged on the second division, but they were repulsed with a loss of two thousand men. On the 29th we were ordered to relieve the 39th Ohio in the intrenchments, two companies as skirmishers. At night the enemy made seven distinct charges on our lines, but were repulsed each time; their loss not known. It was a pretty hot time, one man in Co. C killed, and five or six wounded, mostly by premature firing from our own line.

"May 30th, companies H and K, detailed as skirmishers. One man killed and four or five wounded. Our regiment was relieved at dark by the 39th Ohio, and we went back to our old ravine and to bed. Lt. Meeker, of Co. K, was wounded through the arms. The enemy made an advance on the line about nine, but fell back again.

"May 31st, Lt. Meeker and Captain Logan, go back to Kingston this morning. Companies F and A detailed for skirmish line. The enemy closed down on us in the night. Some pretty sharp fun. June 1st, our forces during the night moved to the left, leaving us to protect the rear, a very disagreeable job, as the enemy closed down on us when they found we were leaving. We fell back over hill and dale in skirmishing order. Our company was the nearest giving out of any time since their enlistment. Having been all night without sleep, the fighting and the excitement of the march made it tough. Moved about four miles and camped, and improved the time in sleep.

"June 2d, lay in camp all day. It rained hard for a couple of hours. June 3d, five companies ordered to Kingston as train guard. The rest moved about a mile to the left across Pumpkin

Vine Creek, camped and commenced throwing up intrenchments, but next morning, June 4th, received orders to move again. Rather trying to our patience as it was raining hard. Moved a mile or two and stopped again. Skirmish firing pretty sharp on our left. A change has just been made by our forces apparently successful. We are ordered to intrench again. Commenced, but were soon ordered to suspend. Rained again during the night. Zuell and I have a purp tent and slept well.

"June 5th, ordered to move again this morning. Rebs said to be falling back. We advanced nearly three miles to the enemy's works, and found them deserted. They were very strong and well constructed. The work is said to be done by the negroes, who are said to be as numerous as the rebs. Their right flank was turned by Stoneman's cavalry, and the 17th army corps passing Altoona Gap, and they had to leave. Returned to camp, got dinner and moved again toward the railroad. After going six miles stopped for the night. June 6th, started forward about 8 a. m., going some eight miles, slowly, being hindered by the wagon train. Camped about four at the town of Ackworth, a station on the railroad.

"June 7th, lay in camp with the expectation of a few days' rest. June 8th, ordered to be ready to march on the 9th, a decisive battle expected in a few days. June 9th lay in camp all day expecting to move. Our teams have been sent for forage, clothing, etc. Hear that the 17th army corps has arrived. The 15th and 16th army corps is now commanded by General McPherson, the right of the grand army.

"June 10th, marching orders, we are to follow the 15th army corps. Frequent showers. Captain Reynolds is sick. Moved into town just before night, and halted until 10 o'clock, then marched about five miles on a very dangerous road, rough and muddy. Camped about 1:30 and went to bed. Showers again. Moved in the afternoon two and a half miles down the railroad, the skirmishers are engaged. Halted awhile, rained very hard. The name of the station is Big Shanty. We began intrenching after dark, made a log work. Col. Morrill went down on the skirmish line, and tried his hand at shooting. He shot one of the enemy with a Henry rifle as was seen by the glass. But he came near pay-

ing dearly for his rashness, as a bullet grazed his abdomen leaving blue mark.

"June 12, companies B and G on the skirmish line—rain all the time. D and I sent out to relieve them. June 13th, companies H and C sent out. Regiment ordered in line of battle at daylight. The enemy have apparently left Hooker's and Howard's front—our right, (lost mountain), and are either massing their forces at Kenesaw on our left, or are evacuating. Rain still pouring down. Captain Reynolds is quite sick. Scorpions are quite plenty in this section, just caught one at the door of my shanty. They have a disagreeable habit of creeping into a person's pants.

"June 16th, lay in camp all day. Was stung by a scorpion, applied ammonia, and felt no serious results. Ordered out on the skirmish line at night, expected a warm time as the lines were to be advanced. Moved our pits about forty rods to the front, but were not fired upon. We were supported by six companies. Guess the rebels got sick of the place as they left in disgust, as the 14th Ohio battery knocked their rail piles skyward. Some of the inmates too, appeared to make desperate leaps in the same direction. One of their officers appeared to be furious by the way he waved his sword, but a shell soon quieted him. Their signal lights were in operation during the night on the summit of Kenesaw mountain. Our signal officers can read their signs. One of their messages read that Lt. General Polk had been killed in our front by a solid shot through the arms and abdomen.

"June 15th we were relieved at daylight by two other companies. Towards noon we were ordered out to support our skirmishers, as they were to advance. Did so, captured eight or ten prisoners. One of them told that five hundred men were captured in front of the 15th and 16th army corps. Some of them came in with a white rag. Bullets circulated pretty freely, but only one of our regiment wounded, in Co. D. One of Co. D shot a reb, wounding him in the back and found that he was from Pulaski, and that one of our recruits in Co. D. sparked his sister last winter." (A very affecting incident!)

"Our company laid in a ditch supporting our skirmishers all night. Pioneers commenced putting up a fort, when the enemy opened fire on our line, causing a lively stampede among the pio-

neers and negroes. The darkies got into the ditches before us, in some places three or four feet deep. Bullets came over by the basket full. Col. Manning was hit on his pistol. It was a hard fight and our second night without sleep.

"June 16th, the regiment was relieved this morning. Other regiments moved out into the new works constructed during the night. The enemy appear to have their principal signal station on top of Kenesaw, about three and a half miles distant. With a good glass groups of ladies have been observed several times on its summit taking a look at the detestable yankees. Our rations are brought to us, and we lay down in the ditch at night; I tried to make up lost time in sleeping. We were disturbed but once during the night, and then the firing did not last long. The pickets commenced talking with each other, asking all sorts of impudent questions. Our officers finally put a stop to it. June 17th, firing commenced at daylight; our regiment relieved the 27th and 39th Ohio on the front line at 4 p. m. The first division had a poor place, as the enemy's fire enfiladed their works. We had to throw up traverses to protect ourselves. At dark firing ceases and talking commences. Came near coaxing over one of the rebs. They belonged to the 20th Alabama, and had friends in our regiment, and in the Alabama cavalry. At 10 o'clock they relieve guards, then we usually have a small skirmish. At daylight it began to rain, and rained all day. We got only one and a half hours sleep. Our ditches filled with water, and we had to occupy our cross work until we could drain them. Our situation was too uncomfortable for description. It ought to be illustrated in Harper. We could not stand up for the bullets, and we could not lie down for the water. The firing was very sharp. I had two pretty close calls. It was dangerous to put a head above the works. We were warned at night that an attack was expected during the night, or that they intended to evacuate.

"During the night, as I and one of the boys were lying in the orchard outside the works, we heard an old recall signal of the guns, and immediately after, signal whistles to the right and left, on their skirmish lines. Waked up the company, and waited for 'what next.' Did not sleep a wink during the night. It rained a little; no alarm. Morning came at last. We fired a few shot

into their rifle pens, without eliciting any reply. Neither could any be obtained along the lines. Reported to the colonel that I thought the Johnnies had absconded. He told me to take two groups and reconnoitre. Took one from Co. F, and one from Co. A, and stole out and examined some sixty or more of their pits, but nary reb could we find. Went back and reported. The first division was ordered to fall in, in skirmish order, and examine the main line of works. We found them evacuated. We halted to get breakfast. Other troops moved on to search for the enemy. He soon opened on them from the mountain. At noon skirmishing was going on with heavy cannonading. Our generals are on the lookout for some trap, and move very cautiously. At 3 p. m. moved ahead again, beyond the main line of rebel intrenchments, and halted for the night. Our corps are crowded out of the front line, and are now in reserve.

"June 20, skirmishing on the front line as soon as light. It is very difficult to find out the true state of affairs. Our forces appear to be much concentrated and investing the mountain. The enemy occasionally opens a battery on us from the mountain, but is soon silenced. Heavy cannonading toward night. Heavy fighting about ten at night. Rainy. Some twenty-eight prisoners came in that I saw; seventeen of the number were officers. June 21st, rainy and but little firing. Fell in during the afternoon, and moved one and a half miles nearer the mountain. After a good bit of moving and changes of base, stopped for the night, and had just gone to roost, when a fatigue detail came for two companies. A and E turned out. Had some one hundred yards of fortifications to put up. Finished, and returned to camp at daylight. The soil was hard to work, being stony and full of roots. The rebel trains were within a mile of our front. They seem to have chosen this as their final standpoint. They opened on us this morning with several batteries from the top of the mountain.

"June 23d, skirmishing as usual. Heavy cannonading in our front. Shot and shell pass over us by the wholesale. The regiment moved down nearer the mountain into intrenchments. Several shell dropped where we had just moved from. Skirmishers have advanced one-fourth of the way up the mountain. Companies D and E exchanged coffee for tobacco with the rebel skirmish-

ers last night. Heavy fighting on our right. A shell struck to-day between two men of Co. K as they were asleep, but did no harm.

"June 24th. All quiet on the lines. Our artillery are firing, but get no reply. Think they are hanging out a bait for us to charge the mountain. At two, received orders to fall in, for the purpose of charging old Kenesaw. The boys seemed cheerful and disposed to make the attempt, although it looked as if we could not get up, even if there were no enemy to dispute the attempt. After wasting an hour or more, we were told to take off our traps again, as it had been abandoned for the present. A masked battery has been discovered on the mountain side.

"June 25th. One of Co. E wounded in the shoulder. One more of the same company wounded, and one killed. Weather very hot, and much sickness. The majority of the officers are complaining. Some of the troops moving to the right. Our regiment relieved on the skirmish line. June 26th, Sunday. Not much firing on the skirmish line. Had a sermon from a chaplain on the front line. It was calculated to make an impression, as a thunder storm was rising at the time. The flashes of lightning, the thunder, the darkness, and the constant skirmishing, all combined to make the scene very impressive.

"June 27th. A memorable day! We were awakened at 2 a. m., by the adjutant, packed our knapsacks, fell into line, and moved toward the formidable mountain. It was understood that we had to take it—or at least to make the attempt. We made the attempt, with our regiment as two lines of skirmishers, and got part way up the hill. But the enemy was too strong in force and position for us to effect anything more."

The 64th contributed its full share to the fearful holocaust of the 27th of June, 1864. Its total loss of officers and men, killed and wounded, was fifty-seven. The adjutant of the regiment was killed.

"Among the severely wounded in this charge of the 27th was James Stoneking, of Co. F, who had his arm amputated close to his shoulder. He was a boy of only nineteen years, but the pluckiest of the plucky. The next day after the amputation, an officer of his company went to the hospital to see how he was getting

along, but he was not there. He had got some one to tie a pail around his neck, and had gone blackberrying.

"June 28th. Firing as usual. Some charging done toward noon. June 29th, about the same. June 30th, General Dodge tendered his thanks to the regiment for its gallant conduct on the 26th, and general good conduct during the campaign.

"July 1st. Reinforcements are reported coming up. Troops were moving last night. Some strategic movement is in contemplation. The wounded are sent north on furlough to-day. In the evening we had the heaviest cannonading by our guns I ever heard. Some forty or fifty pieces seemed to be discharged at once. At 3 a. m. of the 2d, the cannonading was resumed, and the skirmishers advanced somewhat. Seven hundred deserters are reported to have come in during the night. In the evening orders came in for companies F and A to relieve the 18th Mo. on the skirmish line, with instructions to hold the enemy in check while our forces moved to the right. Some pretty sharp firing. Our artillery commenced moving, which could be plainly heard by the enemy. We began to suspect that they were evacuating the mountain. At daylight went up the mountain, and had my suspicions confirmed. The Johnnies were gone, except some who were tired of fighting and remained behind. From the summit there is a splendid view of the surrounding country. We found six of our regiment dead on the mountain, who were killed on June 27th, still unburied. The bodies were much decomposed. We gave them a soldier's burial on old Kenesaw. The colors of the 64th were the first planted on the rebel works."

General Sherman, in his recent work, says in reference to this evacuation of Kenesaw: "McPherson drew out his lines during the night of July 2d, leaving Garrard's cavalry dismounted occupying the trenches, and moved to the rear of the army of the Cumberland stretching down the Nickajack. But Johnson detected the movement and promptly abandoned Marietta and Kenesaw. I expected as much, for by the earliest dawn of July 3d, I was up at a large spy glass mounted on a tripod, which Colonel Roe, of the U. S. engineers, had at his bivouac, close by our camp. I directed the glass on Kenesaw, and saw some of our pickets crawl-

ing cautiously up the hill. Soon they stood upon the very top, and I could plainly see their movements as they ran along the crest just abandoned by the enemy."

The men thus seen by General Sherman were Lieut. Knickerbocker and others of the 64th. On calling Lieut. K's attention to the narrative of Gen. S., he writes :

"As to Gen. Sherman's account of the evacuation of Kenesaw mountain, he must be mistaken about the cavalry occupying the trenches. The 64th had orders, when they relieved the troops occupying the rifle pits, that they would probably have to cover the movement of McPherson's corps during the night, but they did not go. The rumble of our artillery, as it moved, could be plainly heard by the rebels, as our men did not muffle the wheels as the rebels did. I suspected from the signal whistles, that by this time had become somewhat familiar, that they understood our movements, and were evacuating. I sent word to that effect to Colonel Morrill. He returned answer, 'Go and see.' As soon as it was light enough to see, I started up the mountain, moving very cautiously, until assured that most of the enemy had left. On arriving at the summit, I could, of course, be plainly seen by those below. Then commenced a race between the color bearer of the 64th and those of the Ohio regiments, who were climbing the smaller mountain, but the 64th came up ahead."

We resume the diary : "July 3d. We can see sharp fighting going on beyond Marietta. Prisoners are reported coming in by the hundreds. We marched twelve miles during the night, and got no sleep. July 4th, moved again in the morning about two miles. Our brigade formed in line of battle and moved on the enemy. Sharp firing from their skirmishers. We had one or two wounded. After going half a mile, the line halted, and our regiment deployed in two lines. Our loss during the day was heavy—seven killed and eighteen wounded. Our skirmish line advanced to within one hundred yards of their works about 4 p. m. The 27th and 39th Ohio passed us with a whoop, charged the enemy's works, and in a trice had possession. Not three minutes before, the rebs were calling to us, 'Yanks, why don't you come on?' and

laughing because the 81st Ohio did not move forward at the sound of the bugle. Quite a number of prisoners were taken. The 39th Ohio had its colonel wounded, and about fifty men killed and wounded. This was the way we kept the 4th of July. Fireworks were plenty.

"July 5th. The enemy reported missing from our front this morning. Lay still until after dinner, then moved to the right again about five miles. Very hot; some sun-struck. Camped within four miles of the river, where there was heavy cannonading. The enemy trying to cross. A brigade reported to have surrendered. July 6th, cannonading near the river. Moved one and a half miles to the right and camped.

"July 7th. Lay in camp until noon, when our brigade was ordered to the front about two miles. Piled knapsacks, and advanced down the picket line. At the sound of the bugle we commenced firing by volley, and kept it up until night. A section of the 1st Ohio battery issued a few shells. We never fought at such long range before. One of our company had coat, pants and drawers perforated by a bullet, which was the extent of our casualties this day. The enemy opened on us with two batteries in our front, but their shot fell short. We were relieved at dark by the 18th Mo.

"July 8th, lay in camp. The skirmishers moved down to the river last night, and made an agreement with the rebs not to fire on each other, and then went in swimming together in the Chattahoochie, and traded coffee for tobacco, and exchanged papers, as though they were the best of friends.

"July 9th, marching orders again, moved to the left, marched about 16 miles and camped about a mile beyond Marietta. Captain Reynolds is here quite sick, and Albert Ashley was detailed to nurse him by order of General Veatch. Two men of Co. F sent to hospital.

"July 10, moved at 9 a. m. The 39th and 64th Ohio brought up the rear. Moved very slow, raining heavy. We had to wade two streams waist deep. Stopped on the bank of the river at a village called Roswell, which has a starch factory, and did contain cotton factories, but our cavalry had burned them. They contained great quantities of cloth for confederate uniforms. The

river is wide here and rapid. July 11th, crossed the river on a foot bridge and camped so as to protect the crossing. In afternoon commenced throwing up intrenchments, and finished them before morning. Saw Captain Holden, of the 88th, to-day. July 13th, lay in camp, nothing important. Went into the river and helped get out one of the 43d Ohio, who was drowning.

"July 14th, lay in camp. There was a shower came up, with sharp lightning. Three men in the 18th Missouri were killed by lightning and two or three in a battery, other casualties reported across the river in the 15th corps. July 15th, the 17th army corps took 4,000 prisoners and nine pieces of artillery. July 17, moved about six miles to Nancy Creek, where we came up with the enemy's cavalry and artillery, and charged and drove them one and a half miles. The 39th deployed in front. No one hurt in the regiment. Were relieved at dark. Our scouts killed two rebels and one old rooster.

"July 18th, moved again in the morning. Our brigade in front. No fighting. Camped about 3 p. m. Had honey, goose and potatoes for dinner. July 19th, moved, 64th in the advance. After going two miles, the cavalry found the enemy. We expected to get into Decatur before night. The 23d army corps beat us in. Not much resistance; we moved into and through town, when the enemy opened on us with artillery, severely wounding our surgeon, Dr. Stewart and five men. The 65th was then deployed and drove them back. Our advance in that direction seems to have been unexpected. The enemy burned the depot with a lot of corn and government wagons. Our troops tore up and destroyed the railroad for some distance.

"July 21st, the 17th army corps made a charge this morning and took the first line of the enemy's works, losing heavily. In the afternoon our brigade moved to the extreme left and formed the third and fourth line in the rear of the 17th corps, expecting an attack on our flank. Staid there all night without blankets. July 22d, about 10 a. m. the brigade was ordered out on the double quick. The 64th was heavily engaged hand to hand, charging the enemy three times, and capturing forty prisoners and one battle flag, and also recovering the field glass and papers of Gen. McPherson who had been killed and robbed by the enemy. The

flag of the 64th was pierced this day by eighteen musket balls, one shell and a bayonet thrust. The regiment lost fifteen killed, fifty-seven wounded and seven missing. Among the wounded is Lieutenant Zuell, of Wilmington, severely in the bowels."

I will here say what Lieut. Knickerbocker, from whose diary the foregoing extracts have been taken, is too modest to say,—that this affair was a very brilliant one. Captain Reynolds, being at this time sick, the command of Co. E devolved upon Lieut. K., who, aided by Lieut. D. W. Moore, of Co. E, and several sergeants, succeeded in rallying about seventy men from various regiments, and threw a skirmish line across the gap between the 16th and 17th corps, capturing as above stated, forty prisoners, among them the man who had rifled the body of General McPherson. This important capture was made by a private of Co. F, *Frederick W. Sonner*, who handed the dispatches—(Sherman to McPherson), to Lieut. Knickerbocker, who delivered them to the brigade commander, introducing Sonner to his notice, with the expectation that he would have honorable mention in the reports of the affair, which, however, Sonner did not get. Sherman thus speaks of the affair in his work: "Fortunately the spot in the woods where McPherson was shot, was regained by our troops in a few minutes, and the pocket book found in the haversack of a prisoner of war captured at the time, and its contents were secured by one of McPherson's staff." To Frederick W. Sonner, a private, should be accorded the credit of this recovery, and to Lieuts. Knickerbocker and Moore, and their brave men the recovery of the ground. The reader of the general history of this engagement will understand how timely this movement of these lieutenants and sergeants was. This little squad of men remained on the field the longest of any, coming out of the fight in good order with the regimental colors.

Lieut. Knickerbocker was himself wounded, though slightly, in this engagement. That it was not a serious and indeed a fatal wound, is due under Providence to the memorandum book, containing the journal from which I have been quoting, one corner of which was struck by a minie ball, turning it aside, and thus probably saving the life of the brave lieutenant.

In this battle little Frank Swearer, of Co. G, saved the life of Lieut. Crews, of that company, and lost his own. The fight had become a hand to hand one, and only a fence separated the combatants. A rebel soldier had his gun aimed at Lieut. Crews, and was about to fire when Frank S. with his musket clubbed, struck him down from the fence, and turning said to Crews, "Lieutenant, I saved you that time." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the brave boy fell himself mortally wounded.

From the 22d to the 27th, the regiment was engaged in skirmishing. On the 28th it was again hotly engaged. It was detached from the brigade and sent to the 15th army corps. Here it took a position on a rise of ground for the purpose of silencing a rebel battery. It had just time to throw up temporary breastworks when the enemy charged and were repulsed. The charge was repeated three times and failed. The regiment was armed with the Henry repeating rifle, and handled them with deadly purpose and effect. The number of dead rebels in its immediate front is said to have exceeded the number of the regiment. Only two or three were hit in the regiment.

From this time until August 26th, the regiment was engaged in the siege of Atlanta, constantly at work and under fire. On the 26th of August it moved out of the works down the Sandtown road, marching all night, and the 27th and 28th struck the Montgomery railroad, and was engaged on the 29th in tearing up the track. On the 30th marched to the Macon railroad, and on September 2nd passed through Jonesboro and Lovejoy, and on the 8th went into camp at Eastpoint, Atlanta having been evacuated the 1st.

On the 28th of September the division was transferred to the 17th army corps. The 64th was now in 1st brigade, 1st division 17th army corps. Brig. Gen. J. W. Fuller, commanding the brigade, and Major Gen. J. A. Mower, the division, and Major Gen. F. B. Blair, the corps.

October 1st, the regiment went to Fairburn on a reconnoissance. Returned on the 3d, and on the 4th commenced the chase after Hood. Went to Atlanta, crossed the Chattahoochie at midnight, and marched all night in the rain. Camping in the works

at Marietta. Thence on northward through Kingston, past Adairsville, arriving at Resacca the 15th.

This was a terrible march, the hardest yet experienced. Says a member of the regiment, "For two days and nights we did not stop to eat or sleep. Where we crossed the Chattahoochie, several men lay down completely used up, never to get up again. I saw many march in their sleep, one walked off a bridge, falling some ten feet, injuring himself considerably. By the time we arrived at the end of the march, the loss of mules and horses was fearful. We realized the fact more fully on our return some days after, as by that time they were about half decomposed, and the road being most of the way through the woods, our olfactories received the full benefit. Of some of the companies, neither officers nor men came in until the march was concluded. Co. F. started with forty-five men, but came in with only fifteen.

"All company officers were required to march in the rear of their companies, and in more than one instance were obliged to pick the men up and set them on their feet, and put their guns into their hands. Whenever the wagons got clogged, the men would drop in their tracks and be asleep by the time they touched the ground. Our Colonel Manning also rode in the rear of the regiment, to assist in keeping up the stragglers. One night after one of the temporary halts, he saw as the men commenced moving, something laying on the ground that looked like a man, called out to him, "Wake up sir, your company is moving." But there was no movement and he spoke again, louder and sharper, "Get up, sir, and move on." Still no response or movement. "Will you get up?" he says, accompanying the words with a slap with his sabre. But still he did not move or speak, when the Colonel got just a little out of humor, and said, "Now, sir, get up or I will prick you," and he did so pretty savagely. The boys standing around could hold in no longer, and burst into a roar, and the Colonel found that he had been talking to a dead mule on which the boys had just been sitting."

During the night of the 15th, Captain Conger, with Co. A, moved in advance as a reconnoitering party to Snake Creek Gap. Here they encountered the enemy who had got possession of the old works. A sharp skirmish was the result, in which Captain

C. was mortally wounded. To the 1st division was assigned the task of driving them out. The 64th maintained its well-earned reputation in this engagement, losing besides Captain Conger, nine men wounded. Captain Logan, who had a little before rejoined the regiment, although still weak, thus speaks of this engagement in a letter to the *Republican*, written at the time.

“Arriving near the works in the thick woods about 10 a. m., we were ordered to take them in the rear through the dense thicket by the left flank. On we march, past the entire division. Forming into line, off go the knapsacks, and we advance. Arriving at the edge of the woods, we emerge into a cornfield. Down goes a fourteen rail fence. Passing the field, we scramble on through briars, bushes, sloughs and creeks. The rebs open fire, and the splinters from the trees fly in our faces. Double quick is ordered, and with a yell we rush on. I soon fell exhausted in Snake Creek, the cold water of which saves me from sun stroke. On recovering I perceive amid the shouts of ten thousand voices, our glorious ensign flying over the rebel works. Victory is again ours!

“The day after the fight we were out of rations, and all that our mess, consisting of seven, had for dinner, was two ears of corn between us. Two days after we were in Sugar Valley, the richest and most beautiful in the world. Here we got leave to forage, and in order to give you an idea of what foraging is, I must tell you how some of the Will county boys of my company looked on the 19th, about two hours before halting for the night. Although tired with a twenty mile march, here comes Sergeant Berow, my foraging captain, with half a sheep hung on his rifle; Michael Keefe with a young hog on his back—Mike loves pork; Pat. O'Connor is similarly loaded; Ed. Lizur has a sack of sweet potatoes; John Stone has a pail of honey—his face somewhat demoralized in getting it; Sergeant Sanders has a pail of syrup; Victor Henry and Frank Simpson are loaded down with potatoes and pork; Barney Lynch, just out of hospital, has as much as he can travel under of pork, mutton and chickens, and little Pat. Harrison, from Five Mile Grove, decently loaded with chickens and turkeys, and two great geese astride his neck, and looking half man and half goose, and swearing like a trooper for daylight, to the no small amusement of the boys.

“Up to this time, the entire loss in Co. G is forty-four—twenty-five killed, seven prisoners, and the rest wounded and sick. I am proud to say that in all the terrible conflicts in which the 64th has been engaged, the Will county boys, with but one exception, have never faltered in the presence of the enemy, but have bravely done their duty, as has the rest of the regiment.”

Marching by way of Lafayette and Summerville, the regiment arrived on the 21st of October at Gaylesville, Ala. On the 29th, marched via Cave Springs to Cedartown. Had a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry. Moved to Smyrna camp ground on the 5th of November. On the 13th it returned to Atlanta, and on the 15th commenced the “march to the sea.”

During this march, and the subsequent existence of the regiment, it was in command of Captain J. S. Reynolds, who had been promoted major. We shall not give a minute record of this march to the sea, which has been so often described. The experience of the 64th did not differ materially from that of other parts of the grand army. As it left Atlanta, and for the first day or two of the march, the sky was darkened by day with the smoke of burning buildings of Atlanta and the vicinity, and lit up by the lurid flames at night. Its position was in the left hand column of the right wing of Sherman's army of 60,000 infantry. Passing through McDonough, Jackson, Monticello, Hillsboro, to Gordon Station, it there engaged in the business of tearing up and destroying the Macon & Savannah railroad. The regiment had no encounter with the enemy until it reached Poole's Station, about twelve miles from Savannah, where it had a lively skirmish on the 9th of December. On the 10th it assisted in the investment of Savannah, skirmishing with the enemy during the day. On the 16th it marched to Kings Bridge, on the Ogeechee. On the 17th moved south, and on the 19th reached Doctortown on the Gulf railroad and the Altamaha river. After destroying the railroad at this point, it returned to Savannah on the 23d. Thus, after a leisurely march of 300 miles in twenty-four days, it sat down with the rest of the grand army between the Savannah and Ogeechee rivers, waiting for the plum, now ripe, to fall into its mouth. In common with the rest of the army, it was in even better health

and spirits than when it left Atlanta. It had lived on the fat of the land, finding chickens, honey, pork, mutton, sweet potatoes, and rice, in great abundance, and without having far to go to find enough for the wants of the army. And let it be remembered, that this was in the vicinity of Andersonville, where our poor boys—more than twenty-five of whom were from Will county—were being starved into idiocy and death.

But while the boys were fat and saucy, they were also black and dirty, and could hardly be distinguished from the contrabands that accompanied them, being blackened with the smoke of the resinous pine knots with which they built their camp fires.

As every reader knows, the plum fell into Sherman's hands on the 22d, who sent it as a Christmas gift to FATHER ABRAHAM.

At Savannah, Lieut. Knickerbocker, whose time of enlistment had now expired, bade farewell to the regiment and to army life. Having served the country well and bravely for three years, and until the rebellion was evidently on its last legs, he came home and hung up his sword by the side of his grandfather's, who had held the same rank in the army of the revolution.

Jan. 3d, 1865, the regiment (with the 17th corps), embarked at Thunderbolt for Beaufort, S. C., and on the 13th left Beaufort and arrived at Pocotaligo. Here there was quite a brilliant little affair in getting possession of the place. The 64th, under command of Major Reynolds, made a charge on the enemy's works and captured them. The boys gave the place a slight change of name, calling it "Poke-em-till-I-go."

Jan. 31st, on which day the movement of Sherman's army northward commenced, the 64th moved from Pocotaligo, having previously been engaged in making some demonstrations against the enemy at the Salkahatchie and Combabee ferry. Feb. 3d, they crossed the Salkahatchie at Rice's ferry, in the face of the enemy, crossing a swamp nearly three miles wide, in which the water was from knee to waist in depth, and very cold, as was the weather also. The enemy then fell back behind the Edisto, and the division was pushed on to Midway, where it was engaged with the rest of the corps in the destruction of the S. C. R. R., to the 10th of Feb. Then moved to Orangeburg, where the enemy was intrenched at the bridge, but it was soon routed, and the corps was across the

North Edisto and destroying the railway. Marched thence to Columbia, and witnessed its burning by the rebel General Hampton, who had with insane folly set fire to the cotton in the streets, to keep it from falling into the hands of the yankees. Thence it marched to Winesboro and Cheraw, to Fayetteville, N. C.

March 20th it arrived at Bentonville, and on the 21st the entire regiment was on the skirmish line. The division had been ordered to make a demonstration against the left flank of the enemy. It therefore moved to Mill Creek and formed in line of battle, with the 64th in front as skirmishers. After advancing a little way through a swamp, they encountered the enemy's cavalry, with four pieces of artillery, and at once charged them, capturing a caisson. Major J. S. Reynolds was in command, and was ordered to drive the enemy as far as he could with the skirmishers. He succeeded in driving the enemy's cavalry and artillery two miles, capturing Gen. Joseph E. Johnson's headquarters, with forty horses belonging to his staff and escort, and twelve prisoners. The regiment was now in the rear of Johnson's army and on the line of his retreat. Gen. Mower was moving to his support, when he was attacked with great fury on his left flank by Gen. Hardee's corps, and was being forced back toward the swamp.

The 64th was now in great danger of being surrounded and captured. But Major Reynolds here displayed that skill, courage and presence of mind which showed him worthy of the promotion which he afterwards received, and which would justify still higher honors. He changed his position so skilfully and quickly as to give him a great advantage. The moment he saw his supports were being driven back, he contracted his line, and directing Capt. Long, who was acting as major, to watch the enemy's cavalry, with companies A and F, he attacked the enemy with the rest of the regiment, with great vigor and intrepidity. The effect was everything that could be desired. General Hardee, supposing, no doubt, that he was being flanked by a large force, fell back with haste to re-form his lines, and did not discover the true state of affairs, until Gen. Mower had got his division safely across the swamp. The 64th then gave the enemy a parting souvenir, and also fell back across the swamp.

Sergeant Lamb, on the retreat, kept up a running fight, killing

six rebs, loading as he ran ; but, being overtaken, while loading, he had to surrender, but he first broke his gun around a tree. The rebs parolled him, having first robbed him of his watch and pocket book.

The 64th lost thirteen men in this affair. Had it not been so skilfully handled, its losses must have been much greater. Its formidable sixteen-shooters were never handled to better effect. Both Generals Mower and Fuller highly complimented Major Reynolds, and the officers and men of the regiment generally, for their gallantry on this occasion. Major Reynolds was also recommended for promotion as brigadier general, which honor he received subsequently.

The march northward was resumed, and on the 24th of March the 64th camped at Goldsboro. Thence it proceeded on to Washington, by way of Raleigh. It reached the capital of the Union it had so bravely aided in preserving, on the 19th of May. It then took part in the grand review. Being armed with the deadly Henry sixteen-shooters, (at their own expense), the men attracted special attention and received frequent cheers.

June 6th, it left for Louisville, Ky., and on July 11th was mustered out of service. The regiment arrived at Chicago on the 14th, and received its final pay and discharge July 18th, 1865. Colonel John Morrill (brevetted brigadier general), commanded the regiment until he was severely wounded, July 22, 1864. Lt. Col. Manning then commanded it until Nov. 22, 1864, when Capt. J. S. Reynolds, promoted major, took command and retained it until muster out, being promoted lieutenant colonel May 8th, and brevetted brigadier general at muster out. Capt. Logan, of Co. G, was promoted major. A reference to the roster will show the other promotions of Will county men.

Before closing the record of the 64th, I want to make special mention of two of its privates, no suitable opportunity having been presented in the body of the narrative.

By reference to the muster roll of the regiment, it will be seen that JOHN SMITH, whose military record I have given at some length elsewhere, was also a member of Co. E, in this regiment. It will also be seen that he is reported as "*absent, in arrest, at muster out.*" Seeing this statement, and being naturally anxious

to rescue the memory of my pet hero from this stain, I have been on the lookout for some favorable explanation of this matter. Most happily, I have found one which affords partial relief. In one of the letters written home from the regiment by a corporal of Co. E, (now dead, poor boy!) I find this statement: "Big John Smith shot two copperheads in Ottawa, and deserted. He got scared, and dare not come back to us; but if he had come back, the colonel would not have done anything to him."

This is some explanation, and affords considerable satisfaction, inasmuch as it shows that it was not for cowardice or disloyalty that my hero was put in arrest. But just what his offense was, I have not been able to ascertain. I am at a loss to conjecture what the animal was that John Smith shot. It seems to me it could not have been the *Trigonocephalus Contortex*, the reptile to which the name of "copperhead" was usually given, for though a native of America, it has never, I believe been found so far north as Ottawa. I remember that in the early settlement of this county, the prairies were infested with a species of the *Crotalus*, which was familiarly called "massasauger," but I have never known it to be called a "copperhead." And then, why should it have been an offense which could have made John Smith fear the authorities, civil or military, if he had shot either a *Crotalus* or a *Trigonocephalus Contortex*, or indeed any number of them! Such reptiles being *feræ nature*, and venomous withal, are liable to be shot at will. The whole subject is involved in mystery, and I am compelled to leave it unsolved. There was also in this same company another representative of this renowned family, to-wit, *Christian Smith*. He is registered as being from Chicago, but this is of course a mistake. Without any hesitation I have transferred his name to the Will county list. I have only one item of special interest to record of his military history. On the 4th of July, 1864, he was severely wounded in that part where the Spartan mother, in her pride, prayed her son might not be. Let it be charitably remembered that we fight now altogether differently from the style of her time, and now a man cannot select the spot where he shall be hit. The wound, happily was not mortal, but it was a long time very inconvenient. This was a hard way to keep the 4th of July, but that's the way they did it in Georgia, in the year 1864. Let this

“ — hair-breadth 'scape 'i the imminent deadly breech,”

go into history as another blazon on the escutcheon of the Smith family!

In closing our record of the Yates Sharpshooters, we are deeply sensible that our imperfect narrative will convey but a feeble impression of the services rendered, and the sufferings and dangers endured by them, in common with most of our Illinois regiments. From New Madrid to Goldsboro, it fought its way through hardships and dangers which can never be fully told. Being one of the sharp shooting regiments—armed with the deadly Henry rifle, it was always kept in advance, and allowed the post of honor and of danger, and on many a hard fought field, its men displayed their skill and valor. At the battle of Corinth, it received the special commendation of Gen. Rosecrans. At Kenesaw after the terrific 27th of June, it was thanked by Gen. Dodge, for its bravery and success. In front of Atlanta it received the thanks of Gen. Fuller—and at Bentonville of Gens. Fuller and Mower.

It is impossible now to conceive how men could so cheerfully endure the constant hardships and exposure of the Atlanta campaign, when scarcely a day passed when some companion was not left behind, hastily buried in the inhospitable soil, or bleeding beneath some tree, awaiting the tardy care of the surgeon; while every day brought its reports of rebel barbarities practiced upon the wounded and dead. Most of the time too was passed in cramped trenches and rifle pits, under the fire of rebel batteries, and the keen watch of sharp shooters, when the slightest exposure was sure to be fatal,—all aggravated by hard, and oftentimes deficient rations, and insufficient clothing, and by the intense heat of a Georgia sun, alternated with terrific storms and rain-pours without shelter. On the route northward from Savannah, many of the regiment marched two hundred miles barefoot, much of the time skirmishing through swamps, and enduring all without a murmur.

Of the one thousand men and officers that left Ottawa after veteranizing and recruiting, in March 1864, only four hundred and fifty returned for muster out. Of company E—Captain Grover's company—only five of the original enlistment returned with Lieut. Feeley.

Our county lost fifty-six men in this regiment. Two valued officers, Captain Grover and Sergeant Clark, were killed at Corinth, as has been related. Sergeant Wm. Paul, from whose letters I have several times quoted, and who died of Typhoid fever on the Atlanta campaign, was the son of our citizen, Wm. Paul, then a resident of Troy, and brother of Oliver Paul of the 100th. One man, Israel Parker, died in Andersonville.

Let us who reap the benefits of the sufferings of our brave boys, gratefully remember the dead, and honor the living, and resolve to transmit inviolate that Union and Freedom they helped to preserve.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.


CHAPTER V.

HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH; OR, WILL COUNTY REGIMENT.

PART FIRST.

JOLIET TO NASHVILLE. SEPTEMBER, 1862, to DECEMBER 26TH.

Departure—En route—Louisville—Reception—Regiment Armed—Put on Duty—Marches and Counter-Marches—Almost a Fight—Joins a Brigade—Capt. Elwood Detailed—How the Boys Prepared for Inspection—A Banner from Home—Moves Camp—Goes Scouting—An Immersion—Regiment Returns without Trophies—Hard March Through the City—Louisville in a Scare—Intrenchments—Two Visitors from Joliet—Movements—The Shooting of Gen. Nelson—New Brigade—Starts out for Dixie—Incidents—Col. Buell tries "Mit's" Hospital Stores—Signs of the Enemy—A Kentucky Pig—What came of It—Consequences—Regiment Moves on—In Line of Battle—In the Front—Gen. Haskell's Fears—A and B as skirmishers—Springfield—Perryville—First Sight of a Battle Field—Chaplain Crews preaches his First Sermon—Walnut Grove—The Boys smell Powder—First Blood—Crab Orchard—Wild Cat—Short Rations—First Death—A Hard March—Camps on Green River—The Chaplain smells Woolen—Another Death—Crosses into Dixie—Two Classes of Vertebrates—Capt. Munger's Boy—Something about Brevets—A Hard March—Some Boys Fall Out—They Fall In—Silver Springs—Sickness and Death—March Again—The Hermitage—Camps near Nashville—Deaths and Funerals—Sickness—Experiences—Storm Scene—Life in Camp.

E have given some account of the enlistment and organization of the 100th regiment in our Home Record, and of its departure from Joliet. As PART FOUR of this work will give a full roster and muster roll of the entire regiment, no further detail is needed.

The regiment broke camp at twelve o'clock of Tuesday, Sept. 2d, 1862, with 39 commissioned officers and 868 enlisted men,

and took up its line of march for the C., A. & St. L. R. R. depot, where a train of twenty cars was waiting to convey them to Springfield. All the city, and thousands from the surrounding country, and from all parts of Will county, had assembled to witness their departure, as we have elsewhere recorded. The train left the depot at 3 p. m., and arrived at Springfield the next morning. Here their destination was changed from St. Louis to Louisville, and they proceeded on the G. W. R. R. eastward. At Lafayette, Ind., the citizens, having been apprized of their approach, had prepared to give the boys a warm reception. They met them at the depot, armed with baskets full of all kinds of eatables and drinkables, with which they assailed the 100th in most gallant style. But the boys came off conquerors, devouring everything before them, and closing the engagement with three rousing cheers for the Hoosier lads and lasses, when the train rushed on for Indianapolis.

At almost every station, the train was fired upon with apples, peaches, flowers, &c., a kind of warfare that pleased the boys hugely. They crossed the Ohio at Jeffersonville, and marched through Louisville, up Main street, past the Gault House, singing "We'll Hang Jeff. Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," and "John Brown's Soul," &c. They were warmly welcomed, especially in the German quarter of the city, with waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and cheers. At one corner a lady made a short speech by way of welcome. They passed out about two miles beyond the city, and went into camp.

Here the regiment received arms and accoutrements, and the balance of the day was spent in arraying themselves in the full rig of the soldier. They were also supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition. Louisville was then enjoying a big scare, martial law was declared, and some were crying "good Lord," and some "good devil," not knowing whether they should fall into the hands of Buell or Bragg, who were racing across the state—with Louisville for their goal. The men, having ridden 500 miles without rest, were very tired, and not having yet received regular rations, were also hungry. Some pie and cake peddlers made their appearance, to the great joy of the boys, and would have soon sold their entire stock, had not some wiseacre suggested that the secesh had heard of the terrible 100th, and that these peddlers might be

rebel spies, and their pies and cakes were probably poisoned ! This suggestion put an embargo on the pie trade—it was so probable !

The 100th now found themselves placed on duty at once. They were to *play* war no more. At 9 p. m., instead of turning in for a good night's rest, they were drawn up in line of battle, pickets stationed, and the rest ordered to sleep on their arms. About half-past eleven, just as they were getting into a comfortable snooze, the call "fall in" was sounded, and they were formed in line again, and then marched through the silent city, and out on the Beardstown pike, through clouds of choking dust, about four miles, when they were ordered to halt, and fix bayonets. This looked like business ! Most had never seen a line of battle, or torn a cartridge, and if some bit at the wrong end, or put the ball down first, let them not be blamed ; they did the best they knew then, and they soon learned to do it right, as many a reb found to his sorrow.

The occasion of this preparation was the approach of a regiment (the 88th) of Indiana boys, returning from the battle of Richmond. They were supposed to be the enemy, and it was hard to restrain some of the boys from firing into them. Fortunately, however, their character became known before the 100th annihilated them. I think our boys were glad to find that they were friends. And if, when the excitement was over, one or two of the boys were found up a tree, or behind a fence, it was no doubt in order to get a better chance to fight successfully. Was not Frederick the Great, during his first battle, found shivering in a barn, at a safe distance from the field—and did he not afterwards become the greatest general of the age !

After they had recovered from the effects of this encounter, they marched two miles further, and rested till daylight, lying down in a soft bed of dust. They were aroused early in the morning by the market wagons going into Louisville with their meat and produce. Some of the captains took the opportunity to buy some of the meat for their hungry men.

At daylight went a few miles farther, and rested through the day. As the quartermaster had not been able to procure transportation, it was hard scratching for rations, but the boys managed to satisfy their hunger on fruit and sweet potatoes, which were

plenty in the adjacent fields. The men slept that night in an open clover field, and next day, (the 6th), marched to Camp Yates, on the farm of John C. Breckenridge, about four miles from the city.

Here the regiment was brigaded with the 79th and 88th Ind. and the 73d Ill. regiments, under command of Gen. Kirk. Tents and clothing were also drawn, and anyone from home would have been puzzled to identify his best friend. The regiment was also put through the necessary lessons in drill, perfecting themselves in the art, which they would now probably very soon be called upon to practice in earnest.

The regiment remained in this camp about a week. Captain Elwood, of Co. G, was made inspector general of the brigade on the 12th.

On the second day after going into camp, orders were given to prepare for inspection, and also a review by General Kirk. The regiment at once set about the work of preparation with great zeal, and equal ignorance. The guns had been loaded since leaving Louisville, and now they must be cleaned up, and got ready for inspection, and boots must be blacked and coats brushed, etc. About 3 o'clock the colonel ordered the companies to form in front of their quarters in ranks of four, that they might be ready to move to the appointed place. But the guns were yet loaded. Some one, ignorant of, or forgetting the standing rule against such a procedure, fired off his gun—it was so much easier than to draw the charge. The example was contagious; everybody else followed suit, and pop, pop, all down the line go the guns. The old nick was to pay at once. The pickets on the distant outposts hearing the sound fired off their guns to give the alarm, the long roll was sounded, and every body but the innocent 100th thought that John Morgan, or Gen. Bragg, or Jeff. Davis, or the devil, or the whole confederacy were upon them. The 100th enjoyed the sensation they had created, but Col. Bartleson was very much mortified, and Gen. Kirk stormed and swore at the boys, calling them an undisciplined mob. The review was postponed for that day, and Col. Bartleson ordered to bring his regiment to a better state of discipline.

While at this camp the regiment was presented with a banner

from the ladies of Joliet. It was accompanied by an eloquent letter from Judge Parks, to which the colonel sent a suitable reply. At the same time the colonel was presented with an elegant sword, by the officers of the regiment.

Sept. 10th, the brigade moved from camp "Dick Yates," to a position in the southern suburbs of Louisville, and our regiment camped on the place of a Mr. Casseday, a brother of the late G. W. Casseday, of Joliet. On Sunday the 14th, the principal part of the brigade moved with three days' cooked rations, on a scouting expedition on the Beardstown or Shelbyville pike, to look after some rebel cavalry reported near Spring Creek, twelve miles from Louisville. They moved slowly along the pike, Gen. Kirk and staff at the head of the column, halting occasionally while some of the staff stopped to make inquiries. Major Hammond was in command of the rear guard. A clumsy, innocent looking old market wagon, driven by an old butternut, was allowed by the Major to pass along up the line to the head, where it was stopped by the General who gave the Major a severe reprimand for allowing it to pass. He suspected that it might be a spy going to inform the rebels of the approach of the brigade.

Near the end of the march they crossed a little creek. The colonel's horse, which by the way was a little gray mustang belonging to Lieut. Williams, (somewhat noted for his taste in horse flesh), seemed to want to drink, so the colonel rode him into the stream. When he had got into the middle of the stream the colonel threw the bridle upon the mustang's neck, so that he could drink the easier. The mustang it seems wanted a bath more than he did a drink, for without giving the colonel any notice, he incontinently lay down in the water to the no small amusement of the spectators, but to the great damage of the colonel's toilet and temper.

I have heard this freak of the mustang attributed to two causes. Some explain it on the supposition that a former owner had learned the animal to lie down whenever the bridle was thrown upon his neck; while others insist that the matter is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that his (then) present owner was a zealous Baptist deacon.

The regiment encamped that night in a partly wooded field to the right of the pike.

On the 15th, it returned to the city, without having captured any rebels, and camped at night at the old camp, Casseday.

On the 16th, the brigade was marched down into and around the city. The day was excessively hot, the mercury 105 in the shade. The men were fully equipped, and as yet, unused to marching, and the consequence was that many fell out by the way, utterly unable to stand the heat and dust. Some had sunstroke and were sent to the hospital. There were no fatal cases in the 100th, but there were two or three in the other regiments of the brigade. The dust was suffocating, rising higher than the tree tops, and enveloping everyone. The men were absolutely choked by it. The ladies in some portions of the city turned out and gave the men water, and presented them fans, and cheered them as they dragged through the streets, and when some fell out by the way exhausted, held the heads of the fainting and almost dying men. I am afraid the boys, many of them, imitated the English army in Flanders that day, and that curses deep, if not loud were hurled at the head of Gen. Nelson, at whose command this unnecessary marching was done, and who with his staff sat on the verandah of the Gault House, and coolly viewed the demoralized troops as they marched by.

On the 18th, the morning papers announced the surrender of Munfordsville to the rebels, and matters began to look serious; and on the 19th the troops, the 100th among them, were ordered into the city to work on and man the intrenchments. Non-combatants were also required to take the shovel, and assist in the work. The darkies were also pressed into the service. And just here came in a good joke upon a couple of Joliet boys, which as I may not have another chance to get them into history, must be told. Fred Woodruff and Dick Willis had gone down to Louisville to see the boys, had been out to their camp, and were now laying around the city loose. Some of the military authorities,—as the story goes,—not knowing that they were from Joliet, and thinking from their appearance that they might serve the country with the shovel, if they could not with a musket, put them upon the intrenchments. But I believe they made such awkward work handling the shovel, that they were glad to get rid of them the next day.

On the 20th, the brigade marched out on the Bardstown pike nine miles, staying there until the 22d, when it returned to Camp Casseday. The next day it was ordered into the city again, and placed behind the intrenchments. The excitement was intense. Bragg was reported to be close by. Stores were closed, and many women and children left the city. But Buell's army came in ahead. The difference in the appearance of his army, coming in from its long and hasty march from Corinth, all rags and dirt, and the fresh rig of Kirk's brigade, was very noticeable, and highly suggestive. On the 26th, the regiment was moved to the eastern side of the city, and took up quarters in an old rope-walk.

At this time, Sept. 27th, there was a great excitement in the city, caused by the shooting of Gen. Nelson, by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis. I am afraid that there was not much mourning over his death by the men who made that exhaustive march through and around Louisville.

On the first of October the brigade organization was broken up, and the 100th was assigned to Gen. Haskell's brigade of Gen. Crittenden's corps. Accordingly, the regiment broke camp, packed up their *impedimenta*, sent the sick (about fifty) to the hospitals and convalescent barracks, and late in the afternoon started out on the Bardstown road to join the brigade, marching until ten o'clock at night. They slept in the road that night, and were moving again next morning at four o'clock, going to Fern Creek, the place where they had been about ten days before. Here they found the brigade, consisting of the 26th Ohio, 3d Ky., and 58th Ind., all old regiments, and so reduced in numbers that, when in camp, the 100th occupied nearly as much ground as the three. The brigade was commanded by Gen. Haskell, and the division by Gen. T. J. Wood. With these regiments and commanders, the 100th was destined to become pretty well acquainted.

Oct. 2d, the brigade was on the march. Nothing worthy of note occurred, except seeing a wounded rebel being taken to the rear, which suggested that there was shooting going on somewhere. Went into camp just at dark, a short distance southeast of Washington. Were in line again at an early hour on the 3d, the 100th having the place of rear regiment of the column. A trifling inci-

dent occurred, showing the distrust with which fresh regiments were regarded. Col. Buell, of the 58th Indiana, was in command of the rear guard. Presuming that the 100th would be disposed to "straggle," he ordered in a loud voice—evidently in order that the 100th should hear it—that the rear guard should "fix bayonets." Major Hammond, who was riding in the rear of the regiment, heard the order, and being considerably nettled thereat, as an offset, he ordered the rear company of the 100th to "cap their guns." Fortunately, however, these two orders did not bring about any collision. Colonel Buell, too, grew very amiable and friendly, after a little, perhaps desiring to make amends, or perhaps mollified by the sight of a certain, curious-looking black bottle, just then in the custody of the assistant hospital steward, (sometimes known as "Mit.") The colonel spied the bottle, and not suspecting that it was part of the "hospital stores," intimated to "Mit" that he would accept an invitation to "smile." "Mit," always generous with hospital stores, and very *Hand-y* in taking care of or dispensing them, passed up the bottle, and the colonel took a moderate taste. Now, it happened that the colonel was in the habit of taking his "straight," and "Mit's" was about one-half capsicum. The colonel quickly relinquished his hold upon the bottle, and of the quantity he had taken into his mouth as well, and the smile was changed to tears!

The column moved slowly along, having occasionally slight artillery duels with the rear guard of the rebels. About six in the evening it came to a stream upon the banks of which there were some mills, and an elevation of ground upon which the rebels had planted some cannon, which occasioned some annoyance and delay.

Strict orders had been given by the division commander against pillaging. But it happened at night, just as the regiment were camping, that a stray Kentucky pig somehow got into the way of some of the boys of Co. G, and they thoughtlessly knocked him over, and proceeded to dress it, anticipating an agreeable addition to their supper. Some old soldiers in the brigade happened to discover the operation, and thinking that they could perhaps profit by the verdancy of the 100th, tried to convince the boys that by all rules of military etiquette, the old soldiers of the brigade were entitled to all such estrays. This claim was, of course resisted and

resented by Co. G, and quite a noisy dispute arose. Capt. Munger, hearing the noise, came up and inquired into the matter. The captain was quite indignant at this attempt to impose upon his men, and declared somewhat emphatically that he "would not allow any old soldiers, or any old officers, to rob his men." Another officer had meanwhile come on the stage, who asked of the captain: "Who are you, sir, and what is your command?" to which Munger replied: "I am Capt. Munger, commanding Co. G of the 100th Ill. Vol.; who are you, sir, and what is your command?" Reply—"I am Capt. —, adjutant general of this brigade, and you will report yourself at once to your colonel, under arrest." Here was a pretty "kettle of fish!" The captain, crestfallen, went as ordered to Col. Bartleson, and surrendered his sword. The Col. had a good laugh over it, and told the captain to go to his quarters, and he would get the arrest removed in the morning—which was done.

Perhaps the curious reader may like to know what became of the pig. I am happy to be able to satisfy this laudable curiosity. The boys, who had been guilty of procuring his untimely death, were ordered to carry him suspended on a pole upon their shoulders for some hours, up and down the camp. While undergoing their punishment, others of the boys would run up and carve a slice from Mr. Pig, which process was repeated so often, that in a little while the load was reduced merely to the hind legs, by which it had been suspended. This was not the only instance in which these old regiments tried to impose upon the green 100th. Along about this time the boys lost a good many of their new hats, while many in the old regiments were supplied with new ones, which it would have puzzled them to account for.

Oct. 4th, the army was on the move. Marched about twenty-five miles. When about three miles from Bardstown, the brigade was formed in line of battle. It was supposed that the rebels, whose skirmish line was in sight of our advance, were going to make a stand here. The 100th was placed in front, and two companies were deployed as skirmishers. General Haskell, who, by the way, was from Ohio, and a most excellent officer, was a little afraid of his new regiment, and was so inconsiderate as to express his fears in very imprudent, not to say impudent, language. "Soldiers of

the 100th," said he, "you are about to go into battle. The 26th Ohio is placed behind you, with orders to shoot down any man of your regiment that attempts to run." This speech greatly exasperated the boys of the 100th, and the colonel most of all, who indignantly told the general that he need have no fears for the 100th, they were not from Ohio, but from the state of Illinois—they were "Illini"—*men!*

Co. A, Captain Bowen, and Co. B, Captain Elwood were on the skirmish line under command of Major Hammond, and when they got sight of the rebel skirmishers they broke and run for them so fast that the major who was mounted had hard work to keep up with them. The rebs lit out when they saw the boys coming, and there was no further chance to make good the colonel's boast, but it came in time, and Gen' Haskell afterwards made the amende honorable, when he found at Stone River that the greatest trouble was to hold the boys back. But the speech always rankled in their minds, and though they afterwards became good friends with the 26th Ohio, they never forgot the speech of General Haskell, and on one or two occasions subsequently they let him know that they remembered it.

Bardstown was found evacuated by the rebels, when our force reached it. On the 5th and 6th the army moved on to Springfield, and camped on the fair grounds. On the 7th the force had a very tedious march, lasting until nearly morning. The day was excessively hot, the dust very deep, and no water could be obtained until they reached the "Rolling Fork," upon which they encamped. The 100th kept up pretty well until dark, when many fell out, and when it arrived at the stream, and went into camp, the ranks were badly thinned. The regiment remained in this camp until 2 p. m., next day, when it moved on to within two miles of Perryville, where the firing could be heard very plainly, and the boys expected to be in it.

But the "battle of Perryville" had been fought and won, when the 100th reached the field, and the enemy was fast disappearing from our front. Here the 100th had the first view of a battle field. The dead of both sides were still unburied, and the wounded were being gathered up, and the men saw what war meant. The next day the regiment moved a short distance to the east of

Perryville, and here in an old frame building a little way from the battle field, their venerable and beloved chaplain, preached his first sermon as a chaplain. No reporter was present to transmit to us a *resume* of his discourse, but one can easily imagine what train of thought would be presented by the surroundings.

Next day, (the 10th), the brigade was again on the move, and at night went into camp in a place which was named Walnut Grove, remaining here until the morning of the 12th. Here the regiment had a slight foretaste of its future experience—a partial initiation into the business into which they had entered.

The notorious raider, John Morgan, was said to be in the vicinity, and the boys were warned to keep a sharp lookout. The picket line was established not far from camp, and in the edge of the timber, a rail fence running along in front, beyond which was an open field, and still beyond that, a hollow or ravine. The 100th being called upon for a detail to go upon the line, detachments from different companies in charge of Captain Elwood were sent out, and were on duty until midnight, when they were relieved by another detail (Co. H), in charge of Lieut. Nelson. Nothing of note occurred until in the gray of the morning, when an officer, who was supposed to be the inspector of the line, rode up to the left of the line, and asked for the officer in charge. Lieut. Nelson responded. The officer then gave his orders to the lieutenant to keep a sharp lookout, as there were rebels about, and they might be attacked about daylight. He also told the lieutenant that "we" had some cavalry in front, and if they should be driven in, they must be careful and not fire at our own men. The officer then rode down the line and disappeared. The men were immediately notified to be on the alert, and if attacked to rally to the centre of the line, and make as good a fight as they could until reinforced. Very soon from over the hill came the sound of officers giving commands, as if troops were forming, and in a few minutes a company of cavalry came dashing up in front of the picket line, and formed in handsome style only a few rods off. They presented a handsome appearance, riding splendid horses, well accoutered, the men all wearing U. S. overcoats and hats. As soon as they had formed their line, they advanced toward the fence, and an officer dismounted and commenced laying down the

fence. One of our boys caught a glimpse of some "butternut" under the U. S. overcoat, and sang out "rebels! rebels!" But the officer still laying down the rails, cried out, "don't fire, don't fire, we are friends." Some one fired a gun to arouse the camp, and the pickets rallied to the center, and fell back under orders toward the main line, and met Captain Goddard coming up, who being the ranking officer took command. Believing them to be Union cavalry he ordered the men not to fire. Several of our men however believed them to be rebels and jumped behind the trees to be ready for them. One, Johnny Sarver, who saw the butternut and was determined not to be fooled, drew a bead on the officer and fired, wounding him and killing his horse, a beautiful bay. The rebels, for such they were, no longer attempted to conceal their character, but fired a volley from their carbines at our men and turned to run, taking the wounded men along. Our boys opened on them, and several saddles were emptied. The camp was now all alive, and a battery also opened upon them.

They proved to be a company of Morgan's cavalry, and the man shot by Sarver (and who it was found next day had died) was one of Morgan's Majors. One man of our regiment, James S. Connor, of Co. H, was slightly wounded. Here then was the first blood drawn from the enemy by the 100th, and also the first blood shed by the regiment in the good cause. The last was not very much, but enough to say blood!

This Johnny Sarver, who has the credit of bringing the first rebel to grief, was the youngest man in the regiment, in fact a mere boy of fifteen, and could only get into the service as a musician. But after he got to Louisville, he laid down his fife and took a musket, and as we have seen, knew how to use it; and he carried it as bravely as the oldest, up to the terrific charge on Kenesaw, June 27th, 1864, in which he was killed. Harry Clay King was another brave boy, only a little older, and being about the same size, and standing in the ranks beside Sarver, the two received the *sobriquet* of "the pony team," and by this were known in the regiment. James S. Connor, who had the honor of shedding the first blood of the 100th, went through the service afterwards unscathed.

The army advanced slowly, part of the time in line of battle,

with skirmishing going on in front, and passing through Danville, Stamford and Crab Orchard, camped on the night of the 15th, about five miles beyond the last named place. Here part of the brigade, mostly convalescents, were left in camp, while the rest of the command continued on to Wild Cat. These continued for four or five days up in this wild, mountainous region. The command ran short of rations and forage, and the regiment was sent on the 16th to forage. On the 18th, they went beyond Wild Cat a few miles. Rations still short. Some of the boys tried the experiment of making hulled corn, but they were not very successful. The product did not seem to be healthy, or at least it occasioned a call on the doctor for remedies. For a few days, the boys were a little more hungry than was agreeable. Indeed one soldier writing home at the time, says he got so hungry that he stole the corn from the mules to stay his own stomach! We shall find in the course of this history that they had to resort to this trick again. On the 20th, fortunately, the trains came up with rations. On the 22d—Bragg having made his escape through Cumberland Gap—the army started back through Mt. Vernon, Crab Orchard, and Stamford. At Crab Orchard on the 25th, occurred the first death with the regiment, Robert A. Hughes, Co. A. He was from Wilmington.

At Stamford, the enemy took a new route southwest, through Weathersfield and Liberty, camping on the night of the 25th at Columbia, having marched at the rate of twenty-two miles a day. The day's march, which terminated at Columbia, was a terrible one. The 100th was rear guard, following all the wagons. The weather was cold and damp, and about 3 p. m. it began to snow, making the marching just horrible. The colonel was put under arrest for his leniency in allowing the men to straggle and ride in the wagons. The four days' severe marching made many in the old regiments give out, and told heavily upon the 100th. Many got sick, and all footsore. The boys, no doubt, thought of the comfortable homes they had left, and felt a little blue. A division hospital was established in the town, and 12 sent from the 100th, while 171 reported at surgeon's call. Remained here until the 30th.

On the 24th, when the boys had gone into camp about half a

mile from Green River, occurred a little incident, which might be characterized as painfully ludicrous. The men were all very tired. Chaplain Crews, who messed with the officers of Co. K, told the boys that if they would build a fire, he would go to the river and bring the water. Accordingly, he threw off his fine new overcoat, and tucking it safely away under a pile of rails, started on his kind errand. Meanwhile the boys set themselves to work to build the fire, and, by a strange fatality, built it against the pile of rails where the chaplain had hid his coat; and when he got back with the water he "smelt woolen," and investigating the matter, found his new coat about half consumed! Philosophy, stoicism, even patriotism, could not have sustained a man at such a time! Nothing but grace, and a good deal of it—which, fortunately, the good chaplain had—could have kept a man under such circumstances from "slinging words" not found in Webster's unabridged!

On the 30th, five of the sick were sent to Lebanon, and five returned to the regiment, and one, Jerry Harper, of Co. C, was left in charge of a resident physician. He died a few days after, Oct. 30th.

Nov. 1st, they reached Glasgow, camping on the fair grounds. Here the regiment received a mail, and learned of the capture of the gallant sutlers, Caswell and Bush, who had started from Louisville with a load of goods, boxes, and mail, for the regiment. But John Morgan gathered them in, and the boys had to mourn the loss of their letters and good things from home. Here, also, they learned that Rosecrans had superseded Buell, which gave general satisfaction. The force staid at this place until Nov. 4th. Sixteen more of the regiment were sent to the hospital at Cave City. On the 4th they marched seven miles to Scottsville, crossing two streams, where the bridges had been burned by the rebels the year previous. One, the Big Barrow, was the largest stream that had been met since leaving the Ohio. Here quite a number of the regiment that had been left on the way came up. After another day's rest, and a march of twenty-two miles, they passed from the neutral state of Kentucky into the rebel state of Tennessee. No great change was perceptible in the physical or moral atmosphere.

A granite obelisk, on which are the names of Gov. Harris and

his secretary, and of the engineers, marks the spot. The boys hurried for Dixie on crossing the line.

While passing over the sacred soil of Kentucky, the orders of the commander, Buell, had been very strict against foraging, and the boys found it very hard work, when tired and hungry, to keep their hands off the fruit, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables. One time the regiment was passing a fine orchard of fruit, and one of the boys of Co. A, a fine soldier, started from the ranks and jumped over a fence, bound for the apples. The colonel saw him, and ordered Jeff. back. Now, Jeff. was a good soldier, and did not mean to be insubordinate, but he did want the apples bad, and he did not halt very fast. The colonel drew his revolver, and repeated his order, "Take your place in the ranks." It was a solemn moment; Jeff. looked back over his shoulder to see if the colonel was in earnest, and, to use his own words, "saw shoot" plainly in the eyes of the colonel, and the result was, he did not want the apples any more.

Almost immediately upon the entrance of the regiment upon the sacred soil of Kentucky, they had made the acquaintance of two classes of vertebrates, which played an important part in the war of the rebellion. I mean the mule, and the contraband. I wish it distinctly understood that I mean no disrespect to either, in thus classing them together. I do so simply because in the experience of the 100th, they came together, and because, although each deserves a separate chapter in our history, yet the necessities of brevity forbid.

Occasional specimens of both had been seen here at the north before the war. Now and then a man had ventured to ride a mule, or to drive a span through the streets. And we had had frequent glimpses of the contraband, as the naughty abolitionists transported them through on the underground railroad; while, as permanent specimens, there was "Uncle John," who lived so long in his elegant mansion alongside of banker Woodruff's. We also had "Bogus," (sometimes called Levi), of the National Hotel 'bus, to show us how even black will fade under certain circumstances. But these were fragmentary specimens. In Kentucky, both were to be seen in their glory. Kentucky had long been celebrated for raising mules and politicians, sending now and then one of them

to congress. She had also rivaled Virginia in the traffic in "slaves and souls of men," rearing them for the cotton states. One of the first lessons it became necessary for the boys to learn was how to subsist, and how to manage a mule team, and how to keep the mules from chewing up at night the wagon and its contents, which they had so patiently drawn through the day. Another lesson on which they studied long and hard, but which I do not suppose this or any other regiment ever learned perfectly, was how to tell when a mule was going to kick; but they never found any difficulty in telling when a mule had kicked! Without the mule, I do not see how the war could ever have been conducted, as no other animal could have endured the labor and deprivation incident to the transporting of the *impedimenta* of an army through a country that had already felt the devastating effects of war. Many rich experiences, no doubt, could be related in respect to the mule, but we cannot give them now. We turn our attention to the contraband, between whom and the mule there were many points of resemblance. Neither had any rights which a white man is bound to respect. Both had from time immemorial been the subjects of prejudice and abuse, and both have exhibited the most wonderful patience under such abuse, although both have occasionally been known to kick. Both have a wonderful capacity for music, and delight in exhibiting their powers "oft in the stilly night." Both came to be recognized at last as important instrumentalities to be employed in the service of the Union, although I fear that there are many still left, even here at the north, who are not willing that the contraband should have a fair chance to prove his claims to manhood. Some, I suspect, are afraid of being outstripped in the race, if the negro is permitted to enter the lists on an equal footing. When the 100th entered the service, the question of what to do with the contraband, had not begun to be solved. It was the most perplexing of all the questions of the war. Perhaps Gen. Butler never served the country better than when he gave it a partial solution, and fixed upon the race a name which is a most happy one, inasmuch as it avoids on the one hand the mean and contemptible epithet of "nigger," and on the other, does not bring him "between the wind and our nobility," and outrage our delicate feelings by recognizing him as a man and a brother. It

was a master stroke, and perhaps the shrewd general had in his mind the saying of some old abolitionist, that no man could ever again be president who spelled negro with two "g's."

Well, as I have said, the boys encountered the contraband immediately upon their entrance upon actual service in Kentucky. And it is something wonderful how quickly many of them forgot their former prejudices. The great inalienable right of the slaveholder to his "nigger," which had heretofore seemed to some to be the corner-stone of our government, vanished into thin air, and the darkies were soon welcomed into our camps, and not unfrequently kept, concealed and protected, against the orders of the commanding general. And this was not so strange after all, as in every slave-holder the boys soon came to recognize an enemy, and in the contrabands their only reliable friends.

Perhaps no one left Joliet with stronger prejudices than the Captain of Co. G. But before the 100th had got half through Kentucky, these prejudices somehow got worn very thin. So much so, that when a good likely boy made his appearance in camp, with the story of how his "massa" abused him, and how he wanted to "go long" with "massa Linkum's sogers," the officers of Co. G, concluded unanimously that they would keep the boy, and employ him as their cook and man of all work. So they contributed around and got the boy a new rig throughout, the captain investing liberally in the enterprise. They felt very proud of their colored servant, and put on some airs before the other boys, calling their attention to the appearance of the boy, after they had got him dressed up. The boy served them well for a few days. But one morning when they were congratulating themselves upon their good luck in getting so fine a cook, and anticipating the rasher of bacon "a la Kaintuck," and the hot coffee, and de hoe cake, etc., Mr. Darkey was not to be found. His new clothes had run off with him, and the only thing Co. G had to show for their investment was his old rags. I suppose he had some Phyllis that he did not like to leave behind, which caused his heart to fail him, when the regiment was about to move. The Captain got a good many jokes over his luck in "stealing niggers," but I suppose he consoled himself with the reflection that the boy

had at least proved his equality with the white man, in being like him, "mighty onsartain."

Some time later in the war, a chap in the 100th was almost as happy in giving a name to the mule, as Gen. Butler was in giving one to the darkey. It was at a time when a great many of our officers were being *breveted*—the brevet fever as the boys called it, was prevailing alarmingly. I suppose no explanation is necessary as to what is meant by being breveted. It is a kind of fancy title by which a man is cheaply rewarded for gallantry or meritorious service, without having either the pay or the power of the rank, except when detailed for some special duty. It was however an honor much sought after at one time, and those who got it were happy, while those who did not get it, were envious. Well, one time, when the piazza of a hotel at Nashville was swarming with these breveted officers, sporting their shoulder straps, some of them double the regulation length, a high private of the 100th, was riding his mule along past the hotel, when he spied the breveted gentlemen. He rode up pretty near the hotel, and commenced belaboring his mule at a terrible rate, swearing at him and exclaiming, "Get up here! get up here! you d—n *brevet-horse!* you d—n *brevet-horse!*"

After the army had crossed the line into Tennessee, they took it for granted that the orders against foraging were no longer in force, and the fences, pigs, poultry, etc., suffered. A march of sixteen miles on the 8th, brought the army through Gallatin, and Sunday they rested three miles beyond the town. On the 10th they crossed the Cumberland, marched twelve miles and camped on the Lebanon and Nashville pike, about twenty miles from Nashville, at Camp Silver Springs, and here the regiment remained some days.

The last part of this march was made after dark. Two of the boys of Co. G, got so disgusted with marching in the dark, and were so tired withal, that they concluded that they would fall behind and take a rest for the night, and catch up with the regiment in the morning. So they dropped out on a favorable opportunity, and made their bed under some bushes, and slept as only tired soldier boys can sleep, dreaming no doubt of home and its delights, until the sun awoke them in the morning. When they

jumped up and looked around, to their no small surprise, they found themselves in a camp, men and horses all around, some still sleeping, and some, like themselves, getting up. Sentinels too are standing guard all around the camp. They have a strange look—who can they be? certainly not their old comrades of yesterday. The mystery is soon solved. The boys are discovered, and are soon surrounded by a lot of rebel cavalry men, John Morgan's famous rangers. Of course they are prisoners. How they cursed, (inwardly) their folly in straggling last night! But there is no help for it. They are now at the disposal, and under the orders of men in butternut. The camp is all astir, and after a hasty breakfast, of which they are allowed a slender share, they are treated to a rapid march of about fifteen miles in the opposite direction to the one they wished to go. Marching to keep up with the cavalry, was worse even than that of the night before. They are all uncertain too as to what was to be their fate. Their captors took delight in playing upon their fears, and even talked of hanging them. But after keeping them three days, they parolled them and let them go. Not, however, without first effecting quite a change in their personal appearance. The rebels compelled them to strip off their good clothes, and to accept in exchange a suit of the hateful and dirty butternut, confiscating at the same time the contents of their pockets. They then made their way back to the regiment, sadder and wiser, and, let us hope, better boys. They put the best face they could upon the matter, as they made their entree into camp at Silver Springs. The shouts and yells of welcome that went up from the boys on discovering who they were, I presume they will never forget. The colonel, however, was somewhat indignant at their course, and threatened at first that he would not respect their parole, but put them in front. He relented, however, and let them off.

This adventure entitled them to an honorable retirement to the *veteran reserve* corps! It is said that a photograph of them, taken while dressed in their new uniform, is still extant, and is the admiration of their friends. The Baptist church at Beloit would hardly recognize in one of them their eloquent and well-beloved pastor—but he was one of the boys!

While at Silver Springs, the weather was mostly cold and

rainy, and the men were worn out with their campaign, and a large number were sick. Some mornings, 100 to 150 would report at surgeon's call. On the 15th, all fit for duty were out on a trip attempting to capture a force of the enemy's cavalry. They pursued them to Lebanon, and then gave up the chase, and returned about 9:30 p. m., having traveled twenty-eight miles, part of the time on the double-quick.

Tuesday, the 17th, was a sad day in the regiment, as they were called upon to bury two of their number, A. Leonard, of Co. E, from Troy, of typhoid pneumonia, and Wm. Sutton, of Co. A, from Wilton, of typhoid fever. They were buried with military honors.

The regiment remained at this camp nine days, the longest stop which had been made since leaving Louisville.

On the 19th, it moved eight miles, stopping about an hour near the "Hermitage," giving the boys an opportunity to visit one of our national shrines, the residence and tomb of "Old Hickory." Many expressed the wish that Old Hickory had been in the executive chair when the rebellion commenced. Next day crossed Stone River, and marched some three or four miles. That afternoon the ambulances were sent into Nashville with seventeen of the sickest ones of the regiment. It was supposed that the army would remain some time at this point, and so the men fixed up their camp in good style, setting out evergreens, building chimneys, &c., and receiving a daily mail from Nashville, and enjoying the presence of a sutler who had driven in from Louisville. But just as they had got nicely fixed up, they moved again on the 26th, going to a point about four miles southeast of Nashville, which was their camp until the advance on Murfreesboro, the 26th of December.

On the 27th, another member died in camp, Amos Gawthrop, of Co. H, from Wilton. He had been on detailed duty with the battery attached to the brigade, and was sick for some time there, and was then sent to the regimental hospital, where he died, making the fourth death with the regiment. The other boys who had died on the march, had been buried without coffins, but Co. H, determined that Gawthrop should have a coffin. They were camped at this time on the land of a Mr. Jones, who lived near the camp,

and who like a good many others, was a good Union man when our army was around, and the boys applied to him for some boards to make a coffin. But he refused to give or sell them any. They reported the matter to the colonel, who told them to go and help themselves. So they stripped off a lot of boards from his fences, and made a rude coffin, and wrapping the soldier in his blanket, put him into it, and buried him near a brick church, Chaplain Crews officiating. This soldier had two brothers in the 100th, and another brother in the 4th cavalry, and a half brother also in the service. One died of disease, and one was killed at Chickamauga.

Co. A also buried a good man in a similar manner next day, Wm. Birdenstein, of the town of Reed, whose brother died also December 19th. Other deaths had occurred among those who had been left behind in hospitals.

The location of the camp was not a very pleasant one, and the weather was most of the time cold and wet, and consequently there was a good deal of sickness in the regiment, principally measles and lung affections, for which sleeping on the ground could not be very good. Several were sent from time to time into the city, which was now one great hospital.

The men all had some interesting experiences in this camp. Being comparatively young soldiers, they had not yet learned how to make the best of it, had not yet learned all the shifts and devices by which an old campaigner knows how to alleviate the discomforts of such a life, even under the most untoward circumstances. The 100th was brigaded with old troops, and one might naturally suppose that these would stand ready to assist and instruct their new comrades. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, they seemed to find great satisfaction in standing by and witnessing the awkwardness and mistakes of the fresh fish. But the 100th soon learned all the tricks and devices of the camp, and took their revenge by playing the same role with other new-comers; a curious phase of what we call human nature, seen also in college life; when the freshman becomes a soph., he seems to find sweet revenge for the indignities to which he had been subjected, by playing them off on his vealy successors.

On the night of Dec. 1st, the camp had a rough experience.

It had rained hard all day, and in the evening there was a terrific thunder-storm, accompanied by very high winds. Imagine how unwelcome such a storm must be in cold weather, with nothing overhead but cotton cloth, and nothing underneath but the bare ground!

The two assistant surgeons, Harwood and Woodruff, occupied a tent together. About nine o'clock, the ditch which had been dug around the tent, for the purpose of carrying off the water, began to overflow, and the water came into the tent. As the beds consisted of nothing but straw with the blanket thrown over, they soon became uncomfortably moist, and the surgeons had to forsake their downy couch and excavate a deeper cut to carry off the water—not a very agreeable job in the darkness, the wind, and the rain. The next tent was occupied by the senior surgeon and his clerk. They were no better off, if so well, for in addition to the water, the tent pins had got loosened, and the clerk was out trying to drive them in the darkness, and he could only see them when a flash of lightning lit up the scene momentarily, showing also the senior surgeon standing *en dishabille* in the tent door, and most *emphatically* giving directions to his clerk in a composite language, mainly English and German, with now and then a word that ought not to be in either language. I think the old adage, "Misery loves company," was true in this case, and the sub-surgeons drew no little satisfaction from the glimpses they caught of the chief, revealing the fact that he was in a worse plight than themselves. But they got punished for so selfish a feeling, for they had no sooner got settled down again before the chimney fire, where they had drawn the bed, than, without any warning, down came their tent, an irreparable wreck, in the darkness. Hastily gathering up books and papers, they had to retreat to the hospital tent, where they sat up the balance of the night on the boxes, thoroughly disgusted with army life. In the morning they were again comforted to find that the rest of the officers had had similar experiences. The colonel, for the first time since leaving Louisville, had undressed, and was enjoying the unwonted luxury of clean sheets once more, when his tent blew down, and he was caught literally *sans culotte*—whatever that means!

On the 4th, the division was reviewed by General Rosecrans.

Life in camp now moved on with but little to interrupt its monotony. The regiment took its turn occasionally in going out to guard forage trains. The officers and men discussed over their coffee and pipes the rumors and speculations that were rife respecting further movements, and anyone fortunate enough to get news from home, shared it with his comrades. Anything to read was a godsend. Dime novels and illustrated papers found a ready market, and were devoured most greedily. The *Republican* and the *Signal* were especially welcome. Not a few, let us hope, read the testaments which their mothers had crowded into their carpet-bags! And here they remained until after Christmas—the last Christmas many of them would see!


REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER VI.

HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGT.—CONTINUED.

NASHVILLE TO CHICKAMAUGA. SEPTEMBER, 1862, TO
DECEMBER, 1863.

Signs of Advance—Christmas Eve—Strikes out for LaVerne—On the March—Camps—In Line of Battle—LaVerne—Advances—Captures some Rebs—Incident—Stewart's Creek—Sunday Rest—Battle Opens—How it went—Incidents—Casualties—Night—New Year's Eve—New Year's Day—Night Again—Battle Renewed—Incidents—Casualties—Victory—Jan. 3d—Enemy makes Another Attempt—Gives it up—Retreats—List of Casualties—Incidents—Moves through Murfreesboro and Encamps—Visitors from Home—Accident in Camp—Deaths—Paymaster Welcome—Reviews—Changes Camp—Fixes up—Foraging—Incidents—A Visit from Joliet Ladies—Forward again—Incidents—Foraging—Storm—Settles at Hillsboro—Month's Stay—Accident—Capt. Munger makes a Good Shot—Scientific Foraging—On the move again—Aunt Emma makes a Sensation—Over the Mountains—Incidents—Down into the Sequatchie—24th Tenn. Inf.—Expedition—Chaplain Resigns—A Story on him—On the March—Peter's Cave—Crosses the Tennessee—Nickajack Cave—A Corner--Moves on—Old Look-out—In Chattanooga--Out to Chickamauga Creek.

 FEW days before Christmas, the orders received left no doubt in the minds of the men that "Old Rosey" was soon to show his hand. Sickness had reduced the regiment to 600 men fit for duty. On the morning of the 24th, orders came to be ready to move at 7:30 next morning. This necessitates turning out at five, and plenty of hard work to get ready. But at the set hour the tents have been struck, breakfast cooked and eaten, the indispensable "coffee" made and drank, the wagons packed, and every

thing ready for a move. Then came orders to issue two days' additional rations, and repack the wagons, so that two or three should carry all that was indispensable—the balance to be sent to Nashville to be stored. This was also done, and the boys lay around on the ground, dozing and grumbling, until 3 p. m., when they were ordered to pitch tents again, and be ready to move at daylight next morning.

And this was Christmas eve! Every soldier's thoughts go back to the homes they have left behind them, and in many a mind, no doubt, the question comes up unbidden: "Shall I ever join in the Christmas festivities of the old home again?" Pictures of Christmas trees in gas-lit parlors and churches, surrounded by groups of happy children, and dear, dear friends and kindred, pass in panoramic visions through the mind, in strange and startling contrast to the camp, and its groups of soldiery, guns, and warlike preparations. A strange contrast, too, in another respect: There, they are celebrating the advent of the PRINCE OF PEACE; here, we are about to move forward in fierce and bloody encounter, appealing to the God of War.

Very timely, a load came in from Nashville, of thirteen boxes for the regiment, full of those things which were welcome to the soldier. They were quickly opened and contents distributed, and many had a taste of Christmas, a reminder that they were not forgotten, though far away.

Christmas day was passed quietly in the same camp, and on the evening of the 26th, by nine o'clock, the army was finally under way. The division in which the 100th was placed took the road toward LaVerne and Murfreesboro. The day was rainy and the army moved slowly, being stopped occasionally by the enemy skirmishing with the advance. The regiment passed through the deserted camps of other portions of the army, which had preceded them, and five miles out passed the last picket, and struck out for LaVerne. Frequent stoppages were made, to allow the artillery to shell the woods to drive out any rebels that might be lurking in them to pick off the men. As they progress, they see the marks left by the artillery upon the trees, barns and fences. In the advance, a man is seen upon the roof of a house, waving a flag to and fro, and far away to the right is another doing the

same thing. These are the signals from one road to another, by which the movements of the different columns are guided, and which only the proper persons can understand. And thus they move on through the day, and towards night several wounded men are seen carried back in ambulances. The men look at them, and the thought comes up in many minds—such may soon be my fate!

The 100th camped for the night in a wood, in the rain, and without any tents, a mile or two from LaVerne. The night was quiet. Next morning the men were called up at five o'clock, and at daylight are allowed to build fires and cook breakfast. They remained ready to march at a moment's notice until nine o'clock. One piece of artillery opened on LaVerne, without any response, when the brigade moves out in line of battle, the 58th Indiana and 26th Ohio taking the advance, with their skirmishers thrown out so as to protect both flanks, and, about forty rods behind, the 8th Indiana battery, supported by the 3d Ky. on the right, and the 100th Ill. on the left. As soon as the advance came within musket range of the town, they were met by a furious and unexpected discharge of musketry. The rebels were firing on our men from their concealment in the houses. The 26th Ohio had some twenty killed and wounded. But our force soon drove the enemy from the town, and marched on after them on either side of the pike. The battle of LaVerne is set down in the histories as a skirmish, and such it was, but one of considerable importance—one of the brilliant ones. The 100th moved half a mile over an open field, under a heavy fire without a waver, and when within eighty or one hundred yards, charged with a yell on the double-quick, and drove the enemy out of the town. This, too, was the first time the regiment had been under fire. When they were being halted to re-form their lines, Gen. Haskell complimented them on their gallantry, and said: "We are all one now, old soldiers and new."

The march was hard, over rocks, and through dense cedar thickets in line of battle. About a mile beyond LaVerne, the 100th changed places with the 26th Ohio, companies A and B on the skirmish line, under Major Hammond. The rebels annoyed our advance with a couple pieces of artillery, but as soon as our battery opened on them they got out of the way. During their

advance through the cedar thickets, the boys encountered great numbers of rabbits, and somehow they could not resist the temptation to pop them over, and put them in their haversacks for future use. While they were advancing, much of the time on the double thick, and driving the rebel cavalry before them, it was hard to tell whether they were popping at the rebs or the rabbits, and it didn't seem to make much difference with the boys. Gen. Haskell scolded them, telling them they would get caught with their muskets empty when they wanted to shoot a reb; but he didn't say anything more about keeping them from running to the rear, the greatest difficulty he had now, was to hold them back. About noon it began to rain, and continued without abatement until night. Several shots were fired at the brigade from a bridge which the rebels held, but the 3d Kentucky soon dislodged them without loss. While halting here the colonel left the regiment to get orders from Gen. Haskell, where to go into camp for the night. During his absence a squad of twenty or thirty rebel cavalry came charging down a lane on the left of the regiment, and as soon as it was discovered that they were rebels, Co. G, which had been sent to the flank, without waiting for orders, fired a volley into them which brought them to a stand, and they wheeled round and threw up their hands in token of surrender. One poor fellow however kept on, and was shot in the abdomen, fatally. As was afterwards ascertained, his horse was wounded, and he was unable to hold him, and keeping on past the 3d Kentucky, the horse was killed without further damage to the rider, but he had already been mortally wounded. The boys carried him to an old shed, and took every care of him, greatly regretting that they had not understood his design to surrender. He lived thirty-six hours. He was a large man of the name of Cunningham, belonging to the 52d Alabama cavalry.

Major Gen. Crittenden in his report says of this little affair, "And the counter charge and capture of twenty-five of the enemy by a company of the new regiment, the 100th Illinois, when charged by the enemy's cavalry, are worthy of special notice." Gen. Wood also refers to the exploit in his report, mentioning the fact also that twelve horses and equipments were taken.

The adventure supplied the officers of the 100th, with extra

horses, and made all the boys, especially Co. G, feel pretty good.

The regiment encamped at Stewart's Creek, where the enemy had tried to burn the bridge, but did not succeed. The next day was Sunday, and the regiment remained quiet. The enemy's cavalry could be seen across the creek, and the skirmish line kept up some firing through the day. Monday, the division was not in front, but moved slowly along the pike. It was however a brisk day in the front, and the noise of artillery and musketry could be heard nearly all day, but not much damage was done, not more than 150 killed and wounded in the entire army. Late in the afternoon the division was thrown into line on the left of the pike to support the advance, but nothing was done. The brigade went down to the bank of Stone River, and as it was dark, stacked arms, and all hands were preparing to camp for the night, when a sudden whistle of bullets, and rattle of musketry, gave notice of the presence of the enemy, and the regiment moved back and to the left, and went into camp. No one was hurt, although some of the bullets were imbedded in the rails which the boys were gathering for their fires. The whistle of the locomotives in Murfreesboro, about three miles distant, could be plainly heard, and the boys wondered whether the rebels were leaving, or being reinforced. They found out which it was in due time. Next day, (the 30th), the regiment was called up at four o'clock, and by daylight had breakfasted, and was in readiness for anything that might turn up; but the day passed quietly with the brigade. The General, (Rosecrans) did not wish to bring on an engagement, as McCook's corps was delayed, and had not yet come up. While riding over the field, superintending the placing of his forces, his chief of staff was instantly killed, his head being shot clean off.

On the evening of the 30th, everything being in readiness, orders were given to put out all the fires along the line, and that everything should be kept as still and secure as possible, allowing the men ample time to rest. Johnson's division of McCook's corps was ordered to advance as near as possible, without revealing its position, and to lay on their arms through the night, with a heavy picket force in advance, and if not attacked by nine o'clock next morning to advance upon the enemy. Next day the sun

rose clear and beautiful upon the last day of 1862—alas! it proved to be the last day of life to many a soldier on either side.

The enemy did not wait to be attacked, but opened the ball themselves very early, with their usual tactics, attacking Johnson on our right, with three divisions, and rushing on with such force and rapidity that they were upon him almost as quickly as the pickets, to which the enemy had paid no attention. Johnson made a desperate resistance, but two of his best batteries were soon taken, though bravely defended, the men being bayoneted at their posts, and he was obliged to retire before the massive columns of the enemy, and his worsted men, though as brave as any who ever carried muskets, turned and fled, resistance being unavailing. Meanwhile Davis' division vainly tried to form, and assist in staying the progress of the enemy, but they were in a cedar brake, where one-half of a regiment, could not see the other, and the terrific yells of the rebels, which could be heard above the roar of cannon, so terrified our faltering force on the right, that they were driven over two miles, leaving their dead and wounded thick upon the field.

Thus ill-fared the day upon the right. Let us look now at the center, in which the Will county regiment bears a part. About nine in the morning, the regiment was ordered to fall in on the double quick, which was done promptly, although the men felt, notwithstanding the cool and seemingly careless air of their colonel, that all was not right. The regiment was formed in a cedar grove, and very soon the noise and rattle of the musketry drew near, and the wounded began to pass by, leaning upon their fellow soldiers, or carried on stretchers. Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, and division after division, was seen filing by to take their position on the field. Generals, colonels, and their adjutants ride along the lines and get their men into position. Wagons are moving rapidly, and bullets are whistling by all the time.

Not long does the 100th remain idle spectators. It has a part to play now with the brigade, in the fierce conflict which is to be known in history as one of the fiercest and most memorable. They move now in one direction, and now in another, and then halt in

a cornfield where they are are dressed on the color line, and then ordered to lie down, lest a rebel battery should get the range and open on them. While here, a regiment in sight falls back in disorder, and its colonel seizes the colors and tries to rally them, but succeeds only partially. But the sight has no effect upon the 100th; it looks on with indifference. The 3d Ky., being ordered to the right of the railroad, their colonel, McKee, meets a glorious death. But the major, though twice hit, sticks bravely to the regiment. The sound of musketry comes nearer. The 100th is in danger of being flanked. It is ordered to change its position to avoid this new danger. It comes upon another regiment, which proves to be the 110th, Col. Casey's. The men exchange cheers as they ascertain that two Illinois regiments are together, and feel inspired with new strength and courage. This position must be held, for it is one of great importance. After a little, a regiment in the rear is withdrawn, and the two, 100th and 110th, are left alone. They move forward to the edge of a cotton field. The enemy try hard to dislodge them, but here they lie, hugging the earth, while they are treated to a brisk cannonade, and our own batteries are replying over them. What terrific music! The shrieking of shells, the thunder of artillery, the crash in the tree tops overhead; and here they lie, unable to do aught but hold on—the most trying position in which men can be placed.

But now the order comes to “fall in,” and just as they are doing so, a solid shot comes along which takes off the head of Giles L. Greenman, of Co. K, and strikes Lieut. Worthingham, of the same company, in the breast, killing him instantly. Five poor fellows yielded up their lives at this point, and about thirty were wounded. The regiment is moved across the railroad, when knapsacks are unslung, and it is formed along the railroad. Meanwhile the bullets fly thick and fast, and with telling effect upon the ranks, and one after another of the men limp by to the rear. They lay down on this line. Soon an American flag was seen in front, and a regiment marched in by the flank, on the south side of the cotton field, and it was, of course, supposed to be one of ours, as they had on U. S. overcoats. But soon the boys saw the “butter-nut,” and gave them a volley. They went over the fence, and down the hill, like a lot of sheep. Lieut. Mitchell, of Wilmington,

here receives the wound which proved mortal three days after. The men lie and listen to the grim music of the shot and shell flying over their heads, and cutting the cedars, anxiously waiting for the result on the field at large. They know that the right wing has been discomfited ; they have heard the exultant shouts of the rebels while they have driven it from point to point.

But meanwhile Rosecrans has not been idle. Seeing that the fate of the day would depend on the center, he has ordered up all the available batteries, and placed them along the railroad, so as to cover the only ground upon which the enemy can charge with any hope of success, while the brigades of infantry are placed in front and rear. The sound of the battle now comes nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, until the cedar swamp is enveloped in smoke, and over all the noise and tumult of battle, the yells of the pursuing rebels are heard as they drive the broken and disordered ranks of the right wing in their retreat behind the center corps. On come the enemy, flushed with success, through and out of the woods, over the open ground, never dreaming of the reception they are to meet. One rebel flag after another is seen waving defiantly, until they are too many to be counted ; on they come, yelling their unearthly yell, expecting to sweep all before them. Our forces are silently awaiting them—a solemn, ominous silence—for a few brief moments only, and then a little puff of smoke is seen to rise from full fifty pieces of artillery, followed by a roar and a shock as of an earthquake ; a continuous roar for thirty minutes, and when it ceases, and the smoke rolls off from the field, nothing is seen of all that proud array of advancing, and till then victorious rebels, but a few scattered battalions plunging pell-mell into the cedar thickets, from which they had a little before emerged so buoyantly. Our artillery follow up, and fire upon the retreating enemy. It was a grand, a glorious sight. Our batteries drove them back over nearly the same ground over which they had driven the right wing. Scarcely had this advantage been gained, when Palmer's division began to shell the woods in the rebel center, and fortunately got the range of a battery, supported by two brigades, that lay concealed in the woods, killing great numbers of them. Irritated at this, the rebel commander ordered a charge across a field in plain sight. They came on, a brigade eight rows deep,

with fixed bayonets in splendid style. But our boys stood their ground, and gave them such a reception as made them falter. Their officers tried to rally and lead them on again, but our grape and canister mowed them down, and a few well-directed volleys of musketry finished their repulse. They turned and fled, our men pursuing them until getting into range of their artillery, they fell back to allow ours to reply, and thus was now kept up an artillery duel until darkness closed the scene.

At dusk, when the regiment fell back, the colonel noticed that one man in Co. C did not get up with the rest, and when an officer went to see the cause, he was found dead, killed instantly by a piece of shell, and so quickly that he had not stirred, and the man who lay next to him did not know it. This was John Hopkins, of Homer. The regiment lay all night on their arms. After dark, a detail went out to the front in command of Lieut. Williams, with an ambulance in charge of Surgeon Woodruff, and here found the enemy taking care of the dead and wounded, our men mingling with them in a friendly manner, both sides taking care of and assisting the wounded of each army.

Here occurred a little incident worth relating. John O'Kief, of Co. I, went out with the boys on the battle field, and shortly after was heard coming in, and yelling out as he passed the pickets, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, it's John O'Kief on a d—d good rebel horse." He came in riding a very fine horse, with saddle and bridle and a large pair of saddle-bags, which seemed to be well stuffed. He at once looked up the colonel, and told him that he had brought him a fine horse. The colonel inquired where he got it. O'Kief replied that he got it on the field, and that it was a rebel surgeon's. The colonel's sense of honor would not allow him to accept of the present from O'Kief; but, instead, he ordered him to take it back to the surgeon, with the compliments of the colonel. O'Kief did not like the colonel's view of the matter, but he had no choice but to obey, and accordingly took the animal back to the rebel surgeon, who was equally surprised and gratified at recovering him, and sent his name, residence and regiment back to the colonel, with the assurance that if he, or any of his officers or men, should be captured by his command, they should be well cared for. But our surgeon at Chickamauga did not get quite so

generous treatment, as we shall see in due time. But before O'Kief returned with the horse, the major of the 100th, whose conscience had become somewhat dulled by the cravings of his stomach, confiscated the contents of the rebel surgeon's saddle-bags, which were found to consist of cold chicken, ham, biscuit, &c., &c., which, with the colonel's aid, rapidly disappeared,

“—like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then gone forever.”

The 100th regiment fared much better than could have been expected. Up to this time, only 10 were killed and 30 wounded, and nearly as many missing. Some other regiments lost 50 per cent. of their men. Six men from each company were detailed for pickets. Says one who was of this number: “It was a terrible night. The constant groaning of the wounded that lay within a few feet of us, the ghastly upturned faces of the dead which lay in our path, made the relief which came after our six hours' vigil, doubly welcome. And this was our New Year's eve!”

January 1st, 1863, dawned upon the field of Stone River, as well as upon the rest of the world. But what a strange New Year to the men of the 100th regiment! To those who had survived the carnage of yesterday, how different from any other New Year, whose light they had ever hailed! And how much greater the change to those who had gone where years no longer divide existence!

At 3 o'clock in the morning, the regiment was relieved by another, and moved back a little. It had held an advanced and exposed position all night, without fire or blankets, and the relief was welcome. The men anticipated a breakfast, but no rations were issued. Here they lay in the mud all day, but were permitted to build fires. There was no fighting of any amount done, both sides seemed willing to rest. At night the regiment was ordered into a beautiful cedar grove, and anticipated a good night's rest; but the men had scarcely got into a doze, when the order came to “fall in,” and although so tired and sleepy that they could hardly keep their eyes open, or move, yet the boys obeyed the unwelcome order, and relieved another regiment, on the other side of the railroad, and were once more drawn up in line of bat-

tle. They can see the rebel picket fires burning brightly, but are allowed none themselves. They were in a cornfield where the mud was so deep that they could not lie down, and they could only rest by leaning upon their muskets. Some, however, became so fatigued, that towards morning, they lay down in the mud, and the weather growing colder, they could hardly tear their blankets from the frozen mud in the morning. It had turned very cold, and many of the wounded suffered much, some having hands and feet frozen. The morning too was accompanied by a wind that seemed to go through the frame, and make every one shake as in an ague fit. When the morning haze has cleared away, the long lines of the enemy can be seen moving to the right and left, some of them mounted, which are conjectured to be artillery. While the 100th, which has occupied the front all night, is being relieved by another regiment, the enemy seeing the movement open upon them. Getting into place as quickly as possible the men lie down, without being very careful to select their beds. And now, the thunder rages again, worse if possible than before. And here they lie, trying to keep from being seen by the enemy, whose sharpshooters are concealed in the cedar thickets. These become so annoying that a body of skirmishers are sent out about 10 o'clock to dislodge them, which they succeed in doing, though many a poor fellow falls before their deadly aim. But our men did not flinch, and were reinforced. The enemy then direct their artillery fire upon them, and they fall back to give our batteries an opportunity to reply. And then followed an artillery duel between Loomis' Michigan battery, and Stannard's Ohio battery on our side, and the rebel batteries. Our regiment is lying in the mud between, without any protection. Soon the rebels get the range of Stannard's battery, and it is soon put *hors du combat*, all the horses being killed, and many of the men. But they rally, and draw the guns off by hand. Fifty per cent. of the men of the battery are killed or wounded. The Loomis battery had guns of longer range, and being further to the rear, and behind a hill, are not so much exposed, and they keep up the fight. The bursting of their shells in the ranks of the enemy could be seen to scatter them like autumn leaves. But the enemy got the range of the 100th, and solid shot came ricocheting past them.

Shells bursting, and grape falling thick around, make the place hot and uncomfortable. Geo. H. Atkins, of Co. K is killed, his right arm being torn from his body. The battle seems to be renewed. From the woods on the right, and in the rear, cheering is now heard, and soon a magnificent spectacle is seen. A division bursts from the timber, and sweeps into the open space behind the 100th; with colors flying, horses proudly prancing, the lines move steadily and firmly forward. A battery comes dashing along with them. An officer with hat off, urges on his men. This is Rosseau—the game cock of Kentucky, as Prentiss calls him. The battery is soon ready for action, and now the fight rages fiercely. But it is not long before the enemy is silenced. But here in the mud, for by this time the ground has thawed, the 100th regiment is obliged to remain, while the forenoon passes away, and part of the afternoon, with little fighting except by the sharpshooters on either side.

While this advantage had been gained in the centre, two brigades of VanClevess' division, crossed Stone River, and sent from the main body a small force to reconnoitre, with orders if attacked to fall back on the reserve, which was concealed behind some brush work. They obeyed their orders, and were met by a large rebel force before which they gave way, steadily at first, but being hotly pressed by superior numbers, they were forced to retreat behind the reserves, closely followed by the enemy. At this juncture the reserve sprang up, and a couple of well directed volleys checked the rebels and held them back.

And now the battle rages again, and blood flows freely. The rebels outnumber the Union force, but they hold their ground until Negley sends them help. When reinforced, they make another charge which forces the enemy to retire. From the point occupied by the 100th, every movement could be seen, both of our troops and of the enemy, and alternating feelings of joy and fear filled their minds, as the one side or the other, seemed to be getting the advantage. But soon a man comes riding furiously along the ranks in the rear—like John Gilpin, hat off, and coat tails flying behind him. He shouts a few words which the 100th cannot hear, but they know that it is good news, for the boys throw up their caps, and give volley on volley of cheers. Soon the

word reaches our boys, "the enemy is being driven," and they are to follow them. Up they jump to their feet, and are moved over to the left. But the fighting has ceased, and they pass on crossing the ford, which they were guarding the other day, and here they stumble upon the dead, and hear the groans of the wounded and dying, but they are mostly rebels. After various manœuvres they are anchored at last in a hollow, and allowed to rest, and build fires for the night. And, despite the groans of the suffering, despite the rain now pouring down, the tired men sank down to a sound sleep, until the next morning, when they awoke to find themselves in a grave yard, the corpses still unburied. The slaughter here must have been terrible. The wounded have been removed during the night. How ghastly the dead men look, their faces washed by the rain!

Private Bolton who was one of those whose lot it was to go upon picket duty on this night writes thus of the scene:

"The battle field, what a sight was here! Behind almost every tree was the lifeless form of some poor soldier, mostly rebels, and strewn over the ground were legs and arms, and mangled bodies, masses of flesh and bones, so mutilated that not their own mothers could recognize them. Some yet living, having lain out in all the rain and cold,—no one to care for them, and dying alone amid the crowds of dying and dead. The trees were literally full of bullet holes. Guns, knapsacks, canteens, blankets and haversacks, were scattered all around, and the soil was cut up with the tracks of horses and artillery. The whole made a picture on which I hope never to look again.

"Both of these days, Dec. 31st and Jan. 2d, we were constantly exposed to the most galling fire, and that we came out with the loss of so few men, was greatly owing to the care and judgment of our colonel. In the midst of the heaviest fire, when shot and shell flew thickest, he would pass up and down the lines ordering his men to lie low."

January 3d, the regiment lay all day behind intrenchments without any demonstrations on the part of the enemy. The continued rains made the movement of artillery impossible. At even-

ing, under cover of the darkness, they attempted to dislodge the pioneers, but they were repulsed with heavy loss, and they plunged into the river, making no further demonstrations, and that night retreated through Murfreesboro, and the next morning, the Union forces were in possession of the town, and the battle of Stone River, the seven days' fighting was over. Such was the baptismal battle of the Will county regiment.

The following is the list of casualties in the 100th regiment during these seven days.

KILLED:

Lieut. M. Worthingham, Co. K, Joliet; Lieut. Charles F. Mitchell, Co. A, Wilmington; Andrew Theil, Co. B, Jackson; John Hopkins, Co. C, Homer; Fred'k Rahm, Co. C, Mokena; Geo. W. Hess, musician, Co. D, Plainfield; Giles Greenman, Co. K, Twelve Mile Grove; Geo. H. Atkins, Co. K, Joliet; Corp. Peter Wagner, Co. C, Lockport.

WOUNDED:

Major Hammond, slightly; Lieut. George Bez, Co. C, Mokena; Lieut. J. S. McDonald, Co. C, Lockport; Lieut. John A. Kelly, Co. K; Sergt. Maj. Wm. P. Harbottle, Wilmington; Sergt. Wade McFadden, Co. Co, severely, (died Jan. 4th), Wilmington; Sergt. J. W. Taylor, Co. D, Joliet; Corp. John Fellows, Co. D, Plainfield. Co. A—Benedict Wenger, slight, Wilmington; Alonzo Jones, slight, Wesley; Michael Worthy, slight, Wilmington; Henry Kellogg, slight, Florence; James Dowling, slight, Wesley; George Dore, slight, Wesley; Constant Bruechet, slight, Reed; John Haines, severely, (since died) Wesley. Co. B—Wm. Cludas, severely, Joliet; Stephen J. Rake, slight, Jackson; Philip Scheer, slight, Joliet. Co. C—Michael Sullivan, Lockport. Co. D—Edward Highland, severe, Plainfield; E. Anglemire. DuPage; Pat. Martin, Plainfield; Alfred Carter, Plainfield. Co. E—John McDonald, New Lenox; Henry Stolder, (died Jan. 22d), Channahon. Co. F—Samuel L. Treat, Homer; Selah Spaulding, Homer. Co. H—John C. Gent, Peotone; Wm. R. More, Wilton; James Sedgwick, Joliet; Jno. Shoemaker, Joliet. Co. I—James Tidball, severe, Reed; Dennis Smith, Wilmington. Co. K—Eli Haradon, severe, Green Garden; William Munday, severe, Joliet; Erastus Rudd, Samuel Haradon, Green Garden; D. C. Elderklin, Jackson.

Major Hammond was grazed by a ball. A shell burst over Captain Gardner's head, paralyzing him for a few moments, and when he recovered, he found the man by his side had lost his head.

The following is from the official report of Brig. Gen. Haskell, commanding the brigade:

"I should have remarked that the 100th Ill. regiment, the other regiment composing my brigade, which was in reserve during the first engagement described above, had, under instruction of Gen. Hazen, moved to the front

on the left of the railroad, and taken up a position at right angles with the railroad, where they fought splendidly in all the actions that took place on the left of the road. There was no formidable attack upon them, but they were almost constantly under fire of greater or less severity, particularly in shot and shell, and suffered quite severely in killed and wounded. Lieut. Morison Worthingham, of that regiment, was killed, while gallantly sustaining his men, and six other commissioned officers, including Maj. Hammond, were wounded. Their conduct, from Col. Bartleson down, was such as to leave nothing to be desired. Enlisted men, five killed, thirty-three wounded."

Such was Gen. Haskell's *official* report. He is said to have made an *unofficial* one, to-wit: that "if there was a flock of turkeys the other side of Murfreesboro, and he should tell the 100th to take them, they would go through all h—ll to get them."

Gen. Hazen, commanding the 2d brigade, 2d division of left wing, to whose assistance as above noticed the 100th had been sent, says: "I am under many obligations to Col. Bartleson, of the 100th, for valuable services."

Mention has been made of the fact that Major Hammond was slightly wounded. A piece was gouged out of the calf of his leg by a shot, which also carried off the tail of his coat. Col. Bartleson told him he had better enlarge the wound with caustic so as to produce a respectable eschar, and to preserve the mutilated coat as a trophy, and that when he got back home he could run for any office and be sure of success. Thus even on the grim field of battle the little colonel loved his joke. Well, the major did get a good, fat office on his return, but I should be unwilling to say that he owed it to his having lost his coat tail. The wound, though not serious, I presume was sufficiently severe to satisfy any hankering the major had in that direction. As we have seen, it did not unfavorably affect his appetite.

A curious instance of fright on the part of the animal creation at man's doings was exhibited on the field of Stone River. Turkeys, birds and rabbits were so paralyzed by fright at the terrific cannonading and musketry, that they sought the protection of the men as they were lying behind their breastworks, the rabbits actually creeping under the legs of the men, in their terror.

The battle of Stone River was one of the bloodiest and fiercest engagements of the war. It was the first in which the 100th was engaged, but it did its full share, and gave its friends no occasion

to blush. The victory finally terminated on the side of the Union, but the cost was fearful. The field was one vast cemetery. Murfreesboro was converted into one vast hospital. The rebels left their wounded to our care. No business was transacted, and nothing was done except caring for the wounded of both sides.

When the right wing of our army was driven back on the morning of the 31st of December, the field hospital was for a time in the hands of the rebel cavalry, with the surgeons and all their attendants, among them Surgeon Heise, Steward Stumph, and others of the 100th. The scattering which was made among the surgeons and attendants, and the manner in which many of them became suddenly invisible is said to have been something wonderful, if not miraculous. The rebel cavalry did not make a long stay, and when they retired, surgeons and attendants were to be seen emerging from all conceivable hiding places. It also happened that Dr. McArthur, of Joliet, was at this time on a visit to his old friend and partner, Dr. Heise, and when the alarm and confusion consequent upon the visit of the cavalry occurred, he mounted his horse, intending to return to Nashville, being entirely satisfied with the glimpse he had got of the elephant. But this was not so easily done. The roads were entirely blocked up with army teams and the demoralized right wing of the army. He tried to go across lots, and is said to have performed some most astonishing feats of horsemanship and high and lofty tumbling in his hurried efforts to get through. Finding egress impossible, he returned to the hospital, now recovered, and rendered valuable professional assistance.

While this was happening, the surgeons who were on the field (Drs. Harwood and Woodruff,) were at a loss what to do with the wounded, who were fast accumulating on their hands. Finally, in company with others of the same division, they were carried across the creek to the left, where there was a fair-sized house, all the available room of which, as well as the adjoining yard, was soon occupied. While busy in attending to the wounded, these surgeons and attendants heard the wild, unearthly yell of the rebels, and in a moment they were surrounded by rebel cavalry, who ordered the surgeons, ambulances and nurses to fall into line and go with them. A few obeyed, but the surgeons, and most of the

others, kept out of their way as much as possible and attended to their business, and soon one of our batteries opened on the rebels and they found the place too hot for them to hold, and left. In the afternoon the surgeons recrossed the river and sent the wounded to the division hospital, which had been recovered, and was again in order.

On the fourth day of the battle, (January 3d), when our boys were pretty hungry and rations scarce, a smoke-house was discovered between our picket line and that of the rebs, but much nearer the latter. The boys all knew that a southern smoke house meant plenty of bacon, and they determined to clean that one out, and accordingly they charged, captured the contents, and returned with the spoils. But it took some nerve to do this under a sharp fire from the rebs, who were not a little astonished at the boldness of the exploit, and chagrined at the loss of the bacon. One man was hit by a sharpshooter.

Lieut. Bartlett, also, with the quick eye of a professional, spied a cow in the distance, and got permission to go into the butchering business. It was soon brought in by the hungry men, slaughtered and dressed "*secundum artem*," and very soon there was nothing left but hoofs, horns and hide.

After the close of the battle, on the night of the 3d, the 100th regiment and the brigade recrossed the river, and camped back of the first day's battle field. The river was rising rapidly, and the main body of the army was on the north side of the river. Next day, the 4th, they heard that Murfreesboro was evacuated; but the division staid at this place until the 7th, lying on the rocks, and in the mud, without shelter, and short of rations. Some went hunting in the groves, and helped out the scant rations with squirrels and rabbits, and I presume, an occasional pig. They then moved to Murfreesboro, camping on the Manchester pike, and the next day the wagons came up and tents were pitched. On the 9th, the camp was again changed to the left of the town, in a low, wet place. Everyone was tired out, and many sick, and the Spence House, near by, was temporarily used as a hospital. Those who were able to work were put upon the building of fortifications made with trees and dirt.

On the 13th, the regiment was gratified with the sight of some

familiar faces from home, Chas. Weeks, O. W. Stillman, and Otis Hardy, of Joliet, and Dr. A. W. Bowen and Franklin Mitchell, of Wilmington, who had started on the reception of the news of the battle. Mr. Mitchell arrived too late to see his son alive. They remained with the regiment three or four days, giving the boys the news from home, and carrying back messages from them.

On the 21st, the brigade was ordered out to guard a forage train. After going two or three miles on Liberty Pike, they learned that a train of thirty-five wagons from Rosseau's division, with a very small guard, had been captured just ahead two or three hours before. The brigade started in pursuit, but infantry chasing cavalry is a long race, and not often successful, and it was not in this instance, and was given up after a few hours, and the wagons were filled with forage, and the brigade returned to camp.

About this time Colonel Bartleson left the regiment for a brief visit home.

On the 22d, Henry Stolder, of Co. E, one of the wounded, died at the Spence House.

On the 25th, the regiment lost three officers by resignation—Asst. Surg. Harwood, Lieut. Letts, of Co. E, and Lieut. McConnell, of Co. I,

On the 28th of January, a fatal accident occurred in the regiment which cast a greater gloom over the men, than even the greater losses by battle. Some of the men were felling a tree which stood in camp, which, contrary to all their expectations, fell across one of Co. K's tents, in which were four members of the company at the time, entirely unsuspecting of what was in store for them. John Fitzpatrick was killed instantly, and Meredon Davis so badly injured that he died in an hour. Another, Lisle Tanner, was so severely hurt, that for a long time it was expected that he would die, but he ultimately recovered. A committee of investigation decided that the choppers were not to blame, as according to all rules of propriety, the tree ought to have fallen in any other direction than the one it did. They should have brought a verdict of guilty against the tree, and recommended it to the mercy of the court!

On the 30th, the camp was changed to higher and better ground. The regiment now had a rest from everything except

routine duty, and occasionally taking its turn in going as guard to forage trains.

On the morning of Feb. 8th, they were routed out at 4 a. m., and ordered to stand at arms, as the rebels were reported advancing, but they did not come. Next day the guns were laid down, and the boys took up spades, working on the forts. The same day (9th), Wm. Mahaffey, of Co. F, died, and on the 12th, James Taylor, a fine, bright boy of sixteen years, musician in Co. D, also died. Occasionally prisoners are captured, and refugees come in frequently.

On the 18th, the regiment went through a new experience. It was one for which they had long been looking. The boys had now been in the service almost six months, and had as yet received no pay, except the moral satisfaction of doing their duty. This is all very nice, and not to be despised, but still it would not help in buying those little extras which were needed to eke out their regular rations. It would not pay the old darkey mammies for doing their washing, or buy the tobacco to fill their pipes. Hence the appearance of a United States paymaster, with his clean new greenbacks, was welcome indeed. No man who could stand up, failed to answer to the call to muster for pay. Chaplain Crews kindly took home the spare money of the boys, and had a narrow escape from capture. The day after, the train was captured by rebel guerrillas, and Col. Buell, of the 58th Indiana, was taken with \$17,000 of the money of his regiment.

March 19th, there was a grand review of the corps by General Rosecrans.

In order to have the different regiments in the brigade near each other, another change was made in the camp about the 25th of March. This time the boys fixed up their camp in splendid style, laying it out with streets and avenues lined with evergreens. They also built awnings of evergreens before their tents, and a nice chapel for Dominie Crews, their worthy and highly esteemed chaplain, to preach in, and kept the grounds nicely policed. The regiment went out often with the forage trains, gathering the corn from the fields where it was still standing, and the stacks of "fodder," as the corn tops cut while still green, and cured, are called. The boys also foraged for themselves as well as for the horses and

mules, taking hams and shoulders from many a smoke-house, and poultry from the yards, leaving many a family short for rations. This seemed hard, but the army must be fed, let whoever may starve. This is one of the necessities of cruel war.

In the course of their foraging expeditions, they came across some curious samples of the ignorance of the natives, "the poor white trash." They found one widow, (and, by-the-way, the women all seemed to be widows,) who said she didn't know any difference between the armies. She knew that Lincoln was not Bragg, and that was all she did know. She said that Bragg had got three of her boys, and had run one of them to death. She said she meant to go north. She was in one of the northern states once, she did not rightly remember which, but thought it was Bowling Green!

On one of these expeditions, I am sorry to say, two teamsters took from a house some silver ware, for which act they were severely punished, by order of the colonel, being "bucked and gagged," an operation which is said not to be very agreeable.

Another unpleasant incident of the stay was the robbing of the mail bag of the regiment of \$300, which some of the boys were sending home. The offender was court-martialed and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Another man was found sleeping upon his post, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, while another, for the same offense, was sentenced to be shot. These punishments seem to be disproportioned to the moral guilt in the several cases—two years for robbery, and ten years and death for falling asleep. But it must be remembered that when a sentinel sleeps upon his post, he perils a whole army.

There occurred during this time, also, the hanging of a guerilla, who had shot a citizen under very atrocious circumstances, having, after shooting him, cut out his tongue. He was convicted on the testimony of the daughter of the murdered man, who asked of Gen. Rosseau the privilege of adjusting the rope about the culprit's neck. This request, however, the general did not see fit to grant.

About the middle of April, General Wood left the division on account of ill-health, but returned before the advance. During

his absence the division was commanded by General Brennan, and brigade and division drills were the order of the day.

During the stay of the regiment at Murfreesboro, they received a visit from some of the Joliet ladies, Mrs. Elwood, Mrs. Bartleson, and Mrs. Heise. I need not say that the sight of crinoline was a pleasant one to the eyes, not only of their special friends in the regiment, but also to every soldier, reminding them of the mothers, wives and sisters left behind them. The boys all vied with each other in rendering them every attention. The ladies, in return, gave a party to the officers of the regiment.

About the 28th of April, the "purp tents," as the boys designated the little shelter tents, were issued, and they had to resign their large ones for little pieces of cloth just large enough to cover two. These were very unpopular at first. At the sight of them the boys would set up a barking all along the line, which was quite amusing. But orders have to be obeyed, and they learned in time the wisdom of the order and became reconciled, as in their subsequent campaigns, if they had not had these, they would have had nothing.

Gen. Brennan kept the men pretty busy in drill exercises, but still there were many hours when the time would hang heavy. Many were the resources for relieving the tedium. Some busied themselves in the manufacture of pipes from the briar root, which grew in the woods, while others carved crosses, shirt studs, rings, buttons, &c., of the muscle shells, which abounded in the rivers, sending them home to their friends. Many of these are still sacredly treasured as mementoes of those who are dead and gone!

A very popular amusement consisted in getting the young darbies to sing and dance, and to "bunt" each other, a-la-ram. Reading was also a resource to many, and everything that could be obtained was eagerly devoured, especially the reports of a famous ecclesiastical trial then being conducted with closed doors in Joliet. At this time one of the boys was guilty of the following conundrum:

Ques.—To what tribe of Indians does J. W. H. belong?

Ans.—Paw-nees.

But the time had come for active work once more, and strange as it may seem, when we remember what is involved in an ag-

gressive, onward movement, the men were glad to pull up stakes, and rejoiced at the words "fall in!"

On the 12th of June Col. Buell took command of the brigade, Col. Fyfe leaving.

On the 24th of June, the "Army of the Cumberland" uncoiled itself from its position of repose about Murfreesboro, and started out for new fields. The corps in which the 100th was placed moved out on the Bradyville Pike. On the first day out the regiment was train guard, which is never very pleasant duty, and this day was one of almost incessant rain. The route lay over a hilly country, presenting scenery of much beauty. The regiment camped at night in a clover field, and came down to "first principles"—*i. e.*—hard tack and coffee, but it was a relief to breathe fresh air again. Next day they pass through Bradyville, a little hamlet, in which the only thing noticeable was a two story warehouse, and a hearse. Only two citizens were visible. Here the pike ended, and they took a mud road, camping at night in a cornfield, where the mud was ankle deep. They remained at this camp the next day and night, the rain continuing. Palmer's division was ahead of ours at work trying to render the roads passable for the trains. There was a hard hill, three-fourths of a mile long, which was the chief obstacle. The 27th was a day of hard work. An early start was made, and the brigade was divided into detachments, and put to work on the roads, throwing in rails, stones, trees, etc., to fill up the holes, and Wagner's brigade acted as reinforcements to the mules. Reliefs for the men were stationed at short distances with ropes attached to the wagons, and from eighty to one hundred men would seize the ropes and pull away. It was a novel, noisy and exciting scene. Drivers and men hallooing and swearing, mules straining to their utmost. Now and then a wagon gets upset, and out rolls the hard-tack, baggage, tents, etc., scattered about in the mud. The regiment went about a mile and a half beyond the top and camped. It was a desolate looking country with but few inhabitants, and they were the ignorant "poor white trash." One woman was much surprised at hearing the brass bands play, and inquired if it wan't what "you'ns called a pianny."

The regimental wagons did not come up that night, and all

were obliged to sleep in the rain without shelter. The next day moved on slowly, and went into camp about four miles from Manchester, where they should have been two days earlier to connect with the rest of the army which had moved on other and better roads. On the 30th, moved close to the town. In the afternoon Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, came in from a trip down to Dechard, where they had been tearing up the railroad. About noon of July 1st, went into Manchester, and found that the army had already moved. Our regiment remained until six o'clock, when it marched to Hillsboro, a distance of eight miles, going into camp about midnight. Next morning the division went to Pelham, nine miles, halted and had dinner, and about 5 p. m., were ordered back to Hillsboro. This was not pleasant, soldiers always hate to take the back track, especially over bad roads, and when tired and foot-sore. Marched six miles and camped about ten p. m.

Next morning went on to Hillsboro, where they were again ordered back over the same miserable road to Pelham, making the trip in about four hours. The next day was the 4th of July, and was spent quietly in camp. A national salute was fired at sunset. Pelham, where the regiment now was, is a small village at the foot of the mountains, east and south of Tullahoma, in a beautiful valley. Refugees began to come in from the mountains where they had been hiding, some of them for eight or nine months. The regiment was now on short rations, especially of bread. Fresh meat could be obtained off the country in the shape of pork and mutton, of which a good deal was laying around loose on the hoof. Of course more or less found its way into the soldiers' haversacks. It is said to be terribly demoralizing to allow an army to forage, but I think it must be equally so to keep an army on hard marching and short rations.

On the night of the 5th, the boys encountered a hard storm. Some of the tents of the line officers were pitched in a gully, which was suddenly converted into a stream of water—a young river in fact—and before they had time to beat a retreat everything was afloat, beds, baggage, etc., which it was no easy matter to recover in the rain and darkness. Next day the camp was changed to higher ground. Two days rations came up and orders

to make them last six days, a problem in multiplication which the "boys in blue" often had to solve. On the 8th, Harker's brigade and Buell's returned to Hillsboro, leaving the other at Pelham. These remained at Hillsboro about a month, in a very comfortable camp. There was a large and remarkable spring near camp, covering two acres, no bottom had ever been found in the center. Here the men enjoyed one luxury to satiety. It was the season for blackberries, which grew here in great abundance, large and luscious as the famous "Lawton;" and not only were they a luxury, but they were a medicine of far more service to the sick than any the doctors could get out of the hospital stores, and the men swallowed them without even a wry face. There were regular details to pick them.

[] But little of interest occurred during the stay. The railroad was opened to Manchester, so that they had regular rations, and also a mail. It was a good place for the study of natural history. The varieties of snakes, lizards, jiggers, and bugs of every shape and color was immense, and all were kept in a state of irritation and discomfort from their bites, or the fear of them.

On the 24th, Uncle Sam's representative—the most warmly loved of all army officers—the paymaster—visited the army, and the 100th drew four months' rations of greenbacks.

On the 2d of August there was an accident in camp, serious and nearly fatal. Just after inspection, one of the regiment was cleaning his gun, when it suddenly went off, wounding John Shoemaker, of Co. H, in the head, fracturing the skull. The ball also passed through several tents, and the hat of a man belonging to an adjoining regiment.

One day part of the regiment went to Manchester as train guard. When they were returning, one of the captains had got a considerable distance ahead, and thought he would try his pistol, and selected as a mark something that looked like a twig on a bush by the road side. He popped away and with his usual skill hit the mark plump on the center. But it turned out that what he had taken for a twig, was the toe of a straggler, who had lain down in the bush with his bare and dirty foot resting on a log, and gone to sleep. The owner of the toe jumped up and danced round and made some fuss. Happily the wound was not serious, and the

captain dressed it with "greenback" plaster, and made the man promise to keep dark, but the joke got out.

Col. Buell, who was at this time in command of three regiments, including the 100th, was exceedingly strict in his discipline of the camp. Not only was this true in respect to foraging, but also in respect to passing through the lines. Strict orders were given to the sentinels to allow no one to pass on any pretense whatever without a pass and countersign, and, after a certain hour, they were not to be allowed to pass, even though they had both pass and countersign. The colonel was in the habit of visiting a certain house two or three miles outside the lines, where he had discovered some very pretty girls. One night, I presume forgetting the orders he had given, or thinking they would not be enforced against himself, he overstaid the hour, and on his return was duly halted. He dismounted, and gave the countersign all right, but was told by Corporal Henry Smith, in charge of the outpost, that he could not pass. Now, the colonel had been very strict in holding officers to account for the enforcement of his orders, and had made himself very unpopular by what seemed to many unnecessary severity. Corp. Smith recognized the colonel, but was none the less willing to carry out his orders. He therefore told the colonel that he must lead his horse up and down the beat until he (Smith) was relieved by another detail, when he would take him back to the lieutenant in charge of the post. Buell protested in vain that he was Col. Buell, and swore he would have Smith bucked and gagged if he did not allow him to pass. Smith knew his duty, and told him he could not pass if he was Gen. Rosecrans himself. And so Buell had to pace the sentry's beat under the cocked musket of the corporal, until his hour had expired, when he took the colonel back to the lieutenant in charge of the post and reported. Col. Buell also reported in no very choice or measured terms, but found the lieutenant as strict to obey orders as the corporal was, and the colonel was told that he must remain and pace the beat again until the lieutenant was relieved. The colonel was very wroth, and threatened to have the lieutenant court-martialed. But after storming awhile his wrath exhausted itself, and he changed his tactics, telling the lieutenant he had done right, and was to be commended for his obedience to orders. The lieutenant,

thinking that the colonel had had enough of his own medicine, finally let him pass. Nothing was ever heard of the court-martial, and Corporal Smith became very popular in the brigade for his obedience to orders, and was soon after promoted.

Another incident of some little interest occurred, while the division was stopping at Hillsboro. We have spoken of the colonel's habit of visiting outside the lines. This was at a fine plantation, owned by a rebel whose name we will call Smith, although it might have been Jones, or something else. This man found it for his interest to be very loyal now, and very polite, especially to the officers of the army, and thus he got his family and his possessions protected. Now it happened that he had some very sweet things in and about his fine mansion. Inside were some very pretty girls,—while outside there was a fine stand of some twenty bee hives, well stocked with honey. Now, I need not say that soldiers, whether officers or privates, are very fond of sweet things. This would be only to say that they were human. But the officers would of course have the inside track with the girls,—as no others could get the *entree* of the house. Nothing therefore was left for the privates, but to go for the next sweetest thing, to-wit—the honey. So it happened one night, that while the brigade commander was playing sweet with the girls in the house, some of the privates “confiscated” two or three boxes of the old reb's honey. They did the job so carelessly that the loss was discovered in the morning, and the old man made his complaint to the officer, who at once relieved the lieutenant, who had charge of the detail, with a severe reprimand. He then ordered Lieut. N. to take a new detail, and charged him most emphatically to allow no foraging—threatening to have him cashiered, and his men shot, if anything of the kind was done. As the lieutenant left headquarters with his men, the A. A. A. G., who happened to be a well known captain of the 100th, repeated the order in a very impressive manner; but the boys imagined they saw in his eye, a slight wink, which they interpreted to mean—“do not forage—but if you *must*, be sure and not to get caught.” Well, the lieutenant placed his pickets, and with those who were off duty, bivouacked in the old man's verandah, and the night passed quietly. The old man slept without anxiety, on the assurance of

the officer, who sparked his girls meantime, that all would be right. But it happened that in this detail was a private who was a skilled workman, a man of science and experience, and during the night he carefully removed the tops of some of the hives, emptied them of their luscious load, and then replaced them so carefully that no traces of the theft were visible. The old man took a look in the morning at his bee hives, but everything looked right, and he remained in blissful ignorance of his loss. "He that is robbed, not knowing it, is not robbed at all." How long this state of happy ignorance continued, is not known. But it lasted until the 100th was well on its way over the Cumberland mountains, and the honey was among the things that had been.

Early on the morning of the 16th of August, orders came to get ready to march at once. All was forthwith bustle and work, and by nine o'clock everything was ready, and at ten the army was again on the move.

An amusing incident occurred on starting. Since lying at Hillsboro, headquarters mess had rejoiced in the possession of a cook of the "cullud" and female "persuasion"—a great fat negress, who had come into camp from the adjoining country, and being really a good cook, had been employed in that capacity. She was a great admirer of the adjutant, pronouncing him the "hansumest man she ever sawed." Well, when "Aunt Emma" had got mounted on her old mule, with her kettles, pails, coffee pots, and other utensils strapped to the saddle, and all her personal paraphernalia as well—all nearly covering the mule out of sight, her red bandanna coiled over her head a la Turk, and her clothes streaming in the wind, and her *impedimenta* clattering by her side, she made a conspicuous, if not a military show. She now manifested her regard for the adjutant by trotting her old mule up past the regiment, and taking her position by his side! The expression of mingled mirth and vexation on the face of the adjutant, the shouts and snickers of the men, and the grieved look of poor old Emma as she fell back to the rear on being politely informed that that was her position—all made a scene over which the boys have had many a laugh—then and since.

The day was extremely hot, and starting on a fast walk, many were soon used up, being nearly sun-struck. At half-past four,

they were at the foot of the mountain, eleven miles from Hillsboro. All took a good look at its steep and rugged sides, and dreaded the morrow's work, past experience having taught them that it would be no easy job to get the train up the mountain. The order for the next day was given out: reveille at three, march at four o'clock, and the men went to bed early to gather strength for the task before them.

The next day more than fulfilled their expectations. The regiment was marched part way up the mountain, stacked arms, and turned in to work again reinforcing the mules, pushing and pulling at the wagons. The road was full of sharp turns, and the ascent at times almost perpendicular. They passed a splendid spring part way up the mountain which comes out of the ground, flows quite a stream, and after going away down the side, disappears in a hole in the rock. The wagons had to be partially unloaded, and two trips made for each load. The first one was not concluded before midnight. The regiment was then allowed to rest, and most of them fell asleep in their tracks, when one of those strange and unaccountable panics broke out, the origin of which, at the time, no one could tell. It started, no one could tell why, where, or how, but all at once the men found themselves running around in the dark, stumbling over the rocks and each other, and for a few moments all was confusion and apprehension of something, they knew not what. Some were under the impression that the returning teams had run away, and they were in danger of being run over. But the scare soon ended, with nobody hurt. It was afterwards found that some mule driver ran over a soldier sleeping in the road, who started up from a sound sleep, half awake, and made such an outcry as to arouse the rest and create the panic.

The ascent was completed by half-past nine o'clock the next morning, and a rest was given until one o'clock p. m. In getting up the mountain, the boys lost and had to throw away much of their baggage. Headquarters mess lost their provision box. The colonel lost his favorite camp chair. The adjutant and major lost their cots, and all, their tents. About the seventh day rations began to give out, and the boys were put on three-fourths allowance; but they would not stay put, and

occasionally a gun was heard to go off, and soon after two soldiers would be seen coming into camp, the one in front with a pig on his shoulder, and the other behind him with fixed bayonet, as if taking him to the provost. But, somehow or other, they failed to report, and the pig disappeared very mysteriously, and headquarters did not inquire very closely into the addition to their supper.

They then marched again about nine miles, going past Tracy City. This is a small town of about forty houses, and is noted for its coal mine, and a railroad; a branch of the C. & N. R. R. runs to it for the coal.

Next day, the 19th, reveille at three. The regiment was detailed to guard supply train, and had to wait for it until nine, the rest of the division starting at six. The road was rough, and much work was required to help the mules. After a march of fifteen miles, they went into camp. Next morning started at daylight with the train, and got across the mountain about noon. It took thirty-six hours to get up the mountain, one and a half miles, and the distance across diagonally was twenty or twenty-five miles—a rugged and wild country, with here and there a log hut. The mountain was infested with rattlesnakes, huge and venomous; some were killed having eleven to thirteen rattles, and three or four feet long. They found a fine stream of water on the top of the mountain.

Those having an eye for beautiful scenery were now amply repaid for all the toil of the ascent and crossing, by the view which lay spread out in the valley at the foot of the mountain. A most beautiful valley, with cultivated farms and orchards, dwellings, &c., was below them; and there also lay encamped that portion of the army which had preceded them, the tents looking in the distance no bigger than a man's hat. But the descent had yet to be made, and not much time can be spared to gratify the eye. Going down was not as easy as rolling off a log. Indeed, it was more tedious and dangerous than the ascent. The road was very crooked, and filled with gullies, boulders, &c. Four hours were required for the regimental ambulance to get down. The regiment camped in the valley at the base of the mountain, at a point known as "Thurman's," a cluster of only two or three houses. Our army had captured a few rebels, and also rescued four or five

Union men, whom they had condemned to be shot, our cavalry getting there just in time to save them.

The valley is one of great beauty and fertility, lying between two ranges of the Cumberland mountains, and four or five miles in width. Its correct name is said to be *Chee-quasch-chee*, of course an Indian name, which has been corrupted by the people into "Squatch," "Squash," and most generally "Sequachee." The valley is sixty miles long. It is a wonderful peach country, and the boys arrived in the height of the season, and indulged freely in the luxury. Quite a business is done here in making up a good share of the product into peach brandy. Some of the boys tried their hand at distilling it, and, I am afraid, at drinking it, too. It is said to be a rather rough liquor when new. In this valley were also several tanneries which had been busy tanning leather for the confederate army.

Gen. Wood here issued a congratulatory order to his division for the splendid manner in which they had accomplished the late tedious march.

The camp of the 100th was pitched in a most beautiful and romantic spot. Near by, gushing out from the foot of the mountain, was a large and beautiful spring, which supplied the division with water. Close by was the range of mountains over which they had just come, while across the valley was another range of about the same height, although not quite so precipitous. A little to the northwest was a long and rugged range of rocks, cut up with ravines, which in the changes of light and shade during the long summer's day, formed most beautiful pictures, needing but little aid from the imagination to seem an elevated and fortified city, with its walls, battlements, and towers, frowning defiance upon the beleaguering hosts below.

The valley, as we have said, is one of the most fertile in the state. Besides the peaches, which seemed to grow spontaneously by the roadsides, and even in the timber, were found apples, green corn, melons, berries, and chickens, in great abundance. Near the base of the eastern range flows a stream of the same name as the valley. In this valley the army enjoyed a fortnight's rest, which was very grateful after the passage of the mountains. Frequent details were sent out to forage for man and mule. The valley was

also fertile in other respects than those we have named, as will appear from the following incident :

During the stay in the valley, Capt. Nelson was sent out with a detail for forage. Crossing the Sequachee Creek, he followed it down the valley for a few miles, but on ascertaining that a detail from another division was sent out before him, and had left but poor picking, he struck off to the left into another valley which debouched into the Sequachee. Going up this about five miles, the party came into a cultivated clearing, where they found peaches growing in abundance by the roadside. While the boys were harvesting these, the captain made his way to a plantation not very far off. Here he found a large, two-story double log house, built of hewn logs, with great outside chimney stacks at either end, the roof and verandas covered with "shakes"—all in the usual style of a southern well-to-do farmer. Sitting in the porch was an old man apparently about sixty years of age, and in the door was a pale-faced woman some ten or fifteen years younger. The captain, being invited to "have a cheer," entered into conversation with the couple. The old man said he had taken no part in the war, but was in favor of the old flag. The woman complained of having the "ager." The captain gave her some quinine, telling her how to take it, and assuring her that it would cure her in a few days. She seemed a little afraid of it at first, saying that she never "hearn tell" of it before; she had had a "right smart chance of the ager," but she had always "got shut" of it by taking "roots and yerbs." But after seeing the captain taste of the powder, and being assured of its efficacy, she "allowed" she would try it. While this conversation had been going on, a lot of children, of all ages, sizes, and sexes, had been gathering around, all of them tow-headed, and dressed in the butternut linsey woolsey uniform of the country. The captain, supposing that they had gathered in from the neighboring plantations to have a look at a live yankee, jocosely inquired of the old man if these were all his children, and was astonished with a prompt affirmative reply. On giving voice to his surprise and incredulity, he was still more astonished by being assured that these were not all—that they had twenty-four children, all living—all born of the same mother, five pair being twins. The old man "allowed," moreover, that they "mought" have

more yet! On the captain's rejoining his men and telling what he had seen, he was thought to be romancing, until the sight of the old man with his flock coming down through the grass confirmed the story.

When they got back to camp, of course such a phenomenon was reported around the camp fires, and many, both officers and privates, made old man Oomans a visit, and were introduced to the "*24th Tennessee Infantry*," as they most appropriately named the patriarch's flock.

This seems a big story, but then we always did get big stories from Tennessee!

Certainly one of the vices of modern, fashionable society had not yet penetrated into this retired region!

On the 22d, there were two excitements. The first was occasioned by an order of Gen. Wood for the selection of 100 men and officers from the regiment to go upon a hard and dangerous expedition. The regiment was formed in line, and a call made for volunteers. Many more than the required number stepped forth. The strongest were selected, and ordered to get ready at once with three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition.

The same number went from the other regiments of the brigade, making a force of four hundred, in charge of Col. Buell. The reported danger and secrecy of the movement, (none but the commander knowing its destination or object) made it quite exciting, both for those who went, and those who remained in camp. The next excitement came after dinner just as the boys were discussing the one of the morning over their post-prandial pipes. An orderly came up in haste, with orders to fall in immediately, as a large force of cavalry was advancing, and was only five miles distant. Tents were forthwith struck, baggage packed with haste, and everything got ready to receive them, and thus the regiment remained until evening, and then rebuilt their tents.

The expedition which went out returned just at night next day, well worn out, having traveled fifty-six miles up and down the mountains. The object had been to capture a steamboat that had run aground on the Tennessee river, and been deserted by the crew; but the rebels had succeeded in getting it off a few hours before their arrival. They were within seven miles of Chat-

tanooga, and brought back a paper of the 20th. On the route, which was through a region of much interest, they found magnificent springs coming out of the sides of the mountain so large and copious as to run mills. They had a very hard and fatiguing trip. Some of the boys got so sleepy marching in the night that they actually slept on the march, and lost their guns while traveling along.

Elder Crews left the regiment while it was in the valley, and gave the boys his farewell address, August 25th. Before we take leave of the chaplain, we must tell one more story of him: While the regiment was lying near Pelham, he thought he would take a bath. He selected a spot which seemed secure from observation, and was enjoying the luxury, when some soldiers, that belonged to another division, and did not know him, came along and spied his gray head in the water. They took him for some old codger of the country, and thought they would have some fun at his expense. So they commenced throwing sticks at him, and ordered him to come out. He remonstrated with them, very mildly at first; but when, instead of desisting, they began to throw stones, the chaplain thought that forbearance was no longer a grace, and he stepped out and went for them. When they saw his *elm*, and his well-developed muscles, they wheeled and effected a hasty retreat.

The division remained at Thurman's until Sept. 1st, when at 6:30 a. m., it again took up the march. The road was exceedingly dusty, marched twenty miles and camped at 3 o'clock p. m. at Jasper, where they stayed until nearly night the next day. Near Jasper is a large and interesting cave, called "Peter's Cave." This was explored by Sergt. Holmes and others, to the extent of a quarter of a mile. He speaks of it as very beautiful. There was a large round room, the dome of which could not be discerned with the light they had, but a stream of water came down from it with a deafening noise, no aperture could be seen. On a subsequent visit a passage was found and the cave was explored a mile and a half further, and an opening found coming out in another part of the mountain. Saltpeter was manufactured here by the rebels.

Just at night, Sept. 21, orders came to march to the river seven

or eight miles distant. It was a very dark night, and their progress was slow, reaching the river about midnight. The crossing was made on small flat boats which had been captured a few days before. The brigade did not all get over until nearly daylight, and camped about a half mile from the river, in the finest crop of weeds ever seen, so tall and thick that one tent could not be seen from another. This point was known as Shell Mound, from a mound near by. A small brick depot was the extent of the town. A large cave called Nickijack, was near by in which the rebels had manufactured saltpeter quite extensively. It was said by some of the inhabitants that the cave had been explored for seven miles, and others said that it was fourteen in extent. It is second only to the Mammoth Cave, both in extent and beauty. Near this place also is the place where the states of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee touch each other, and it is marked by a stone monument, and one can—if he has large feet—stand in three states at the same time. Many of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity.

On the afternoon of the 5th, the brigade moved eight miles along the railroad. On one side were high rocks, sometimes two hundred feet high, and on the other river. On the 6th, went to Wauhatchie, a station on the North Carolina and Trenton railroad, in Lookout Valley. On the right lay Lookout mountain, and along its ridge could be seen the signal stations of the enemy. All sorts of rumors were rife in camp. They were now within seven miles of the "Gibraltar of the west," as the rebels regarded Chattanooga. A rebel mail and two prisoners were captured here. That night, after most of the men had got to sleep they were awakened and ordered to move back about two miles, rested there until 3:30, when the men were called up again, ordered to cook breakfast *without fires*. This was a hard job to do, but hard tack and bacon made the meal. The regiment then stood at arms until sunrise, when they were allowed to build fires and have their coffee. The position was then changed a little, and the day spent waiting. Col. Harker's brigade of the division, during the day made a reconnoissance, going about a mile beyond the halting place of the previous night, when the enemy opened upon them with three guns, killing one man, and they returned. Our bri-

gade remained at the same place. On the 9th it was called up at four, and had breakfast. The first order was for the brigade to go forward and reconnoitre, but this was changed, and the whole force moved on, news having come from Gen. Wagner, who was opposite the town, that Chattanooga was evacuated. The brigade was on the advance, and the 100th was the second regiment that entered the town. The road over the end of the mountain was very narrow and rough, but despite that and the heat and dust, the joy of getting possession of this stronghold kept up the spirit of the troops.

The next day the brigade marched out ten miles, meeting some deserters, and seeing small bodies of rebel cavalry. On the 11th, advanced three-quarters of a mile further, where they staid till 5 p. m., hearing occasional firing; then marched until 11, going a little further, and camping on Chickamunga creek. It was a hard march, reminding the boys of the one which they made before Perryville, the dust being very deep, and no water to be had, and very dark. Here they found Harker's brigade, which had been skirmishing all the afternoon. This place was known as the Lee & Gordon's mills, the house of the proprietors and the mills being all of the town. The rebels had tried to destroy the mills and a large stock of grain in them, but our forces drove them off before they could effect their object.

Here the brigade remained until the memorable 19th of September.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER VII.

HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGT.—CONTINUED.

CHICKAMAUGA TO ATHENS, TENN. SEPTEMBER, 1863,
TO MARCH, 1864.

Chickamauga—Preliminaries—How the Battle Opened on the 19th—How the 100th Behaved and Fared—Night—Casualties—Sunday, the 20th—No Day of Rest—Battle Renewed—How the 100th Fared—Incidents—Casualties—Results—Reports Official and Otherwise—After the Battle—Letters from Adjutant Rouse—Army in Chattanooga—In a Tight Place—Gets Hungry—Holds on—Expeditions—Starvation Imminent—Stealing from the Mules—Delegation from Will County—Prospects Improve—Gen. Thomas in Command—Grant Helps us Out—Rations Improve—A Snake Story—One Story Left for Deacon Williams—Regiment Moves Out—Onward Movement—Orchard Knob taken—Advance to foot of Mission Ridge—Takes the Works at Base—Boys Forget to Stop—Up the Mountain—Rebel Works Taken—Chickamauga Avenged—Pursuit—A Response from Libby—March to Burnside's Relief—Knoxville—Regiment Stays up There—Various Movements—Foraging—Battle of the Convalescents—Advance On Dandridge—Retreat—Camps at London—Tedium Time—Idle Hours—Resources—A Plea for Tobacco—A Compromise Suggested—Moves to Athens.

I SHALL attempt no general description of the great battle on the Chickamauga, where its name was justified—in proving as it did, the “River of Death” to so many brave men, both Union and rebel. My only object is to trace the history of the 100th through this, its second great battle. As we have seen, by a series of masterly movements on the part of Rosecrans, he had manœuvred Bragg out of the stronghold of Chattanooga, and made

him withdraw to the south or east of Chickamauga Creek, where he awaited reinforcements from Longstreet, which, unfortunately for the army of Rosecrans, came in time and in force sufficient to break the Union army into pieces, and to send its broken ranks, after a brave resistance, back to Chattanooga; leaving many a brave soldier dead or wounded on the field, and in the hands of the enemy. Thanks, however to the masterly generalship of Thomas, and the undaunted courage of his command, the enemy though victorious at some points, were not after all masters of the field, and did not succeed in getting possession of the coveted stronghold. In its result, this battle was about equally fatal to both rebel and Union armies, and to the reputation of their several commanders.

In the skirmishing which preceded the battle, the 100th was not seriously engaged. Two brigades of Wood's division, Harker's and Buell's, (Wagner's remaining at Chattanooga) marched out ten and a half miles to Gordon's Mills which they reached on night of the 11th, coming upon the ground which had been occupied the previous night by the corps of the Rev. Rebel Gen. Polk. The camp fires of the enemy could be seen across the creek.

We shall now give the narrative of a member of the regiment:

"Nothing but occasional picket firing occurred in front of our division, until Friday, the 18th, when about noon the rebels made a demonstration, our pickets falling back to the creek, and soon after a force, seemingly a brigade of four regiments, came out of the woods in front of our division, apparently intending to cross the creek at the ford near the mill. But our artillery soon made them take the cover of the woods again. Subsequent events showed that the movement was only designed to mask one on another part of the line; the real design being to pass a force down to our left, cross the creek, and cut our army off from Chattanooga. Part of our forces were therefore moved to our left on the night of the 18th to meet them, and on the morning of the 19th, about 8:30 a. m., an engagement began on our left, continuing through the forenoon, and into the afternoon, our division remaining at Gordon's Mills, until about 3 p. m., when it was ordered to move on the double quick by the flank to the left to support Davis' division, which was being hard pressed. Our brigade was accordingly

formed behind the 8th Ind. and 6th Ohio batteries, and commenced to advance in two lines, the 100th Ill. and the 26th Ohio in front. But almost as soon as they had got into position, the troops in front gave way, and came rushing through the lines of our division in wild confusion, a battery running over our men killing one and wounding several others, and compelling the brigade to fall back also, across a narrow field to the edge of the wood where it reformed. In crossing this field they were under a raking fire of the enemy, and suffered considerable loss. The regiment having reformed its lines, an aid of Gen. Wood's came to Col. Bartleson, saying. "Colonel, Gen. Wood wants the 100th to make a bayonet charge on the advancing enemy." The word was given, and the boys responded with a cheer, and charging drove the rebels back across the field into the wood where they rallied, and our regiment endured a short and murderous fire. The enemy then rallied and made a charge upon our troops in turn, and the regiment on the left of the 100th gave way. The 100th maintained its ground until all the troops on both its right and left had given way, and were about to be surrounded, and were getting a sharp fire on either flank as well as in front, when they fell back again, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. Again our brigade rallied and drove the enemy in turn, and again retreated, and again rallied. During the engagement, Major Hammond with a party of volunteers, who promptly responded to his call, retook from the enemy three pieces of the 8th Ind. battery, and hauled them off by the hand. Every inch of ground was hotly contested until night closed the contest, neither side having gained any material advantage. The enemy, however, had been foiled in their effort to break through our lines at this point, and our brigade held the ground somewhat in advance of its original position. It was here that the rebel Gen. Hood, lost his leg, and the boys of the 100th claim the honor of doing the job for him."

Sergt. Garnsey, after the battle of Franklin, had a conversation with a rebel officer, (who had been taken prisoner) in reference to the Chickamauga battles, and who asked how many brigades we had at this point. When told that we had but one, he was incredulous, and said that *they* sent in a fresh brigade each charge.

"Night having come on the brigade was placed in a strong position to resist a night attack, and the tired survivors were permitted to gain what rest and refreshment was possible, while details with Surgeon Woodruff and ambulances, gathered up the dead and wounded, as far as they were able; the enemy firing occasionally upon them.

"The casualties in the 100th had been about seventeen killed, one hundred wounded, and twenty-six missing. The captain of Co. H found himself with only seven men in his command. Two officers of the regiment had been wounded. These were Lt. Col. Waterman, who received a flesh wound in the arm, and Lieut. Bartlett, of Co. E, who was wounded in the head. Col. Waterman and Adjutant Rouse had their horses shot under them. How any escaped seemed a wonder to the survivors, as the regiment was for three and a half hours in a shower of leaden hail.

"Next day was the Sabbath, but no day of rest to the armies on the Chickamauga. About four o'clock in the morning, the division was moved back to a position on the left of Crittenden's corps. Early in the day it was ordered to take the place previously occupied by Negley's division, about two miles farther to the left. The division was formed in two lines, first line deployed the second in double column closed in mass. In moving up into position, and throwing out skirmishers, the enemy was aroused; and Col. Bartleson conceived the idea of making a charge, without having received orders to do so. It turned out to be an unfortunate movement. The regiment was led by the Colonel himself in the advance, upon a masked battery, supported by infantry, who opened upon them with terrible effect. The regiment was compelled to fall back in a somewhat demoralized condition to its proper place in the division. But the colonel and some portions of the regiment did not fall back, and their fate was for a time unknown. The major took command of the regiment. In about fifteen minutes after, Col. Buell, the brigade commander, was ordered, either by Wood, commanding the division, or by Crittenden corps commander, (neither general would ever admit the fact), to move to the left to support Reynold's division. Col. Buell hesitated to obey the order, and said to the aid who brought it, "Tell the general that my skirmishers are actively engaged, and

I cannot safely make the move." Very soon the officer returned, and gave the orders imperatively. Major Hammond said to Col. Buell, that he would be court-martialed before he would obey the order. Nevertheless the order was put into execution, and in less time than it has taken to write it, the enemy being on the alert, saw the movement, charged through the space made vacant, attacking our brigade in flank. They captured the 8th Ind. battery again, and completely demoralized the brigade, each regiment, and in fact, each individual fighting the balance of the day on its own hook. This unfortunate movement is spoken of in the history of the day as the "fatal gap," and neither division nor corps commander would ever father the order.

"When Col. Bartleson led the charge we have spoken of, and meeting such a rebuff the regiment mostly fell back, the colonel himself and parts of companies D and F rallied behind a picket fence near a log house; the colonel seeming to think that the position could be held. Accordingly they remained for some time exchanging shots with the enemy. Here Captain Burrell and Sergeant Backus, of Co. D, were wounded. Discovering after a little that they were left there alone, and were about to be flanked on both sides, and sure to be captured if not killed, most of the men fell back to the breastworks, where they expected to find the rest of the brigade, but here they found everything on the retreat and they followed on with the rest.

"But for some reason Col. Bartleson and Lieuts. Kenniston and Koach did not succeed in making good their escape, and were captured with some dozen or more others. The 100th would have made as good a fight on this as on the previous day, but for the unfortunate manner in which it was handled. When this "fatal gap" was made, and the brigade was moving by the flank, upon the double quick, the enemy poured into them, in front and flank, such a murderous fire of musket balls, grape and canister as nothing could withstand. They tried to keep their ranks in order, but the regiment spread out wider and wider, and soon all organization was lost, and they retired with other troops on the right towards Rossville, where they lay on the 21st in position. Some, more or less, fell into other organizations, and some reached Thomas and Granger's forces and aided in the fight that saved

the day. Of this number were Sergt. Holmes, of Co. G, and Selah Spaulding, of Co. F. John W. Goodenow, also of Co. E is said to have fought during the two days' battle in six different organizations."

Thus closed the scene. As is well-known, Thomas, with the aid of Granger's reserves, saved the army from utter defeat and enabled it to fall back to Chattanooga, and thus the great object of the enemy was defeated, though by a narrow chance, and at a fearful loss.

The 100th regiment went into the fight with 315 men, and lost of this number, about 165. Every color guard but one, (Neal Platt) was killed. A list of casualties is here given.

Casualties of the 100th in battle on the Chickamauga, Sept. 19th and 20th, 1873: 1863

KILLED:

Co. A—George Stewart, Alonzo N. Jones, Philip White. Co. B—Wm. B. Burr, Samuel Rodgers, Corporal Justin Steinmetz, John Barrett, Charles Sampson, Sergt. Hiram H. Harter. Co. C—Theodore Dorkendoff, Henry Karch, Thomas R. Parker, Sergt. John Bez, Lewis A. Prosser. Co. E—Sergeant Milton J. Smith, Sergt. Stephen M. Spafford, Corp. Chas. P. Spencer, Corp. Daniel Linebarger, Giles Dixon, Jr. Co. F—Felix Durres, Patrick Scanlan. Co. G—Gottlieb Weidemer, Matthew Bush, Albert Deal, George Price. Co. H—Corp. L. M. Lyon, Ahas Young. Co. I—Geo. Irish, Francis P. Kelly. Co. K—Sergt. E. S. Miner, J. B. Morey, Amos B. Davis, Sergeant H. W. Morford.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—WOUNDED:

Lieut. Col. A. N. Waterman, flesh of arm; Capt John A. Burrell, Co. D, severe; Lieut. M. N. M. Stewart, Co. A, slight; Lieut. Anson Patterson, Co. E severe in leg; Lieut. R. F. Bartlett, Co. E, slight.

MISSING AND PRISONERS:

Col. F. A. Bartleson; Lieut. Jerry Kenniston, Co. H; Lieut. Samuel Koach, Co. D; Asst. Surgeon H. T. Woodruff. Co. A—John Hay, Warren S. Noble. Co. B—Geo. E. McIntyre. Co. C—Mathias Snyder, supposed killed. Co. D—Corp. Geo. M. Dake, Rufus Bolton, John Lyman. Co. F—Sidney S. Campbell. Co. G—Sergt. James J. Harley, supposed to be dead. Co. I—Wm. R. Jones, John Augustine, Owen Evans, Henry C. Nobles.

CAPTURED AT HOSPITAL WITH SURGEON WOODRUFF:

Oliver P. Stumph, hospital steward. Co. B—Geo. McIntyre. Co. C—Wm. Peters, Anson Dodge, William Newberry, Eugene Sly. Co. D—G. W. Hill. Co. E—George Pickles. Co. G—Felix Calkins. Co. H—James F. Ladieu, John Cotton. Co. K—Wm. W. King, Erastus Rudd.

WOUNDED:

Co. A—Sergt. E. P. Smith, severe; Corp. Elias Yates, severe; Francis A. Butler, left arm amputated; Peter Brodie, Edgar C. Buss, William T. Burkner, Wm. Gundy, William Hawley, Thomas McQueen, H. W. Clark, all severe; James H. Preston, James Dowling, LeRoy Jewell, Roger Brennan,

Francis J. Fisher, all slightly. Co. B—Sergt. Lewis Linebarger, Samuel Weinhold, both slight; Sergeant Henry A. Smith. Co. C—Sergeant Henry M. Starrin, Sergeant Joseph Zeller, Corporal Anson Dodge, (prisoner,) Corporal John Hammond, Benjamin Bever, (died), Albert N. Chamberlain, Benoni L. Abbott, all severe. (The two last named are supposed to have died on the field.) Martin Fishbaugh, slight; Gothard Freehoff, leg; Christian Lang, severe; Daniel Mast, slight; William Peters, slight; Peter Schmitt, severe; Augustus W. Welchlin, severe. Co. D—Sergt. John Fellows, severe; Sergt. Franklin G. Bachus, Peter Peterson, Christ. Lookentery; Russell Hartung, arm ampt. (died); Charles Amen, prisoner, (all severe); Corporal Elias Brown, slight; Amasa Carter, George Kines, Joseph Countryman, Loudon Jacobs, all slight. Co. E—Corp. Van. H. Perkins, mortally; Corp. Andrew J. Fries, severe, arm amputated; Jas. McCune, (died); John Maples, Henry Bridge, George A. Fabrick, Richard F. Smith, Patrick McHugh; Wm. Reed, (died); Wm. H. Brace, Mahlon W. Harrington, both severe. Co. F—Sergt. James Gleason; Joseph Butcher, severe; George Grange, Edward Flannery, John Mallon, John Young, Geo. Simpson. Co. G—Corp. Chas. H. Snoad, prisoner; Frank Adams, Enoch Dodge, Decatur Goodenow, all slight; John C. Batteman, leg broke; Alex. Moat, Jephtha Pierson, Wm. Shaw, Joseph W. Tucker, all severely; Frank LaFayette, Wm. Barse, L. L. Warren, Wm. Hunt; Joshua Bush, run over by cannon. Co. H—Sergt. Chas. H. Russell, Wm. B. Connor, Corp. William Strunk, John Albright, Isaac J. Jenks; Henry C. King, severe; Barnett W. Henninger, W. C. Morse, George W. Murry, Wash. H. Thomas; William E. Temple, severe; Deratus T. Moore, severe, died Dec. 17, 1863. Co. I—Sergt. John Hays, slight; Jerry O'Leary, Henry Parkinson, Wm. Stonerock, Levi C. Price, all severely; John Robson, John Mahoney, John H. Butler, Sam. Aspinwall, all slightly. Co. K—Francis Green, M. C. Snyder, A. J. Purington, Wm. Munday, Orson Churchill, all slightly; Joseph Sloan, leg broken.

Albert N. Chamberlain and Benoin L. Abbott, reported missing and wounded in the above list, were seen next day lying dead upon the field with others by some of the regiment who had been captured, and who were marched over the field on the way to Atlanta. But their fate was not certainly known to their friends until about eighteen months afterwards, when these prisoners were released. As is well known, the rebels left many of our dead unburied, and when our army got possession of the ground, the bones were buried.

Justin Steinmetz, one of the killed of Co. B, was one of the bravest and best of the company. He was painfully and mortally wounded in the bowels, so that they protruded.. Holding them in with one hand, he took one more shot at the enemy with the other, and had just laid down his rifle, when another shot hit him in the head and mercifully closed his career without further suffering.

Col. Buell, in his official report of the action of the brigade, says: "I take pleasure in commending to their superiors, * * Lieut. Col. Waterman and Major Hammond, of the 100th Ill., for their endurance and bravery throughout the entire conflict. In Col. Bartleson, of the 100th Ill., and Captain Ewing, of the 26th Ohio, our country lost two most valuable officers. My personal staff, Capt. James G. Elwood, A. A. A. G., * * Lieut. J. C. Williams, aide-de-camp, Capt. Gardiner, provost marshal, * * were ever efficient and ready, being in the hottest of the fight."

When the army fell back during the night of the 19th, or morning of the 20th, the division hospital, which had been established near Crawfish Springs, and to which the wounded of our regiment had been taken in charge of Surgeon Woodruff, fell within the advanced lines of the enemy. Such as were slightly wounded had been sent into Chattanooga. When the poor, wounded boys found that they were to fall prisoners into the hands of the rebels, they were downcast. Surgeon Woodruff and Steward Stumph, as well as the hospital attendants, assured them that they would stand by them, which they did, though at a fearful cost to some of them. In the course of the next day the rebels came into possession of the hospital, and its contents and attendants. The manner in which they were treated and disposed of is given in a separate narrative of Surgeon Woodruff, and to that the reader is referred. We will only say here that there were thirty-one wounded men of the 100th in the hospital; one of these, Van L. Perkins, son of Wm. H. Perkins, a long time resident of Joliet, died on the 30th.

Charles E. Spencer, of Troy, who was among the killed on the 19th, was one of the best of soldiers. He had stepped out a little in front of the line, and falling upon one knee was firing rapidly, when he was struck with a ball in the forehead and killed instantly.

Lieut. Williams, of Co. G, who was serving on Col. Buell's staff, had his favorite gray mustang shot and killed under him, and he himself narrowly escaped being captured, but his legs, although they are not the longest, served him a good purpose. It is said that no fast horse he has ever owned made better time than the Lieut. did toward Chattanooga.

Gen. Wood, in his official report thus speaks of one member of Co. A: "Early in the conflict of Sunday, my color-bearer was wounded. The colors were taken by Samuel Goodrich of Co. A, 100th regiment, who bore aloft my standard through the day, remaining with me all day."

Henry C. King (Little Harry) of whom we have spoken as one of the "pony team," was severely wounded in both thighs, one shot going through the flesh of both legs. While lying on the field, a rebel general came along, and noticing his youthful appearance, asked him what he was there for, to which he replied. "I am here to shoot just such men as you!"

It has been stated that Col. Bartleson was taken prisoner, but for a considerable time it was supposed that he had been killed. The report of Gen. Wood, bearing date the 29th, speaks of him as probably killed. Parties thought they had seen him fall. One man claimed to have seen him in the division hospital, just before it fell into the hands of the enemy. During this period of suspense in respect to his fate, Col. George P. Buell, who commanded the brigade in which the 100th fought, wrote to Hon. J. O. Norton, as follows:

"Colonel Bartleson's conduct was most noble and gallant up to the the last moment I saw him. In fact, he was too brave and daring for his own good. You may take this consolation to your heart that should Col. B. ever fall on the battle-field, he will fall as all true men wish to fall, doing his whole duty with his face to the enemy. Being the immediate commander of Col. B., in the late engagement, and of course a witness of his conduct, I have taken the liberty to write you this, believing that these few truths will help to ease your pain and calm your grief."

Col. Bartleson's movement on the 20th, seems to have been an imprudent one, although very bold and heroic. Had it been *successful* however, it would have been *prudent*, and would have been approved by his superior officers, and applauded by all. A similar movement made on the Atlanta campaign, as we shall see, was all right because it was successful. Success like charity, covers a multitude of sins, both in military and civil life.

The 100th regiment, what was left of it, gathered together again at Rossville on the 21st, in command of Major Hammond.

Here our forces were collected to make a stand and dispute any advance of the enemy. But the enemy did not come, and on the 22d our army fell back toward Chattanooga. All were fearful that Rosecrans could not maintain his position, but by the 23d, Gen. Wood came round and told the boys that they could hold the place in spite of anything that Bragg could bring.

Sergeant Holmes, of Co. G, gives the following account of the closing scene in this day's fight, as it affected our regiment, and of the three subsequent days :

"After marching by the right flank, a short distance, the rebs open on us, and send in the bullets as thick as hail stones. The boys will not stand it at all, and put for the rear. I stand behind a tree a while, and then think if no one else will stay it is no use for me, so I put on after the rest, and after going through a corn-field, up a hill, I find the major rallying the men at the brow. Some stop, but as soon as the bullets begin to whiz, off they go again up the hill a little further. Then they rally again and some other regiments come up, and we stand and pour it into the varmints. They soon begin to run and we after them, until we get to the open field. Then another rebel regiment advances with the red flag flying, dressed in our uniform. Some of us open on them, and others say, "don't do it, they are our men." While paying attention to this regiment, up comes a division on our right to flank us, so we have to "skedaddle" again. Up we go to another hill, there rally and give it to the rebs; My cartridges give out, and I empty a dead man's into my box. I fire away here as long as I can see any rebels to fire at. Then we go to the left and fight along with the 21st Ohio awhile. Then I go farther to the left, and fall in with Granger's corps, and fight with them. I find one of Colt's rifles and lay mine down and take that. We fight here until nearly dark, when the rebels give way and we are the victors. The ground is covered with the wounded and dead. We see some rebels in front, and hallo at them to come in, but they will not come, they are afraid to go one way or the other. One or two of our men fire at them, and they all run but two. These get behind trees. I jump over the breastwork of rails and go out toward them, telling them if they don't come in

and lay down their arms, I will shoot them. On this, they throw down their guns, and I take them in and turn them over. Selah Spaulding, of Co. F, has been with me all this time, and we start off to find some water. We meet Gen. Wood, and he tells us there is no water where we are going. We ask him where our brigade is. He tells us that they are up in the woods a short distance. We go on and find it, but only a few of our regiment are with them. Lieut. Ewen and John Brandon are all we found of Co. G. We are here but a short time when we are ordered off and march back where it is thought we can find water, but we do not stop until we get within four miles of Chattanooga. Here we stack our arms, and bivouac for the night.

"Sept. 21st, Monday, get up, get our breakfast, and get ready for a move if there should be any. After a while up comes what is left of the old hundreth, in command of the major. We soon move back to the front again, upon a hill, and build breastworks, and wait for the enemy. They do not come to us, but we hear heavy firing on the right. More troops come up after dark, and cut down trees and build breastworks. They also mask a battery.

"Tuesday, Sept. 22d. Last night a little after eleven we were called up and moved back toward Chattanooga. When nearly there, we stopped, camped and cooked coffee. After daylight moved out and built breastworks, and lay all day in line in the trenches.

Sept. 23d. Last night there was a little scare and we were ordered to fall in, but soon lay down again and had a good night's sleep. The rebs do not yet come up. We go to work on the breastworks, old Gen. Wood comes around and tells us we can hold them in spite of anything to-day."

The following is from the official report of Gen. Crittenden, commanding the 21st army corps :

"With pride I point to the services of Brig. Gen. Wood, and his gallant command. The last of my corps ordered to the scene of conflict, they became engaged almost the very moment of their arrival. Unexpectedly ran over by a portion of our troops who were driven back upon them, the brigade of Col. Buell was thrown into confusion and borne along with the flying for a short distance, but were soon and easily rallied by Gen. Wood and

Col. Buell, and though the loss had been very heavy, for so short a conflict, these brave men were led back by their division and brigade commanders to the ground from which they had been forced. On Sunday, when our lines were broken, Brig. Gen. Wood, with the brigades of Harker and Barns, and that part of Col. Buell's brigade not cut off by the enemy, reached Major Gen. Thomas, as ordered, and participated in the battle of that day, with honor to themselves. Such was the conduct of this, the last part of my command, all of which has been published to the country as having disgracefully fled the field."

Wishing to give everything which relates to our 100th regiment in this battle, I copy a few paragraphs from the official report of Gen. Wood, commanding the division :

"Seeing no other reserve at hand, and assured that both Harker and Carlin were seriously engaged, I determined to hold Buell's brigade in hand to meet emergencies. And it was fortunate I did so, for ere long Carlin's brigade was swept back out of the woods, across the cornfield, and into the woods beyond the field, on the western side of the road, carrying everything away with it. When I observed the rush across the cornfield, I was near the 100th Ill. With a view of checking the advancing and exultant enemy, I ordered Col. Bartleson, commanding the 100th Ill., to fix bayonets and charge on the foe. The bayonets were properly fixed, and the regiment had just commenced to advance when it was struck by a crowd of fugitives, and swept away in the general melee. The whole of Buell's brigade was thus carried off its feet. It was necessary that it should fall back across the narrow field on the western side of the road to the edge of the wood under whose cover it rallied. As soon as possible it was formed along the fence, separating the field from the woods, and with the aid of a part of Carlin's brigade, and a regiment of Wilder's brigade, dismounted, repulsed the enemy. * * * * Buell's brigade was formed just east of the road when it was struck by Carlin's brigade, and hence it had to retire about the distance of two hundred yards to get the shelter of the woods for reforming. But in crossing this narrow space, it suffered terribly; the killed and wounded were thickly strewn on the ground. So soon as the enemy was repulsed, I addressed myself to forming Col. Buell's brigade, for the purpose of advancing to recover the lost ground. I led the brigade back in person and reoccupied the ground from which it had been forced."

This in respect to the 19th. In respect to the 20th, he says :

"I advanced my command and occupied the position assigned. In throwing out my skirmishers to cover my front I aroused the enemy, and had quite a sharp affair with him. By a very imprudent advance of his regiment at this moment, done without an order, Col. Bartleson (moving himself in advance of his troops) was shot from his horse, and either killed or very severely wounded; it was impossible to decide which, on account of the proximity of the place where he fell to the enemy's lines. He was an

accomplished and gallant officer, and a high-toned, pure minded gentleman His loss is a serious disadvantage to the regiment and the service."

The writer received soon after the battle the following letters from Adjutant Rouse, which as they explain the situation of our regiment during the battle and for a few days after, I give in full. I wish also to incorporate in this history some memento of the writer, whose fate it was to fall himself subsequently, and whose death was so deeply regretted by all who knew him :

HEADQUARTERS 100TH ILL. VOLUNTEERS, }
CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 24th, 1863. }

George H. Woodruff, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—When it became apparent on Sunday that we should be compelled to give way before superior numbers, surgeons were selected to remain in our hospitals in charge of such of our wounded, as from the severity of their wounds, or want of time, could not be sent to the rear. Your son Henry was one of the number selected for this important duty, and I suppose that communication with him will be temporarily interrupted. He had here, as at Stone river, made himself very conspicuous for his activity and efficiency. This morning we have nearly completed a splendid line of breastworks, forming a continuous circle from the Tennessee river on the east to the foot of Lookout mountain on the west, a distance of between two and three miles. Close along our front lie the enemy, without doubt preparing for an attack. Thick along the breastworks, confident and determined, stand our brave and noble men, ready to meet the shock of battle. On Sunday evening and Monday morning all were fearful, but on Monday we checked the advance on a line of hills five miles south of Chattanooga. On Monday night we again fell back and commenced in earnest to fortify the town, and by Tuesday evening, had succeeded so well that we began to take courage. Since then we have worked night and day, and are now strongly entrenched. You have heard of our losses, and will sorrow with us for the suffering and the dead. Our regiment went into the fight on Saturday, at 3 o'clock P. M., 313 strong. Before dark 17 lay dead and 100 were wounded. Our entire loss is believed to be 22 enlisted men killed, and five officers and 104 enlisted

men wounded. The Colonel and Lieut. Kenniston are in the hands of the enemy. The Colonel was seen to fall but a few rods in front of the advancing rebel line, but it is not known that he was even hurt. Twenty-three enlisted men are still missing. I will write you again if I learn anything more. We have been repulsed, *but we are not disheartened.*"

Three days later, Sept. 27th, Adjutant Rouse wrote :

"The impression gains ground that the rebels will not attack our entrenchments ; though the hills and valleys along our entire front are nightly lit up by the camp fires of the enemy, who were promised on the evacuation of this place, that we should be speedily driven back across the Tennessee or annihilated. They know too well the strength of the position, and our fighting qualities to make an attack. Rumors are current of a flank movement by the rebels, but it is not much feared. The little band of the 100th (for such it seems) that is left after their long campaigns, are gladly improving such relaxation as the nature of our situation will allow. Only ten of the wounded of our regiment remain in hospital here ; all the rest who were not left in rebel hands having been sent North. Dr. Heise and his wife are still here doing all that can be done for the boys. Lieut-Col. Waterman is improving and will remain here. Maj. Hammond, now in command, is a first-rate practical man and a competent officer. I cannot learn that communication has been had with the rebel authorities with regard to our wounded, who remain in their possession, and I have no additional news of Henry. Hospital Steward Stumph and the cook and nurse are with him.

"After the desperate struggle of Saturday, the commanding general examined the ground in his rear, and during the night formed a new line, which was thought favorable for defense. A part of the line near the center was occupied by two brigades of our division at 8 A. M. on Sunday morning. Skirmishers were immediately thrown out, and as they met with only slight opposition, Col. Bartleson ordered his regiment to advance. It did so, charging about two hundred yards across an open field, on the double-quick, driving the enemy's skirmishers from a road fence

on the opposite side. The road was quickly passed by the regiment, which now entered a piece of woods. Proceeding a few yards, it was discovered that we were close upon a masked battery, supported by infantry. The battery and its supports immediately opened a deadly and unexpected fire upon us, and the main portion of the regiment fell back to its original position. Col. Bartleson, however, rallied about two companies behind a picket fence on the side of the road mentioned above. Seeing that the Colonel and some of the men had not fallen back, and it being reported that the colonel was wounded and had fallen from his horse, Lieut. Wicks, myself, and four or five men went forward to ascertain the position of affairs, and if possible, recover the colonel. On arriving at the fence we found them posted behind it, and the colonel unharmed; though the enemy were close by in strong force, the colonel thought it to be his duty to hold the position as long as possible. I remained a few moments, and then went to report to Col. Buell, commanding the brigade, who was not as yet aware that the whole regiment had not fallen back, and therefore there was no prospect of his sending us any assistance. When I got back to where the regiment had been lying, I found that it had been moved away to the left, and had already got out of sight. Heavy volleys of musketry were now heard in the direction from which I had just come, and turning I saw our men beating a hasty retreat, and the rebel line close behind them advancing rapidly. Nothing now was left to do but to get out of the way as fast as possible. Several of the men who were with the colonel behind the fence were known to have fallen before they could make good their retreat. Two or three of the men saw the colonel leave the fence, and one says that he saw him fall, but does not know whether he fell because he was hurt, or on account of the roughness of the ground. It was but a moment before the rebels passed over and occupied the ground, and they continued to hold it. I have thus been particular to give you all that is known in relation to this painful matter."

As has been seen; after the two days battle at Chickamauga, our forces first fell back to Rossville, and next day to the defenses of Chattanooga. Here Rosecrans worked with energy in forti-

fyng his position with three lines of breastworks, and in getting forward supplies. The flanks of his army lay on the Tennessee, above and below Chattanooga. But Bragg succeeded in cutting off his communications by Bridgeport on the south, compelling him to get his supplies by mule power—half-starved at that—some sixty miles over roads almost impassable. By a bold raid the enemy also damaged the railroad between Stephenson and Nashville, capturing the train of the 14th corps, and causing much delay in the supplies.

These operations put our forces at Chattanooga on short rations, and it became a serious question whether starvation would not effect for the rebels, what they had not been able to do by fighting—compel us to give up Chattanooga.

After the battle of Chickamauga, the 100th was transferred to Wagner's brigade, very much reduced, both in officers and men. Adjutant Rouse was placed upon Wagner's staff, and Sergeant Major Horne was promoted lieutenant of Co. K, and then adjutant.

After the 22d of September, the regiment remained in their position near Chattanooga, putting up quarters, working on intrenchments, doing picket duty, etc., etc.—the rebel lines being but a little distance from ours, and our forces being in daily expectation of an attack, which, however, did not come in the immediate front of our brigade. On the night of the 24th, there was heavy firing farther to the right, which was kept up until 12 o'clock, making a most splendid display of firing all along the line of Palmer's division. Rockets were also sent up which added to the display. We now quote from a diary of Sergeant Holmes. Under date of Oct. 1st, he writes :

“It rained nearly all night, we got up to stand at arms at 5 o'clock. The clouds have passed off, and the air is clear and pure. We can see the rebel camps quite plain, and we see a force marching to the right, for what purpose we do not know. I am detailed to go with a party to pile up brush in front of our breastworks to frustrate the enemy if they should attack us. We also stretch a wire along in front, so that they will be thrown down if they should come up in the dark. Several of our own

men, myself included, forgetting about it, have got several falls from it.

"Oct. 3d, stood at arms from four to six. Orderly Sergeant Thomas Bleber and I got a pass to go down town and see the wounded boys. Found them in good spirits. L. L. Warren, my messmate, before the battle, was wounded in the leg near the ankle. He walks with crutches. John C. Batterman looks bad. He was wounded under the right arm, a ball passing through his body and coming out near the spine. Frank Lafayette was wounded in the arm, shattering the bone, but is in good spirits. We hear that a long train was burned by the rebs in Sequatchie Valley.

Oct. 5th, some deserters came in to-day. The rebs began to throw shell about four o'clock, but they do not reach us. We send them some in reply, but cannot tell the effect, but hope they will be hard to digest. The cannonading is kept up slowly all day.

"Oct. 7th, here we are in sight of the rebels. The two armies lie within gun shot all the time. The pickets talk with each other and exchange papers. At night we look to the south, and there all along on what is called Mission Ridge, we see their camp fires. This ridge extends from Lookout Mountain around to the Tennessee, forming a kind of far off boundary to the city, I judge about four miles distant. The most of the rebel army are on the top. But there is a portion on this side, and their pickets extend down to within less than a mile from our camp, and about sixty rods of our picket line. This evening along comes Ord. Serg't Tom Bleber, and says: "Serg't Holmes, report to go to Stephenson right off, don't wait for anything." So I start for brigade headquarters, and there find 1st Lieut. Lines, who has charge of twelve men and three non coms. from our regiment. There is a similar detachment from each regiment in the division. Those from our brigade are in command of Captain Potter, of the 26th Ohio. The whole are in command of the lieutenant colonel of the 26th Ohio. We march down town and report ourselves. The colonel reports to corps headquarters, and then takes us over the river on a pontoon bridge, where we camp for the night.

"Thursday, Oct. 8th, get up at five and march at seven. We

go about a mile, and then halt at the field hospital. I run over and look at the boys, and find them all snug and comfortable in good tents and beds. The wagons in our train take along all that are able to go to Stephenson. L. L. Warren goes along. After an hour's halt we go on, taking the road for Waldron's Ridge, by way of Anderson's Crossings. But the order is changed, and we take the river road. After a march of about seven miles we are fired upon by the rebels from across the river. They keep themselves concealed, so that we could get but few shots at them, while we are entirely exposed. They killed three and wounded seven of our men, and killed and wounded twenty mules. This was mostly done while we were going over a little bare hill where our drivers stopped to lock the wheels. They soon stopped that, and let the wheels take care of themselves, and drove down the hill at full speed. One driver got his wagon upset. A battalion of the pioneer brigade was in camp near. So we left our "casualties" with them and went on. After marching some time we took a road which leads up Waldron's Ridge, and with some difficulty reached the top and found ourselves on "Bob White's farm." We came to this same place when we made the expedition from the Sequatchie Valley, to capture the steamboat. Here we encamped for the night.

"Friday, Oct. 9th, started on this morning, road very uneven. We are out of rations, so I step out and run on ahead down the mountain, and come to the house of a Mr. Knox, and ask them if they have anything cooked. The old lady goes to the table and breaks off a piece of corn bread. I also got my canteen filled with some milk, and pay the woman twenty cents. Went on a short distance, and as it was a hot day, I went upon a little hill and lay down to sleep. When I woke up the train had all gone by, so I hurry on and overtake them about four miles from Jasper. After resting a short time, start on for Jasper. Luckily, the sutler of the 185th Illinois overtakes me, and I ride with him to Jasper. Here I go to a bake shop, and buy two pies, and two loaves of bread, and eat them, and am still hungry. Going along a little further, I find Prince, our old sutler, who is here with a stock of goods. I get some cakes and maple sugar. By this time the train comes up and the boys empty every bake shop and

every other eating establishment in the town. I get into a forage wagon and ride to Battle Creek, where we camp for the night.

"Saturday, Oct. 10th, on the move again early, and go on to Stephenson, which is a small place on the railroad, with a tavern and a few dwelling houses. L. L. Warren and the rest of the wounded boys are deposited in a Sibley tent, expecting soon to go on to Nashville. Found our ex-chaplain and Lieut. Col. Waterman here. Col. W. says he expects to be back with the regiment soon. He is going on to Nashville to get furloughs for the boys. The 13th Wisconsin are guards at this post. Gen. Hooker is here with two corps, Slocum's and Howard's. Saw the old gent, a fine looking old man. His soldiers, especially the officers, look as though they had just come out of a band box, and they carry very heavy knapsacks loaded with extra clothing and blankets, purp tent, etc., enough to load a mule. We drew three days' rations—to last six.

"Sunday, Oct. 11th, the train loads up with hard-tack, sow belly, coffee, etc., etc., and a little after noon, takes the back track. Get to Jasper, about noon of the 12th. We press on, and the rain comes on, and we go into camp after dark.

"October 13th, on our weary way through rain and mud, and reach the foot of the mountain on the 14th, about a mile and a half further up than where we came over, and go into camp. Here we are detained by trains ahead of us. Here we see the remains of a train burned by the rebels. A brigade of the reserve corps are now in camp here, and the rebels keep their distance.

"Oct. 15th, after the rear train had got up we start on. After a while we have to stop for a mountain stream—swollen by the rain—to subside; so we build fires and camp for the night.

"Oct. 16th, the stream having run down, we go on to the edge of the mountain. Here the view is most splendid. Way down below us the trees look like shrubs; off in the distance is the Tennessee river with its many windings, a waving line of silver in the landscape; and there to the right is Old Lookout standing out in bold relief against the sky; farther to the left is the city of Chattanooga scattered on the opposite bank of the Tennessee. The road here goes down by the side of the peak, and turns

short around it and down on the other side. The descent is very difficult. We had two wagons upset while going down. After getting down, the road is good and we hurry on. In time we get back to the hospital. Here we met Capt. Elwood who has resigned, and is going, as he says, to start for "God's land," (meaning Joliet!) in the morning. We reach the bank of the river and have to wait repairs on the pontoon bridge. Towards night we go over. It is not often you see a happier set of fellows than we are at getting home.

"Oct. 19th to 23d. Nothing new, rations getting very short, work more or less on breastworks. To-day we hear that Rosecrans has been relieved and Gen. Thomas placed in command. We have lost one good general and got another.

"Oct. 24th, drew rations of crackers, and we have got to come down more yet, for we are not to have a whole cracker at a meal—only about half.

"Sunday, Oct. 25th. About half past three we were called up, told to pack up and get ready for a march after a hurried breakfast, and a very *short* one. We marched out to the front and took Gen. Palmer's old position. He has gone to Shell Mound to attack the rebels, and we take their quarters. Draw half rations for two days.

"26th. Stand at arms this morning. I eat all my rations for two days at one meal, and now, so far as I can see, I have to go two days without anything more. But Providence will provide—I never starved yet. I am detailed with three men—John Mason, Co. G, Sam. Johnson, Co. B, and James Coplantz, Co. K. We draw a little beef to-day, and boil it with an ear of corn that Stage foraged somewhere, and this, with two biscuits from Lieut. Williams, helps us out.

"Oct. 27th. Good news this morning. Our folks have opened a new "cracker line." Last night an expedition floated down the river, which was covered with a dense fog, past the rebel pickets, without being observed. One of the boats struck against a tree, and the rebels took the alarm and fired into them. On this our boats rowed to the shore, and routed the rebels, while another body of our men gave them fits from another direction. We can cross our train now about six miles up the river, and have a good road

to Bridgeport, and get supplies in much quicker time. But I suppose we shall be short of rations until trains can go there and back. Some cannonading over by Lookout. I make out to get along to-day with a little parched corn. This evening we draw nearly five crackers for two days! Lieut. Williams knows we are hard up, so he gives me something for supper, although he gets but two-thirds rations. These are the hardest times we have ever seen for rations, but I will 'trust in Providence and keep my powder dry.'

"Oct. 28th. Cannonading from Lookout nearly all day. Their guns are aimed on our right. We hear of no harm. Oct. 29th. Considerable fighting last night over by Lookout. I am sent down town by the major to be examined for a commission in a negro regiment. Drew two days' rations again, getting four hard tack, a little sugar, coffee, and a small piece of salt pork.

"Oct. 30th. Parched corn for breakfast, with coffee. Dinner, boiled corn and boiled corn fried. This p. m. drew some beef, and have beef and corn boiled together for supper.

"Sunday, Nov. 1st. The regiment on picket duty. We warm over the soup we had last night, saving the cracker and a half for dinner. The commissioned officers do not fare much better than we do in the matter of rations. After coming off picket duty, drew a half cracker about 6 p. m., and feeling so stomach empty, I concluded to go out and hunt for rations. We go up to Wood's headquarters, and one of the teamsters gave us a mess of corn, and when we got back to camp we find they have drawn rations, one day's to last two."

And so matters seem to have continued, gradually improving now in the matter of rations, and nothing occurring of special interest until Nov. 23d. Deserters came in occasionally. On the 15th, the regiment had a visit from the paymaster, and lots of peddlers, who were after the boys' money.

Before going into the movement on Mission Ridge, we will pick up a few matters which we have passed over.

After the battle of Chickamauga, of course there were great numbers of wounded to be cared for. Many were left in the hands of the enemy, but by an arrangement with the rebel authorities,

those severely wounded were sent into our lines as soon as they could be moved. Our county sent a delegation, consisting of Dr. Bowen, of Wilmington, and Elder Crews, of Joliet, to look after our own boys. They did not go as idlers or lookers-on. On arriving at Stephenson, and finding no conveyance, they cut them each a good stick, and charged over the mountain on foot, a distance of forty miles. On arriving at the camp of the 100th, they repaired to the hospital, took off their coats, and went to work, dressing the wounded, and doing everything in their power to help the boys who were suffering in our behalf. On account of the critical situation, and of the great scarcity of supplies, the wounded who could bear the journey were sent to the rear as fast as possible. This was a great undertaking, and entailed much suffering upon the poor wounded men. The transportation had to be by ambulances over the worst of all possible roads to Stephenson, over 50 miles, and no rations were issued to them except a limited supply of hardtack. Still, they were patient and uncomplaining.

The Christian and Sanitary Commissions had their nurses speedily at work, and their supplies were forwarded as fast as the means of transportation would allow.

Dr. Bowen, writing from Bridgeport, Oct. 6th, says :

“ Our wounded in Sunday’s fight were left on the field in the enemy’s hands, and not brought in until Saturday. We left with them for Nashville on Sunday (all that could be moved) in 200 ambulances. They will join the railroad at Stephenson, where we expect to meet them.”

At this time Hooker had arrived at Bridgeport with his army of reinforcements from the Potomac, and the army at Chattanooga no longer feared Gen. Bragg—but Gen. Hunger was still threatening them severely.

On October 19th, Rosecrans was relieved by Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, the man who had earned the *soubriquet* of the “ Rock of Chickamauga,” from the manner in which he had held the rebel army in check on the 20th, and saved our army from utter defeat. General Grant had also been put in command of the division of the Mississippi, and he telegraphed Thomas to hold Chattanooga if he starved. Thomas replied that he would, and he did,

although as we have seen, starvation for some days stared our brave boys in the face.

An incident is said to have occurred here while our boys were shut up in Chattanooga which relieved the tedium of the time, and which may relieve the tedium of our narrative. As a historian I do not vouch for it. I give it as a *tradition*. Indeed, I should not venture to record it at all, if I had not received it from so reliable a source.

I believe I have somewhere spoken of the innumerable kinds of insects and reptiles which our boys encountered in the sunny south. There was another kind of greyback, which gave them a great deal of trouble, besides the kind that carried muskets. They were very plenty, and infested their blankets and clothing, and it became a regular exercise to skirmish for them before getting into their blankets at night. Besides these, there was a great variety of bugs, ticks, scorpions and other insects, some of which were not only annoying, but dangerous. In our history of Barnett's battery, we give an account of a death of a Will county man, from the bite of a scorpion. But the "varmint" most dreaded was the rattle snake. Snakes abounded everywhere, and the boys were obliged to use great precautions against them. They had an ugly way of getting into the tents and houses, without a pass, and coiling themselves up in odd corners, and even creeping into beds.

Now, no one had a greater horror of the snake family than the senior surgeon of the 100th, (now acting as brigade surgeon). He was always on the lookout for them, and I believe he dreaded them even more than he did rebel shells. To prevent their getting into his bed, he had a way of tucking in the covers all around, and when he went to bed, he used to open the top, leaving the sides and foot undisturbed, and by a kind of corkscrew movement worm himself down into the bed, thus feeling secure against his dreaded foes. Now there was at Chattanooga, the surgeon of an Indiana regiment of the name of Glick, and the two being thrown very much together in the hospitals, became great friends, and occupied the same room in one of the old houses at Chattanooga. Glick,—who, by the way, was a practical joker,—seeing our doctor's dread of snakes, and his manner of heading them off, thought he would have a little fun at his friend's expense. So in the doc-

tor's absence one day, he stuck together a couple of spermaceti candles with which the officers were supplied, and opening the foot of our surgeon's bed, laid it in just about where his feet would hit it when he got well into bed, tucking it all up snug again. He told some of the other officers what he had done and asked them to be around when the doctor went to bed and see the fun. Well, our surgeon came in at the usual hour of night, and being very tired, commenced at once to prepare for bed. Glick telegraphed in some way to the boys outside and they gathered round peering into the cracks and windows to see the fun. Having disrobed and donned his night cap, our surgeon began in his usual way to worm himself down into bed; and just as he got well in and was stretching himself out with a grunt of satisfaction, his feet struck the extemporized snake! With a bound that would do credit to a first-class acrobat, our doctor leaped from the bed, exclaiming "a snake! a snake! oh mine *foote*, Glick, a snake! a snake! kill him! kill him! Oh mine *foote*! Glick, kill him! kill him!" Glick sprang to his assistance as earnestly as if he believed that it was a snake, and his co-conspirators outside rushed in eager to assist. The doctor caught his sword, and some one held the light, while Glick, the most courageous, carefully turned down the clothes, and presently, the harmless candle was laid bare. Our doctor saw the "sell" in a moment, and the reaction was almost too much for his nerves, and altogether too much for his English. "Ah Glick, Glick! fun ish fun, and I likes fun, but ah! Glick, Glick, this ish is too d—n bad!" It was a scene worthy of the burin of Nast! It is said that the doctor trembles at the sight of a snake, even to this day, while the glimpse of a candle throws him into fits of *bad English*!

There is another story on the surgeon that I have studied long upon, in order to devise some way in which to tell it, and not violate vested rights, but I have not been able to effect it, I will therefore only allude to it as the time when the doctor got *bombarded*. This is all that need be said, to raise a grin on the face of every survivor of the 100th. If the reader has any curiosity to hear the story, let him ask Deacon Williams who has copy-righted it and knows how to tell it, and he will do it if you get him in the right kind of a crowd. Or, you might ask the doctor yourself, but you had better do it some time when he is in his slippers.

Major Bowen writes under date of Oct. 25th :

"Our regiment moved out and occupied the front. Considerable activity seemed to be in other parts of the army. On the 27th the noise of an engagement could be heard down the river, and it was rumored that Hooker was fighting south of Bridgeport, and that our forces had taken prisoners, the force of the enemy that had been holding the river at the neck, 1,000 in number, and that the river is now open within six miles of town. Cannonading is also heard down about the base of the mountain and beyond. Every five minutes there is to be seen a spiteful puff of smoke from Moccasin Point, and presently another is visible between us and Lookout Mountain. The first is the smoke from one of our guns, and the second from the shell which it drops among scattering parties of the enemy as they show themselves on the mountain's side. And now comes into our camp four companies of the 31st Indiana, that have been to Stephenson to guard a supply train, and it has taken 20 days to make the trip, a distance of 60 miles as they have to go. With such difficulties has the army to be supplied with rations. As a result of this arrival, an orderly makes his appearance and asks: "Is this the headquarters of the 100th Ills?" To which the reply is quickly made: "It is, sir." "I am ordered to report to you with two days' rations for 312 men." "Very good, sir, Orderly, call Q. M. Serg't Garnsey." Then the hungry tigers of the 100th set up a shout long and hearty, for although there has been no grumbling, it has been pretty hard to satisfy a soldier's appetite on half a cracker and corn foraged from the poor mules."

"On the 28th, there has been cannonading all day upon and beyond Lookout mountain. At one time the rebels had a battery upon the very top and were firing upon our troops in the valley toward Shell Mound. Our guns on Moccasin Point threw their shells on to the top of the mountain nine or ten hundred feet high, and silenced one of the enemy's guns. About one o'clock to-day (28th) we hear the reports of musketry and artillery, and know that there is hard fighting going on in a portion of our army, perhaps the battle that is to settle the question whether or not we hold Chattanooga. Next day we learn that the fight was brought on by one

of our regiments reconnoitering running into the enemy's lines, and who would not fall back, but stood their ground, were reinforced, and drove a division of the enemy from their breastworks and scattered them over the mountain, taking a battery and some prisoners of Longstreet's corps. (This secured to us possession of Kelly's Ferry and Lookout Valley, and was an important success.)

"On the 30th, Lieut. Gano, of our regiment, started out on a foraging expedition over the river. We have a pontoon bridge across the river on the bend opposite the town, which opens up to our army a rich valley from which to forage, and also opens up communication with Bridgeport.

"Nov. 5th. Provisions are beginning to arrive freely, and the pressure is letting up. The enemy still hold Lookout, but there are indications of an attack upon the extreme right by Grant's and Hooker's forces.

"Nov. 11th. Have been back in town some days from the front, in our old quarters. The paymaster is here. Boats are running regularly between Kelly's Ferry (seven miles below) and Bridgeport, and rations are now coming in freely. Our communications are complete with Hooker's army and we have the inside track of Mr. Bragg. Brisk firing is going on between Moccasin Point and Lookout. The news from the elections and from the sanitary fair at Chicago, has greatly encouraged the boys."

By Nov. 23d, Grant had completed his dispositions, and all was ready for the great movement which was to avenge the failure of Chickamauga, and to settle the question of our possession of this key to the South. Bragg had requested Grant to remove all non-combatants from Chattanooga, as he was about to bombard it. But on the morning of the 25th he is somewhat astonished to find Sherman with his western boys on his right, Hooker with his veterans from the Potomac on his left, and Thomas, the rock of Chickamauga, on whom he had hurled his legions the 20th of Sept. last, only to be beaten back, now posted in his front again. But he still trusts in what he deems the impregnable and inaccessible sides of Mission Ridge. Hooker had made his successful demonstration on Lookout, and the news of his victory inspired the whole army.

On the morning of the 23d, an unusual movement being ob-

served in the rebel camps, orders were given for a division of the 4th corps to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Orchard Knob. Wood's division was selected to be supported by Sheridan's. (The 100th is now in Sheridan's division). Wood formed his men on the slope outside the fortifications, and advanced rapidly. His reconnoissance was quickly turned into a storming party, and we carry the Knob, and the works about it at the point of the bayonet. This success rendered the enemy's interior line of works untenable.

A strong and important position was secured, and a regiment of rebels (the 28th Ala.) and its colors were captured. General Wood was ordered to hold the position. Reversing the intrenchments of the rebels he made our position impregnable.

"Nov. 25th. The morning was clear and cold. Gen. Wagner came round with the cheering intelligence that Hooker had taken Lookout. As our boys were hardly ready to credit the good news, Wagner says: "You miserable Suckers, don't you think the Yanks can fight as well as you?" About 3 p. m. there is a signal of six guns. Before the echoes have died away in the surrounding hills, our corps advance. Mission Ridge is an elevated ridge, some six or eight hundred feet high, lying about four miles (in front) from Chattanooga, and about one mile from Orchard Knob, with a wooded valley between us and the enemy's intrenchments at the base of the ridge. The ridge itself is crowned with formidable works, bristling with from 50 to 60 cannon, and behind the breastworks are the veteran regiments or the rebel army. As soon as our advance commenced, the rebels opened on us a terrific fire. Had it been a veritable volcano, a burning mountain, it could hardly have surpassed the grandeur of the terribleness of the display it now made. But the advance of our brave boys was hardly checked. On they go, driving the rebels from their rifle-pits at the foot of the mountain. This was the point to which they had been ordered, the principal object of the movement being to make a diversion in favor of Sherman, who was assaulting another portion of the enemy's lines. But the brave men of the army of the Cumberland forgot to stop. They were just mad enough to disappoint the expectations of Mr. Bragg and to go on up the mountain's side, through the storm of fire,

and gaining point after point, pressed upward, hardly stopping to rest, or even to shoot. It must have been a moment of anxious suspense to the commanding generals, Grant and Thomas, who were watching the movement from Orchard Knob with their glasses. But the suspense was not long. From the foot of the ridge to the top, it was at least three-fourths of a mile, and very steep. Our men fell back once for a little while under the deadly fire, but soon go on again and stopped but twice to take a little breath in making the ascent, moving rather deliberately until they got within about a hundred yards of the enemy, when they rushed forward with a yell, and the cry of "revenge for Chickamauga," and capturing everything in the rebel works; the rebels not having time to spike the guns, which were immediately turned upon them. Chickamauga was avenged, and the anxious watchers below saw the stars and stripes floating over the rebel works. This achievement is justly regarded as one of the most brilliant of the war, or indeed of any war.*

Gen. Thomas, in a circular which he issued after the battle, said to Granger commanding the corps, "Please accept my congratulations on the success of your troops, and convey to them my cordial thanks for the brilliant style in which they carried the enemy's works. Their conduct cannot be too highly appreciated." Gen. Granger says, "In announcing this distinguished recognition of your signal gallantry in carrying, through a terrible storm of iron, a mountain crowned with batteries and encircled with rifle-pits, I am constrained to express my own admiration of your noble conduct, and I am proud to tell you that the veteran generals from other fields, who witnessed your heroic bearing, place your assault and triumph among the most brilliant achievements of the war."

In this battle the 100th was in Sheridan's division, and charged the ridge directly in front of Orchard Knob, where the enemy first gave way, and were entitled to the credit of capturing some of the enemy's guns, but instead of stopping to hand them over and get credit for the act, they pursued the rebels all night. The officers and the men behaved splendidly and with great liberation. "Revenge for Chickamauga," was the battle cry.

We insert here some lines written by Colonel Bartleson in

Libby Prison, on hearing of these successes—his heart and thoughts were with his brave boys, although prevented from leading them in person :

* " Loudly the bugles are merrily blowing,
Exulting, the guns beat a gay reveille—
To-day must the mountain yield to our prowess,
The traitor flag bow to the flag of the free.

In the valley where Lookout, grim sentinel, watches,
Brave hearts in battalions are marshaled, and form ;
True, and tried in fierce battle, they shun not the combat,
Discerning the tempest, they heed not the storm.

The bones of our brothers, by dastards dishonored,
By dark Chickamauga, lie bleaching and cold,
By their unburied corpses so shamefully treated—
By the love that we bear to their hallowed mold—

By the bones of these brothers in Freedom's fight fallen,—
By the blood of these comrades in Freedom's fight shed,—
We swear that our valor to-day shall avenge them ;
The deeds of the living, right the wrongs of the dead.

Nor ambush, nor thicket, shall avail the base foeman,
Nor mountain, nor valley, nor rampart, nor glen ;
We fight to break slavery's vile shackles,
Accursed of God—and detested of men.

And louder the bugles are merrily blowing,
Through valley to mountain their hoarse warblings play,
Shrill shriek the fifes—the echoes awaking,
Grim roll the drums, down the lines, far away.

And proudly the banners are floating and soaring :
Proud may they be, though all tattered and torn,
And they flutter and struggle as if to be free—
And kiss in their rapture, the breeze of the morn.

Forward and onward, the pageant is moving—
To glory and death—to fame and the grave—
They falter—they shrink not ; their bosoms are swelling,—
For heaven is nerving the hearts of the brave.

The tumult is ended. The full moon is shining,—
On the mountain side bristling our bayonets gleam ;
Nor thicket, nor glen hath availed the base foeman,
Nor mountain, nor rampart, nor covert, nor stream.

* Taken by permission from his diary in Libby prison.

All hail to our chieftain ! Entwine him his chaplet !
 And murmur his praises, far-famed Tennessee !
 Freedom has triumphed in the carnage of battle,
 On the grim mountain top floats the flag of the Free !

The 100th took part in the pursuit of the rebels as far as Chickamauga creek, and then returned, and going back over the ridge, saw the long lines of dead rebels for whom our men were digging trenches, and going down the ridge, came across a number of our own dead who had been collected for burial. The regiment then returned to camp.

In these operations before Chattanooga, and on Mission Ridge, which resulted so successfully for our cause, and placed Grant at the head of our army, the 100th was in front and lost heavily from its already thinned ranks. Only one man was however killed, Henry Doncaster, of Co. H, from Wilton.

WOUNDED :

Captain Rodney S. Bowen, Co. A, severely in flesh of leg; Privates, Co. A—George Strathdee, fracture of left arm; Norman Kahler, fracture of left leg; Roger Brennan, fracture of left leg; John Althouse, severely in leg and face; Daniel Davis, slightly in hand; Henry Kellogg, slightly in arm; Sergeant, Co. B—Major E. Searles, flesh of arm; Privates—F. W. Mather, flesh in shoulder; George Morrison, slightly in neck. Co. C—Privates—John F. Dickman, slightly in knee; Michael Murphy, slightly in shoulder; Plumer Adams, slightly. Co. D—Privates—George Kines, fracture of left leg; Samuel Shutt, slightly in left knee. Co. E—Private—Wm. Kennedy slightly. Captain Co. F, R. S. McClaughry, slightly in hip and foot; Privates—John Bertie, severely in body, (died Nov. 27th); Michael Calahan, slightly in knee; Co. G—Privates—James Ricker, flesh in arm; Edmund Goodenow, slightly; Ira Chapman, flesh in arm; Joseph Therrin, slightly; Lieutenant Co. H, Samuel G. Nelson, severely in thigh; Privates—Henry Benson, severely in bowels, (died, Nov. 27th); James Burr, flesh in leg; Henry H. Clark, slightly in hand. Capt. Co. I, Hezeiah Gardner, right leg amputated above knee—Privates—Charles Cooper, flesh wound in thigh; James Kinney, flesh in shoulder. Lieutenant Co. K, John A. Kelly, slightly in foot—Privates—Alonzo Rudd, flesh in leg; Charles Hudson, severely in left shoulder. Total—one killed; wounded, officers six, privates twenty-seven.

Major Hammond was in command, and Captain Bowen acting as Major. Bowen was wounded while gloriously discharging his duty, and Major Hammond had his horse shot from under him, and was knocked insensible by a fragment of a shell, but recovered in a few moments.

Perhaps some of my readers may remember to have seen in

our city papers last winter, an item to the effect that the gentlemanly clerk of the post office, Major Searles, had submitted to the amputation of one of his fingers. Well, it was the same man reported wounded in the above list. I will say that he was sergeant by military rank, and Major by name, although he had been promoted lieutenant at the time, but had not received his commission. He was wounded in the wrist and disabled, but fortunately recovered without the loss of his hand, but with one finger badly demoralized. This finger he had been trying to keep these ten years or more since that memorable fight, but at last got disgusted with it, and got the doctor to cut it off, and hence it has become my painful duty to write this obituary notice of the departed—finger. It was a good finger in its day, and had served the country well at Stone River, Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, and should be gratefully remembered. *Requiescat in pace!*

“Nov. 27th, late at night the regiment received orders to be ready to march in the morning at seven, with three days’ rations, and forty rounds of cartridge. What is up now? It is not for soldiers to inquire, and so Saturday, Nov. 28th, a cold and rainy day finds us ready to go where the powers that be direct. But we do not march until afternoon, then we fall in and march along up the river, and on through mud and water long after dark, when we come to the Chickamauga, where we stop and build fires, try to dry our feet, eat supper and go to sleep.

“Nov. 29th, called up at 4, and march ten miles before breakfast! Stop and make our coffee, and after a short rest go on at a rapid rate. The roads get better and the country appears to be a fine one.

“Nov. 30th, go over Pigeon Ridge, and come into a beautiful valley, and now we get an order which tells us that Burnside is invested at Knoxville, and we are marching to his relief. We are also told that as we are going through a country where the people are Union, we must not straggle or pillage. About noon we go through a small place called Georgetown, where the Union flag is flying, and soon come to the Hiawasse River. Here we stop and build fires. The rails have to do it, for although the men are said to be loyal, soldiers must have their fire wood. We get some cornstalks and make a bed, but do not lie down more than ten

minutes before the bugle sounds and we start on again, and cross the river on flat boats and barges, and go up the bank, stack arms, and break for the rails again. Here we find a steamboat, which has come up from Chattanooga with rations for us, which we draw and go into camp.

"Dec. 1st. Lay in camp till 2 p. m., and then march. We go through a fine country about 11 miles and camp again. Dec. 2d, we go through Decatur, a pretty little place. After going on a while we come to a large house, the owner of which is a bitter rebel. We take his mules and horses from his stables, go into his pasture and drive up his sheep and take them along. Then the boys go into the house and take his provisions. We load on two loads of pork and take it along. We go into camp after a 20-mile march and have a good supper.

"Dec. 3d. March at 6 ; pass Philadelphia, a pretty town, mostly sesesh, and take the road to Morgan and go into camp within about three miles of the place.

Dec. 4th. Rations run out and we have to forage, and on the 5th we go past Robinson's mill to the little Tennessee, which we cross near a deserted place called Morgantown ; forage again, and so we go on marching, camping and foraging until we reach the vicinity of Knoxville, the night of Dec. 7th.

"Our advance came up with the rear guard of Longstreet at Loudon, but he raised the siege of Knoxville, and slipped away through Bulls gap into Western Virginia. Some fault was found with Granger because the corps did not make better time, but I guess those who made the march thought they went fast enough. It must be remembered that this march had been made by our corps after two months of short rations, the exhausting fighting in front of Chattanooga, and on Mission Ridge, and the chase after the enemy without any rest. The boys were many of them almost barefooted and all thinly clad, and much of the time on deficient rations. We had left with the expectation of returning soon and were allowed no transportation for extra baggage, only one wagon to a regiment, and hence were poorly prepared for a winter in East Tennessee. But this we soon learn is to be our lot. We stay about Knoxville while the force which was here has gone in pursuit of Longstreet.

Dec. 12th. Marched to Louisville 14 miles. We had to wade the little river, which made the boys squeal some the water was so cold. Went into camp at Louisville at 7. This is a small place of about fifty families."

The 100th was then detailed by Gen. Wagner to take possession of the mills at Louisville, and forage the country for provisions and grain, and to grind the grain for the division. Each day a captain and a squad of men were sent out to forage. The commanding officer always charged the detail not to be hard on poor people, but at the same time to be sure and not come back empty. The captains of the 100th were all humane men and no doubt executed their orders in the most gentle and judicious manner, but I guess it would have been "poor picking" after them!

After staying here about two weeks the regiment was ordered to join the brigade at Blair's cross roads, about 20 miles above Knoxville. So we cross the Holston and go back to Knoxville and take quarters in an old college. Get supper, draw rations, and then are ordered to fall in again and we march down to the railroad, get aboard some cattle cars and go about 20 miles to a place called "Strawberry Plains." The night was dark as Egypt. The rain poured down in torrents, and it was freezing cold; and no one knew where to find rails and water, those indispensable articles for a soldier's bivouac. At last Capt. Stewart, with Co. A, having pressed through the blackness, rain and sleet, found a rail fence, and the 100th having made their coffee, lay down in the rain once more happy. We left some men in Knoxville with such bad shoes that they could not travel. We hear that the rebels have been reinforced, and that they mean to take Cumberland Gap, and that our corps has been sent down here with Burnside's (now Foster's) to prevent them."

And here, in this delightful region so beautifully named, the bare mention of which will call up such delightful reminiscences of fruit and flowers in the minds of many a soldier, the brigade remained until the 13th of January. Frequent changes were made in the camps, as the necessities of wood and forage required. Much of the time the rations were very scanty, and had to be supplemented from the country, itself not very flush. The corn had to be foraged and ground, many of our boys turning millers. But

they could run anything, from a sewing machine to a factory. In the meanwhile the surgeon of the regiment (Dr. Woodruff) arrived, who had been in Libby since Chickamauga, and many of the convalescents had come up.

By the way, there was quite an interesting episode occurred in the history of our boys about the last of December. The convalescents of the corps (now Granger's) that had been left at Chattanooga, together with some that had returned to that point from their furloughs, including in the number about sixty of the 100th, among them Adjutant Rouse, Capts. Bartlett and McDonald, and Lieut. Col. Waterman, the latter in command of the detachments from seven regiments of Wagner's brigade. They marched from Chattanooga on the morning of the 24th of December, working their way through mud and rain and storm to rejoin their commands.

On the 28th they were at Charleston, and were moving out of the town in front, when they were attacked by a division of Wheeler's cavalry, some 5,000 strong. Our convalescents were hastily got into position, skirmishers were sent out and opened upon the enemy who were dismounted and posted upon the hills, which were covered with a second growth of timber, in front of our boys, and from which they poured a steady and well directed fire. Our forces held them in check a couple of hours until they had got their train safely over the river, when the order to charge was given, and the convalescents went in with a yell. The rebels delivered a heavy fire, and then turned and run, but before they could mount their horses, our boys captured one hundred and twenty-six men, and six officers, including two colonels and the inspector general of Wheeler's staff. The rest took to the hills at the top of their speed. The rebel citizens on the way had provided a lunch of the best which could be got, in anticipation of the visit of Wheeler; but had to take the second table, as prisoners. The convalescents joined the brigade on the 12th of January.

"On the 15th of January, the corps started for the French Broad Country, either in hopes of getting better forage, or to feel of Longstreet. On the 16th, went into camp a short distance from Dandridge, a sleepy old town about the size of Chattanooga.

"On the 17th, our regiment was called up at four, and ordered

to fill their cartridge boxes and get breakfast. There was fighting at the front yesterday. It is said to be only four miles to Longstreet's line. We are ordered to stay in camp. In the afternoon we hear firing at the front which continues until after dark. We are ordered to be ready at a moment's notice. After dark we "fall in," supposing that we are to cross the "French Broad," which is but a little way off. But we soon find that we are taking the same road we had come on. We think we are going back a little to protect the rear, but we keep on without stopping, except for a few moments to rest. We keep on, the roads are slippery with mud, and rough and uneven with the rocks. It is the worst of marching, bad enough in daylight, but in darkness, just horrible. The men fall out one after another by the way, unable to keep up. We get so sleepy that we can hardly keep awake. And thus we go on all night, that is, part of the force, for many fall out, and lie down to sleep. Toward daylight we stop and rest awhile, and start on again early the 18th, and go on to Strawberry Plains, cross the Holston on a new bridge, make a short halt, and then go on four miles, go into camp, draw rations, and get supper, and thus ended the memorable retreat from Dandridge."

This was one of the most fatiguing marches ever made by the 100th. The encounter with Longstreet's corps was unexpected. It was not supposed that he was so near. But his forces were driven through the day, and our army would probably have held the advance, but for the discovery made, that for some reason or other, through somebody's neglect, the ammunition train had not come along, and that on inspection they were found with an average of less than twenty rounds, and an immediate retreat was ordered. But there is a comical side to the affair, for it was afterward ascertained that Longstreet was also retreating just as hastily in an opposite direction, so when the sun of the 19th rose on Dandridge, it found the vicinity free from the presence of both armies, except a detail of our boys that had been put to work grinding corn in the vicinity. These were quite surprised to find themselves in possession of the country, and they made their way leisurely back to the army without molestation. After various marches the regiment went to Loudon, the 25th of January.

While encamped at Loudon the veteran fever broke out in the

brigade, and four regiments being eligible went home. Those who were left fixed themselves up as comfortably as they could, built good brick chimneys to their tents, and remained here until the 16th of March, passing the time as best they could. Part of the 51st Ind. (the non-veterans) were temporarily attached to the 100th. When they left to join their old regiment again they passed resolutions of thanks for their courteous treatment. While at Loudon they heard from some of the boys taken prisoners at Chickamauga. A man from the 6th Ohio, made his escape from the Danville prison, where he saw and knew the two Noble boys who were confined there, and he reported them well. The man had made his escape from prison, and after getting outside had passed himself off as one of Morgan's men, getting passes, rations and transportation to Longstreet's front, and when Longstreet fell back he straggled out and got into our lines.

The sojourn of the regiment in East Tennessee during the winter of 1863 and 1864 was a tedious one. It was hard work to make the time pass profitably and pleasantly. The weather was much of the time cold and rainy; the men were deficient in clothing and often the rations were poor and scanty. And although they had to forage, and to cut and haul their wood, and to gather and grind their corn, yet much of the time they were idle. It would be strange then if some of them did not find the words of good old Dr. Watts true, and if while having a rest from the assaults of the rebels, they were not subjected to the attacks of the father of the rebellion—the chief of rebels. For whether with Milton we dignify this personage as—

“The Prince, the chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled Seraphims to war,”

or, with Burns, call him

“Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,”

of his existence there is little room to doubt, since he leaves the evidences of his personality and malicious activity everywhere and all along the track of human history.

I think I find evidences of his presence in East Tennessee at this time in the journal of one of the boys where I find frequently

such entries as these, "Read 'Black Hawk' or the 'Hunter's Scalp';' Read the 'Black Knight' or the 'Wandering Bohemian';' Read 'Sweeney Todd' or the 'Ruffian Barber,'" etc., and so on, through a list of similar titles of blood and thunder novels of the Sylvanus Cobb school—to the number of forty or fifty. I know the Christian Commission had their colporteurs at work trying to get better reading into the hands of our soldiers, but I am afraid they did not penetrate into East Tennessee, or that the devil's colporteurs got ahead of them. It is a nice question in casuistry whether the reading of such trash was better or worse than idleness or card playing.

One of the great comforts of the soldier while in winter quarters, as well as when on his campaigns, was his coffee. If the boys could get plenty of bacon and hardtack, and rail fences to make their fires, and water to make their coffee, they would never grumble or sigh for the luxuries of civilized life.

And then the pipe! Far be it from me to encourage the use of tobacco, but if George Trask, himself, could have seen the comfort which the soldier derived from his pipe, I don't believe he could have found it in his heart to deprive him of it—at least not until the war was over. Surely the army, if anywhere, was just the place for tobacco. The active out-door life of the soldier would go far to neutralize the subtle nicotine. Mother earth would absorb his foul expectorations as kindly as she would his blood, and quickly cover up the stain, and utter no reproof. And then he was in no company but that of men as dirty as himself. No clean, sweet woman, whether mother, sister, wife or sweetheart, was there to take offense at his stained mouth, or feel disgusted at his tainted breath.

And I am not sure that I would not be willing now to make this compromise with his satanic majesty, viz: that if he would keep whisky and its congeners out of this world, he might do his worst with tobacco, nasty as it is!

But better times are in store for the 100th, for on the 16th of March it was ordered to Athens, Tennessee.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGT.—CONCLUDED.

ATHENS TO JOLIET. MARCH, 1864, TO JULY, 1865.

A Good Time at Athens—Sunday Parades—The New Adjutant—Sergt. Smith Bags, a Reverend—Must Leave Again—Tender Partings—Atlanta Campaign—Catoosie Springs—Rocky Face—Under Fire—A Good Boy Killed—About Sergeant Holmes—Dalton—Under Fire—Before Resacca—Rebels Flanked—Gathering of Stars—Across the Oostenaula—Adairsville—Kings-ton—A Rest—Advance Again—In the Front—Casualties—Capt. Burrell—Private Jewell—Col. Bartleson's Arrives—Rebels Flanked Again—Ackworth—Casualties—Flanked Again—Bishop Polk ; who killed him—Rebels With-draw—Sherman's Flanking Machine—A Brilliant Charge—Flanked Again—In Front of Kenesaw—Casualty—Saddest Day of All—Summary of Cas-ualties—Assault of June 27—Incidents—Casualties—Special Mention—Back in the Rifle-pits—Rebels Flanked Again—Marietta—Smyrna Camp Ground—Casualties—Vining's Station—Rossville—Across the Chattahoochee—Buck-head Cross-roads—Peach Tree Creek Fight—Casualties—On the 22d—Gen. Thomas' Order—Before Atlanta—Capt. Stewart Stops his Jaw—Adjutant Rouse—Lient. Schoonmaker—Condition of Regiment—Another Flank Move-ment—Down to Lovejoy—Atlanta Ours—Incidents—Back to Atlanta—The Boys Wash Up—A Sunday's Rest Broken—Back to Chattanooga—Various Movements—On the Old Camp Ground--Various Marches—Stephenson—Pulaski—Fight at Spring Hill—Franklin Battle—Casualties--Back to Nash-ville—Two Days' Battle—Casualties--Chasing Hood—Winters at Huntsville—Goes to Knoxville—Beyond—Glorious News—Effects—The Sad News--Returns to Nashville—Review of 4th Corps by "Old Pap"—Homeward Bound—Receptions--Addenda.

THE one and a half months sojourn of the regiment at ATHENS, Tenn., is regarded by both officers and privates, as the brightest period in their army life. Sandwiched between the tedious winter at Strawberry Plains and Loudon, where cold and wet, hunger and sickness, tried their patience and endurance,

and the summer's Atlanta campaign, in which they were almost without intermission, under fire; it was like the oasis in the desert—the one green spot in their military experience, which still remains a pleasant memory. There were many things which combined to render their stay here very agreeable. Athens is one of the prettiest towns in East Tennessee, beautifully located on the Knoxville and Chattanooga Railroad; a county seat of considerable educational advantages and culture. The inhabitants moreover were generally loyal, and did not turn their backs upon the “boys in blue;” but, on the contrary, opened to them their hearts and homes. The boys found here that there was a meaning in the term, “Southern hospitality,” of which they had begun to doubt. Here they fixed up a nice camp, built a redoubt guarding the railroad, on which they mounted two six pound James rifled guns. They had quite a miniature army, for they had for cavalry, half a dozen butternut clad scouts, not snowy, but true blue, despite the butternut. The trains from Chattanooga to Knoxville, stopped half an hour for dinner, which gave an opportunity to see a great many celebrities, civil and military. Among the rest, was Governor Andy Johnson, who made a speech to the boys, although not at that time, “swinging around the circle.” Gen. Sherman stopped on one occasion and inspected the camp, pronouncing it the best kept camp he had ever seen. The lamented Major Bowen writing home from Athens at that time, playfully says:

“We are living as well as anybody need. Rations are plenty. Butter and eggs from the country abundant. We board at a first-class hotel, have a husk mattress to sleep on, and a shingle roof over our heads. Is not this gay soldiering? Our mess consists of Col. Waterman, eminent for executive ability; Major Hammond, eminent for practical knowledge of men and things; Captain Bowen, eminent for poetical and musical ability; Dr. Woodruff, the most eminent practitioner attached to the 100th Illinois, and Adjutant Horne, eminent for subdued and gentlemanly deportment in presence of the ladies, all men of acknowledged valor and coolness in battle, and great proficiency in military science.” Maj. Bowen also describes a wedding party to which the mess was invited.

The influence of the place and its society was soon manifest in the appearance of the regiment. All, the officers and privates, began to "slick up," as boys, old or young, will, when there are pretty girls about. Boots were blacked, clothes were brushed, heads were groomed, paper collars sported, etc., things which the boys had almost forgotten how to do. When not on duty they were permitted to go down town and form the acquaintance of the inhabitants, among whom, as more than one soldier's letter testifies, were many pretty girls. These letters show also that these Athenian damsels found the tender spot in many a soldier's heart. Several parties were given to which many were invited, and I have no doubt that it became apparent to the Athenians that the 100th, not only knew how to mount their

—"barbed steeds
To fight the souls of fearful adversaries,"

but that they could also,

—"caper nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

I have heard it said that more than one of the boys came near losing his heart, and forgetting the girl he had left behind him. Indeed, one member of the regiment was married here. This was Charles Styles, of Manhattan, who, though he never surrendered to a rebel, struck his colors to a pretty Athenian widow. Poor fellow, as we shall see, his wife was soon a widow again!

The feeling of good will seems to have been mutual. The citizens used to come up to witness the Sunday afternoon dress parades, and were so well pleased with the regiment that when a forward movement began to be talked of, they presented a petition to the department commander, asking that the 100th regiment might be left as a permanent guard. I don't know whether the girls signed this petition or not, but I have no doubt they prayed for its success. The journal of one of the boys, a non-commissioned officer, has these and similar entries very often about these days: "Went down to see the C—— girls," and "called on the B—— girls,—good union girls!" He also speaks of many "sad and tender

partings, and even tears," at leaving. I have no doubt that there is even yet in many a woman's heart in Athens, though now married, and surrounded with children perhaps, a tender memory for some boy in blue, whose name was then on the roster or muster roll of the 100th. However this may be, the boys of the 100th have not forgotten those pleasant days, and still speak of them with gusto. It is said that Byron's—

"Maid of Athens ! ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart," &c., &c.,

was a favorite morsel of poetry with them at the time, and was often rendered, with slight variations.

One incident which occurred at one of the Sunday dress parades of which I have spoken, I must not omit to record. Officers and privates were making their best appearance. The acting adjutant, for reasons which I guess were not purely military, was especially well got up. A stranger, struck with his *distingue* air, enquired of a street gamin, "Who is that fine looking officer with the white gloves?" To which the boy replied with great enthusiasm, "*oh, that's the feller what hugs our handsome school-marm.*"

April 10th, the corps experienced a change of commanders, Gen. Granger taking leave and Gen. Howard assuming command. Passing through Athens, Gen Howard expressed his satisfaction with the way things looked. While at Athens the regiment received a new stand of colors from the U. S. to replace the one carried from Louisville, and which had become so demoralized by shot and shell, that it could no longer be unfurled. The old colors were sent home to Joliet with an eloquent letter, by the lieutenant colonel. The new colors were presented at dress parade with appropriate remarks.

Living a few miles from Athens, outside our army lines, was a wealthy and influential man of the name of Sullens. He was a Presbyterian minister, but a bitter rebel. He showed his faith in the Confederacy by his works. He had become notorious for his agency in getting union men arrested, and for conveying information to the rebel authorities. He had several brothers in the rebel service, one of whom was a major general. Several attempts had

been made by the union authorities to arrest him, but hitherto he had managed to escape. Col. Waterman, now in command of the 100th, was called upon to procure, if possible, his arrest. He was wanted as a hostage, in order to procure the release of some union men held in durance vile by the rebel authorities.

Col. Waterman selected for this purpose Sergt. (afterwards lieutenant) Henry M. Smith, of Co. B, telling him to select his own detail, and as many as he wanted. Sergeant Smith accordingly selected five men to assist him, and after getting posted as well as he could, respecting the location, roads, &c., he started out with the determination to have the Rev. gentleman if he was at home. When within about one mile of the plantation, Smith separated his men, sending them out to the right and left, and giving them such instructions as would bring them near the house from all directions at the same time. After allowing time for the movement Smith approached the house, and with his Henry rifle loaded and capped, he knocked at the door of the Sullen mansion and enquired for his Reverence. Mrs. Sullens had come to the door and said that he was at home. He soon made his appearance, evidently entirely unsuspecting of the errand on which his caller had come. The sergeant soon made his errand known, and told him that he must consider himself under arrest, and also assured him that any attempt to escape would be both useless and dangerous, as his orders were to bring him dead or alive. He would, of course, prefer to take him without any fuss, but go he must. Sullens and his wife both expressed great surprise at this announcement, and informed Smith that he was a Presbyterian minister! But this did not strike the sergeant with the awe which they expected. Smith had seen a Presbyterian minister before, and was himself born a Scotch Irish Presbyterian. He was told that he must get ready to go to Knoxville, and if he wanted to take along any clothing Mrs. Sullens had better get it ready at once. Finding the sergeant inexorable Mrs. Sullens poured out upon his head, and on the Yankee officers in general, the vials of her indignation at such cruel treatment. Mr. Sullens declared his inability to walk to the railroad. Smith told him he would call one of his horses that he saw plowing in the field. Various pretexts were resorted to in order to gain time, until Smith gave them five min-

utes to get ready. Mrs. Sullens asked that her husband might retire to change his clothes, but the sergeant could not allow him to leave the room, whatever changes he made must be done in his presence. This called forth fresh torrents of indignation. At length finding the sergeant inflexible, and a horse having been brought up, his reverence took his departure between two Yankee soldiers, with others in front and rear, all armed. In bidding Mrs. Sullens good-bye, the sergeant assured her that he would take good care of her husband, and would bring back any letter he might wish to send from Knoxville. And so Rev. Mr. Sullens was conducted to the railroad, put aboard a freight train, and in due time delivered over to the provost marshal of Knoxville, who was very happy to make his acquaintance. He was held in custody for some time, until the release of several prominent union men was procured in exchange.

On Smith's return he took back a letter to Mrs. S., and acted as the medium of communication between Mr. Sullens and wife for some little time. This, with the kind manner in which her husband was treated by the authorities at Knoxville, caused Mrs. Sullens to modify somewhat her opinion of Yankee officers, and while the regiment stayed at Athens, Smith was freely supplied with butter and eggs from the Sullen's plantation. When the regiment left, it passed by the house; Smith ran in to bid Mrs. S. good bye, when she thanked him most warmly, and gave him a parting embrace as hearty as his own mother could have given, and which he well remembers.

On the 25th of April, the 100th regiment was relieved by an Indiana one, and it was ordered to bid good-bye to Athens, and join the corps at Cleveland, and with many a tender farewell the boys obeyed. A Gen. Blizzard, in behalf of the Athenians, made the boys a farewell speech. He had previously made a party in honor of the regiment.

At Cleveland, everything was found to indicate the speedy opening of the summer campaign, and the next four or five days were spent in preparing for it. Extra baggage was packed and sent to Chattanooga, and soon after noon of May 3d, the bugle sounded, and the army was again on the move in search of the

armed enemies of the Union, and Athens and all its pleasant associations was left behind, but not soon forgotten.

Nothing could have been more delightful than the beautiful May season, in which the army entered upon the Atlanta campaign: nothing more beautiful than the region through which they were to pass. Such a delightful combination of mountain and valley, of forest and meadow, of wild and picturesque scenery, and cultivated plantations; of rocky and precipitous bluffs, and brightly flowing streams, and murmuring mountain brooks and sparkling springs; of bold and inaccessible peaks, and gentle slopes and intervals, with hamlets and towns, nestling among the hills, can hardly be found elsewhere. The woods were redolent with the odor of the Gelseminum, and wild honey suckle, and bright with the bloom of the Laurel and Azalea, and the trees festooned with the muscadine and the woodbine. Field and wood were in their fullest leaf and richest green; wild flowers filled all the ravines, and clothed the rocky slopes; while the choicest exotics adorned the gardens and lawns of the planter; and the hum of insect life, and the songs of birds added the charm of music to the scene. Had their errand been a peaceful one,—had they been artists searching for studies to adorn the canvas; or naturalists seeking for specimens for the cabinet or herbarium, their errand would have been in harmony with the season and the scenery. But alas! far otherwise is their errand. This delightful region is now to feel the tread of armed men, who can scarcely spare a thought or a look upon all its beauty. All this picturesque loveliness is to be blighted by the devastating march of army trains, and blasted by the missiles of war. For alas! as in the eden of the long ago, rebellion has here lifted its hydra-head,—unholy ambition has listened to the tempter, and of all the charms of the region it may be said:

“The trail of the serpent is over them all.”

“Our corps started out on the line of the Cleveland and Dalton Railroad, marching about fourteen miles to Red Clay, when we again entered Georgia. Next day we left the railroad, marched eight miles, halted a couple of hours, then moved half a mile fur-

ther and went into camp. Soon orders came to move again, which we did, starting about dark and leaving the main road, and traveling over fields and through woods where the underbrush was very dense. After going two or three miles, we halted again, stacked arms, and slept until four next morning. All these movements made us mistrust that we were not far from the enemy. In the morning we found ourselves about three-fourths of a mile from Catoosa Springs. This place before the war had been one of considerable resort, the Saratoga of the south. It is three and a half miles from Ringgold. It was a spot of great natural beauty, enhanced by art. There were great numbers, (said to be fifty-two) of mineral springs, differing from each other in their properties, but all medicinal, and each having its peculiar name, which was placed beside it on a little signboard. There was a large hotel, many bathing houses, and summer residences, and artificial lakes. In peaceful times it must have been a charming place. All was now in a deserted and dilapidated condition. Our brigade camped on a high hill about a mile from the springs.

“Here we remained until the afternoon of the 8th, hearing occasional firing around us. About four p. m. of this day we moved a little to the left, and stacked arms near the base of Rocky Face Ridge, the northern extremity of which had been carried during the forenoon by Harker’s brigade of our division, and we were moved up to support him if necessary. But all was quiet, and at night we moved back near our late camp. Next morning we returned to the foot of the Ridge; every available article was filled with water, and the ascent commenced. It is about one and a half miles high, the sides very steep, and we had all we could do to get up. When the top was reached we rested, and had a splendid view of the surrounding region, and could also get a pretty good idea of our relative position with respect to the rest of the army. To the right lay Tunnell Hill, the town surrounded by large parks of wagons, loaded with rations and ammunition, and near by, the camps of Thomas, Hooker and others, and in the back ground old Lookout towering grandly. To the left, and in front we could see part of the rebel line of works, and down in the valley Schofield’s corps was advancing slowly in line of battle. We watched their skirmishers deploy and advance

cautiously. In our immediate front on a part of the ridge called "Buzzard's Roost," Harker's brigade was skirmishing. They had driven the enemy back to a fort on the highest point of the ridge, and both sides were firing away. Stretcher bearers passed us occasionally with a wounded man. About 4 p. m. our brigade was ordered forward, and moved along the crest of the mountain a little way, then filed down and advanced in line of battle along the side, which was cut with deep ravines. The men stumbled slowly along. The enemy opened a brisk fire, and quite a number in the brigade were wounded, but none in our regiment. When about to advance some of the pioneer boys asked Gen. Wagner what they should do with their axes, shovels, picks, etc. "*Throw them to the devil,*" was the general's reply. A few days after, when they were wanted the general asked them why they did not return and pick them up. The reply was, "We would not go to the devil for anything." The general wheeled on his horse with a smile, and called them his d—d suckers, and the boys cheered.

"About dark we went to the top again, and about ten, orders came for the 100th to go to the front. It was very dark, and the further we proceeded the steeper the ridge became, and nothing but a buzzard would or could roost thereon. Three companies went out to the picket line, the rest taking refuge behind some stone breastworks. Firing was kept up by the pickets most of the night; and the next day (the 10th) the position was such that the boys could not stir from their shelter without being hit. Here we lost Sergt. Holmes, of Co. G, of whom we ought to say a word or two.

"Sergt. Holmes was one of our best soldiers, one of the most fearless. At Mission Ridge when our regiment was ordered to fall back, he remained at the advance, and having a six shooter he deliberately stopped beside a stump on which he piled his cartridges, and stayed there loading and firing with deliberation at the rebels, plainly visible, and remained in this position without harm until the regiment again advanced and drove the enemy, when the fruits of his skill as a marksman were seen in a pile of dead rebels. And now on Rocky Face Ridge, after he had been relieved, instead of going back out of harm's way, he thought he

would do a little fighting on his own hook, and went out with his six shooter, and got behind a stump and fired away again. But he presently discovered that some of the enemy's sharp-shooters were playing the same game with him. He stuck his hat upon his ramrod above the stump and it was quickly filled with holes. Getting short of ammunition he crept out to a dead rebel and emptied his cartridge box and crept back again and sang out "Now rebs, I am going to give you some of your own pills." But after a while he got careless and a rebel bullet struck him square in the forehead, and Sergt. Holmes' fighting days were over. Three other men were wounded at this place. Just after dark the regiment was relieved by the 40th Indiana, and went back to eat and rest. That night we had a tremendous storm, and the artillery of Heaven was exploding at such a rate as to put to shame that of man, both union and rebel. Next day our regiment was in the reserve. On the 12th we descended the mountain and went to a gap at the north of the ridge. Soon after noon there was a demonstration made in front by cavalry and infantry, and our position was changed a little, and breastworks thrown up. But all was quiet, and we camped there that night.

"The next day we moved around the end of the ridge and down the valley east of it where we had seen Scholfield's corps three days previous. We found Dalton evacuated, and passed through the rebel works which were quite strong. But Sherman had flanked them and they had retired. We halted in town for an hour, finding it mostly deserted. In the afternoon we moved about seven miles, going slowly, as the advance were skirmishing more or less all the way.

"On the 14th we moved in line of battle, our brigade in the second line, the enemy slowly falling back to another line of works. From 3 p. m. until dark firing was incessant. The advance (Harker's brigade) suffered considerably, and there were a few casualties in our brigade mostly by shell. Col. Leonard, of the 57th Indiana, was mortally wounded. The first line of rebel breastworks was finally carried. At night the 100th went to the front, remaining until morning when we were relieved and came back, cooked breakfast, and then the brigade was moved to the left, and took position in part of the breastworks which had been

won from the enemy the day before. Two regiments were required to hold them, and were relieved every four hours. We had two wounded that day, neither of them very severely. That night we were aroused by an unusual uproar of cannonading and musketry. The enemy made a charge on part of our lines, but were speedily repulsed. In the morning (the 16th) the enemy had folded their tents and silently stolen away. Here we found in the morning some scalps of our boys hung on the bushes, seemingly intended to make us think that they had Indian troops and thus intimidate us. But this barbarity only enraged our men, some of them expressed the vow that they would stay in the army until the rebels were whipped if it took twenty years.

"We took possession of their works which were very strong, and several miles in extent, encircling the town of Resacca, with the Oostenaula river for a back ground. In fact their works reached to Tunnel Hill, 14 miles above. Everything indicated that the enemy had suffered severely during the two days previous. The army all concentrated in town; the inhabitants had departed with the rebel army. Some commissary stores and forage was captured, and a battery and some two or three hundred prisoners.

"Major Generals Sherman, Thomas, Hooker, Howard, Stanley, Sickles, and a host of "one-starred generals" were to be seen gathered together under the shade of the trees, discussing matters. The enemy burned the railroad bridge, but our pioneers were soon at work rebuilding. At 3 p. m. we crossed upon a foot-bridge that had been built, and we pushed out about five miles, camping near Calhoun.

"On the 17th we moved early, Sherman's brigade in the advance; they skirmished with the enemy all day, but did not meet much opposition until 4 p. m., when a brisk fire sprung up, lasting till dark, when our brigade relieved them and remained on front line all night. In the morning the enemy was again absent, and we moved into Adairsville, and waited for the different corps to close up and take their respective roads for further advance. We rested in the yard in front of a fine residence. The country was very beautiful, and everything was in the full bloom of summer. Peaches were already as large as hickory nuts, and peas large enough to eat, but not one pea probably to a "Yank."

We moved on lively until dark, and camped in a wheat-field, which was not much improved in its prospects for a crop by our visit. Here we got a good night's rest which was much needed. On the 19th we went on through Kingston, and after passing it we heard cannonading and musketry ahead, but we did not come under fire. Went into camp after dark, about four miles beyond Kingston. Here we remained until the 23d and had a chance to rest, which was greatly needed, as our corps had been in advance all the way, and all the regiments had been engaged more or less. About noon on the 23d we started again, our corps leaving the main road and going to the right on that and the following day, although making but a few miles each day on account of the state of the road, and the number of troops upon it. Wednesday, the 25th, strong symptoms of the presence of the enemy again manifest themselves. Hooker's corps had quite a battle from 4 p. m. until dark. We had been hurried up to their support, but it was dark before we were in line. The troops had had nothing to eat since morning, and were obliged to spend the night wet and hungry, leaning against trees and dozing as best they could, ready to be called up at any moment. In the morning breastworks were thrown up, and about nine o'clock time was given for breakfast. At noon our regiment was sent to the front, and two companies to the skirmish line, where they remained until ten a. m. next day. Although much exposed, only two were slightly wounded. While out there the other regiments had been engaged in strengthening breastworks and planting more cannon. About noon the skirmish line was strengthened and orders given to press the enemy. They did so, driving them within their breastworks, keeping up a pretty sharp firing until dark. The loss in the brigade was two killed and 25 wounded. Capt. Burrell, of Co. D, and Le Roy Jewell, a private in Co. A, were both instantly killed on the 30th of May, and one other slightly injured. Jewell was on the picket line and was lying behind a log, but unfortunately he had selected a rotten one, and the rebel bullet passed clean through it and hit him square in the head. He never knew what hurt him. Capt. Burrell had just been back to the camp in hope of seeing Col. Bartleson who was hourly expected, and was instantly killed on his return to the skirmish line. Col. Bartleson

arrived a short time after and was most cordially welcomed by the rest of the regiment, but poor Burrell and Jewell could offer no congratulations! In Capt. Burrell the regiment lost one of its most efficient officers. When Col. Bartleson saw the thinned ranks of the regiment, he exclaimed, "My God! boys, is this all there is left of you?" and the tears rolled down his cheeks when told of Burrell's and Jewell's death. The regiment remained in this position until the 5th or 6th of June.

"The distance between the rifle pits of the two lines was about fifty yards, so that they could talk to each other, and during the last few days, the soldiers in them would enter into a truce on their own account, agreeing not to fire on each other for a certain length of time.

"About the 5th of June, the enemy did not answer to roll call, and we moved on again to near Ackworth, where we remained until the 10th. Then we moved on again through rain and mud, about five miles, halting till towards evening of the 11th, then moved another mile and went upon picket line, staying twenty-four hours. While there, Peter Docey, of Co. H, was mortally wounded. The other regiments meanwhile had built a line of works. We staid here until Tuesday forenoon, (14th) when our line was pushed forward again a little, and more works built. That night the enemy kept up a pretty brisk firing until half past two a. m., and at daylight were not visible. We moved into their works, staying until noon, and had a chance to examine them. Just to the right was a high bald knob which had been one of their points of observation, and from which they could see all over the country. They had considerable artillery on it, among which was the famous Washington battery of New Orleans, three members of which were captured. It was here that Bishop, Gen. Leonidas Polk, was killed by a shot from our artillery. There has been some little discussion recently in the papers in relation to this incident, and some dispute as to what battery finished the earthly career of this reverend rebel general. But a member of the battery now residing in Joliet, says that battery "M" 1st Ill. Art. did it, and the prisoners taken the next day, said that they had *charged* his death to battery "M." In this battery, our county had five representatives.

" Looking to the front we could see on the right, Lost Mountain, and on the left Kenesaw, the rebel lines reaching from one to the other, and beyond lay Marietta. Soon after noon we began to move forward, and during the afternoon orders came for our brigade to make a charge. The necessary preparations were made knapsacks, blankets, and everything that was not absolutely necessary, was piled up and left in charge of a guard, and every one braced himself up to do his duty. It is a serious moment, and though not given to much show of feeling, every soldier cannot at such a time but think of the chances that are against him. Col. Bartleson, who since his return had been in charge of one of the lines of the brigade, asked to be relieved, and came back and took his position at the head of the regiment, and told them that he should lead them. Great was the satisfaction of the men on hearing this, all were ready to follow wherever he might lead them. But the enemy slowly gave way before our advance, going inside of another line of their works ; and we held the crest of the hill, while heavy firing was to be heard on the right, where it was said that Hooker and Scholfield were driving the enemy. Our division built more works, night came on and no charge was ordered.

"During the night, the pioneers strengthened the works, and artillery was planted all along the line. This artillery opened about 9 a. m. next morning, (16th), and shelled the enemy's works for some time, but elicited no response. The remainder of the day was tolerably quiet, and we waited, speculating as to what was to be the next movement—fight or flank.

"Some of the prisoners taken about this time, were credited with saying, that all Sherman had to do was to say, " Attention creation, by kingdom's right wheel," and Johnson was flanked. An old woman on the road, said that " Johnson could whip you'ns, if you'ns did not carry a flanking machine with every regiment ;" while an Atlanta paper said that, " If Sherman had Johnson driven into hell, he would not be satisfied until he had flanked him out."

" That night our line was pushed forward again a little, more works built, and next morning, the 17th, the enemy was gone from our immediate front, and the direction of our line was

changed. That day we were not under fire. The enemy made a charge during the day on Palmer's front, but were repulsed.

"We went into camp that night with orders to get up at one, have breakfast, and be ready to go to the front at two and a half o'clock. Even that short time allotted to sleep, was interrupted three times in consequence of the breaking out of heavy firing at the front.

"About 3 a. m. of the 18th, the 26th Ohio, 57th Indiana, and the 100th Illinois, moved out to the skirmish line. It commenced to rain about daylight, and poured down in torrents all the forenoon. During this time a little affair came off, which, though small, compared with the heavier engagements, was decidedly brilliant. The regiments mentioned lay about the center of an open field, and the enemy was behind a line of works just at the edge of a piece of woods, and on a rise of ground. Firing had been pretty lively all the morning, and between nine and ten, those of us in the rear were aroused by the increased firing there, and the cheering. We jumped to our feet, and saw that our Col. Bartleson was making a charge with his line. It was successful, and they gained possession of the first line of works. For a few moments it was feared that they could not hold it, on account of lack of ammunition, but they were supported by Harker's brigade and kept it. They captured about fifty prisoners. The balance of the day was spent behind the captured works, the enemy being behind their second line. Six members of the regiment were wounded during the day. Gen. Harker said it was as splendid a specimen of charging as he ever saw."

Another writer, (an officer of the regiment), thus describes this affair:

"On the morning of the 18th of June, about 3 a. m., the 100th was ordered to relieve the 3d Kentucky. This order had to be executed before daylight, so exposed was the position. About 9 a. m. the commanders of the 100th Illinois, 57th Indiana, and 26th Ohio, conceived the idea of carrying the enemy's works in our front, and after a brief consultation, the word was given—"Prepare to charge! Forward! double quick, charge!" and

never did men respond more beautifully. They carried the first line of the rebel works, and held them against several attempts of the enemy to retake them with heavy columns.

"When the shouts of victory went up, the noise reached Newton, the division commander, who sent for Wagner, the brigade commander, and wanted to know what was up. Gen. Wagner replied that he couldn't tell what his d—d tigers were about. They were moving without orders, and he would have them court martialed. But when they learned of the *success* of the movement they were satisfied. (In war more, even than in civil life, perhaps, success covers a multitude of sins.) The affair was entirely impromptu, and so sudden and dashing that the rebs were taken by surprise. The 100th captured fourteen prisoners and one lieutenant."

"The next morning the enemy's works were again empty in our front, and we moved on a little, and on the 20th we were in reserve, and had a chance to rest. During that day we had a chance to witness some fine artillery practice between our batteries in the valley, and those of the enemy on Kenesaw. Far in the rear as we were, one stray bullet found its way to our position, instantly killing Samuel Aspinwall, (of Co. I) who was lying down at the time. Just before dark the firing, which had been pretty constant all day, increased, and our brigade started in on the double quick to support Stanley, who had made a charge. Not being needed they came back, put up shelter and hoped for a night's rest. But it was not to be. About nine we were moved to the rear of Stanley's again, and twice before midnight were roused up to go to his relief, but not being needed, returned. Next morning, (21st), moved to the right of our corps, were in reserve till about 3 p. m., when the musketry increasing we were moved up to the second line of works, and remained there till next morning. It then became the turn of our brigade to occupy the front line, the 97th Ohio going upon the skirmish line. The forenoon was pretty quiet, but afternoon the firing was brisk. The enemy opened a battery on us, but battery "M" 1st Ill., soon silenced them. The skirmish line was then advanced, and were sharply engaged, the 97th Ohio losing about ninety men.

killed and wounded. Towards evening, three companies of the 100th went to their support, and had one man slightly wounded. The pioneers were employed that night in fixing works the better to protect the skirmish line.

"Our record has now brought us to the 23d day of June, emphatically the *dies infaustus* of the 100th regiment, the day when we lost our gallant and well-beloved commander, Col. Bartleson. He was on duty as division officer of the day in charge of the skirmish line. The forenoon was very quiet, and he came into regimental headquarters about one o'clock to dinner, and then returned to the line, and soon after the artillery opened for a few minutes, then the skirmish line was ordered to advance, one brigade going to its support. While directing his line, the colonel was obliged to pass a point which was exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters, and he was hit and killed instantaneously. The stretcher bearers of the 57th Ind., (the regiment on the skirmish) seeing him fall went to him at once, and finding him dead, carried the body back of a barn near by, and sent us word. Our own bearers were, immediately sent out after the body and brought it in, and the regiment then passed in review by the body to take their last hasty look at one they had so loved and honored. The body was then carried back to the rear, to a spot which had been appropriated as a division cemetery. Generals Harker, Newton and Wagner, came up and exhibited much feeling at the sight. The body was then sent home with an escort from the regiment.

"There were no other casualties in the regiment that day. The lines were advanced to the intended position that evening. We remained behind the works the 24th and 25th. On the last named day Ransom Smith, of Co. G, was wounded. We here give a list of the killed and wounded in the 100th regiment, from the commencement of this campaign, May 3d, up to, and including June 26th, in order of date.

KILLED.

May 10th, Sergt. George W. Holmes, Co. G; May 30th, Capt. John A. Burrell, Co. D; May 30th, private Leroy Jewell, Co. A; June 20th, private Samuel Aspinwall, Co. I; June 23d, Col. F. A. Bartleson.

WOUNDED.

May 9th, private Michael Power, Co. F, slightly in knee; May 10th, Maj. C. M. Hammond, slightly; May 10th, private Dan. Zinnell, Co. I, flesh elbow; May 10th, private Harry Clark, Co. H, two fingers amputated; May 11th, private Sidney Standish, Co. C, bruise in side; May 15th, private Alex. Jenks, Co. F, flesh of thigh; May 15th, private Abram Darling, Co. G, head; May 18th, private Michael Calahan, Co. F, hand; May 14th, Corp'l Gilbert Avery, Co. A, flesh hand; May 21st, private Simon Millard, Co. B, flesh of leg; May 26th, 2d Lieut. E. Gano, Co. A, flesh thigh; May 26th, private George Brandon, Co. F, bruised arm; May 30th, Sergt. Fred. Mathews, Co. B, bruised; May 30th, private Andrew Johnson, Co. D, bruised hand; May 31st, private James B. Scott, Co. D, bruised side; June 1st, private Orson D. Philips, Co. G, head; June 12th, private Peter H. Dorce, Co. H, left arm amputated; June 10th, private Justin Taylor, Co. C, bruised arm; June 15th, private Dennis White, Co. K, flesh of leg; June 18th, 1st Lieut. W. N. M. Stewart, Co. A, slightly; June 18th, private Wm. S. Griffin, Co. H, bruised leg; June 18th, private Michael Smith, Co. C, bruised arm; June 18th, private George W. Murray, Co. H, foot; June 18th, private James Connor, Co. H, bruise in side; June 18th, private M. C. Snyder, Co. K, side severely; June 18th, private John Fridley, Co. G, knee; June 18th, private Wm. Shaw, Co. G, concussion; June 22d, private Oscar D. Keeler, Co. D, flesh thigh; June 22d, private John C. Lang, Co. D, bruised leg; June 22d, private Geo. Hudson, Co. I, bruised leg; June 22d, private James T. Douglass, Co. H, flesh arm; June 25th, private Ransom Smith, Co. G, shoulder; June 25th, private Joseph Butcher, Co. F, bruise in arm.

"We have come now to the memorable "assault on Kenesaw" the 27th of June, when our division was moved to the right, and made a charge on the enemy's works in front of the line occupied by Gen. Stanley's division. Other charges were made in other parts of the line, all of which were unsuccessful. But that of our division was the severest. Our regiment was in the hottest of it. The division charged in solid mass, and found the enemy posted behind heavy earthworks with an abattis of brush in front, and three rows of sharpened stakes driven in front of their works, so that our men could not pass without stopping to pull them out; and to stop while making a charge is almost certain death. With grape and canister raking our boys both in flank and front, nothing but a depression in the ground kept them from being annihilated. Capt. Bowen and Major Hammond with the colors rallied about 150 men just under the hill, after the main part of the division had fallen back, and sent for intrenching tools, and would have made good their position within 60 yards of the enemy's works. But instead of sending them tools, Gen. Wagner, commanding the brigade, thought it wiser to order the Major to bring

the men in. When they got back behind the intrenchments they found the rest of the brigade forming their lines, and the belief current that the Major, Capt. Bowen, and the men, had been killed, and the colors lost, and their return was an agreeable surprise. Our color-bearer, *Michael Murphy*, carried the colors within ten steps of the rebel works and brought them safely away again."

In this charge which was equal in daring and in hopelessness to the famous "charge of the 600;" and which now at least, in the cool distance, *seems* to have been uncalled for, and made without adequate promise of compensating good, and which Gen. Sherman labors somewhat in his report to justify,—the assaulting column suffered so severely as to draw tears even from the eyes of the enemy. For, as an eye witness relates, (one of the officers of the 100th) "The rebels sent our men word that the woods were on fire, and we had better come and take care of our killed and wounded. Lieut. Bartlett went with a detail of men, and while thus engaged conversed with a noble looking captain of the rebel army, who, as he looked upon the scene, said, with tears rolling down his cheeks, 'This is awful, awful—but we had to do it.'"

In this assault, the severest in which the 100th was ever engaged, the regiment lost three killed and 16 wounded, as in list below. Among the valuable lives lost that day was Gen. Harker, commanding one of the brigades in our division, a man and an officer greatly beloved, not only by his own command, but by all who knew him, and who only four days before had shed tears over the remains of our colonel.

The following graphic description of the assault of the 4th corps was written immediately after by the correspondent of the "Cincinnati Commercial," and is so truthful and interesting that I cannot forbear copying it entire.

"The 4th and 14th corps, the staunch center of the army, were called upon to give fresh proof of their valor to-day. These two corps, though originally in front of Kenesaw, had been pushed by the converging advance of our army to the southward of that frowning peak. The noble 4th corps, though by heavy odds the heaviest sufferer of the army, was the one of the three from which the assault was demanded. The boys were tired of heavy skirmishing; it had grown tedious, and lost its excitement, and I be-

lieve when they were apprized that their corps was to furnish two or three assaulting columns, they received the intelligence with a quick interest—nothing more. This thing of killing and being killed, had become an every day affair. Every platoon in the corps had bled freely since the campaign opened. They felt probably, as all veterans must feel, some apprehension, for the result of an assault upon a heavily fortified enemy, but none for themselves. Early in the gray of the morning, the preparations for the assault commenced, the first symptom being an unusually early breakfast. There was no evidence in the movement or bearing of the men, that they were so soon to essay “the deadly imminent breach;” though they must have been conscious that the task laid out for them was one which none but men hoping to meet death would covet. Between 7 and 8 o’clock the lines were formed. Newton’s division, consisting of Generals Wagner, Kimball, and Harker’s brigades, being selected as the storming parties. Kimball’s being on the left and somewhat retired, to act as a support of the other two. Wagner’s held the center, and Harker’s the right. Wood’s and Stanley’s divisions of the 4th corps furnished supports on the flanks of the assaulting brigades, but they were not seriously engaged, and their loss is trifling.

ASSAULT OF WAGNER’S BRIGADE.

“This splendid brigade, composed of the 40th Ind., 57th Ind., 97th Ohio, 26th Ohio, 100th Ills., and 28th Kentucky, was thrown into columns of regimental divisions, thus giving the brigade a front of two companies, and a depth of 30 lines. The advance regiment was the 40th Ind., commanded by the fearless Blake. The column was formed in good season, and during the brief respite that ensued before the word “*charge*” was given, the men rested silently in their places, and no one could have guessed from their undisturbed faces, that all the latent gallantry of their natures could be aroused, and lashed into a fury of heroism during the next ten minutes. Here was a man carefully replacing his shoe and tucking away the strings; the proposition that “forlorn hopes” should be well and tightly shod plainly expressed in his movements. Letters were torn and crumpled and thrown furtively aside. Doubtless miniatures came from their hiding places for a

moment that morning, but such things are done in the army in profound secrecy. The soldier hates a scene, and none more than the purely sentimental variety.

"At half-past eight the men spring to their feet at the word fraught with death to many. Thirty consecutive lines of blue leaped forward with impetuous strides making their way through the scattered trees and underbrush in splendid order. Before them on the crest of the ridge was the silent, and to the sight, the untenanted convex salient of the enemy's works, for which they were aiming. They neared it rapidly, their enthusiasm rising with every step, and their hearts rising high as each indistinct object grew plain, as the slopes of the parapet became a mere furrow over which it seemed they must go. But the next moment the gates of hell opened in their very faces! A close, concentrating blast of musketry swept over the front line, leaving it indented, but unwavering! With the momentum of a mighty river, the brigade swept on until but two hundred paces—a mere stone's throw it looked—divided the assailants from the assailed. The musketry of the enemy died to a mere pattering—muskets must be reloaded, and this fact sometimes loses battles. But palisades and abattis must be passed; and with the next rebel volley fired, as the fearless 40th Ind. reached a point within a hundred paces of their works, came a more awful thunder! Squarely in the teeth of the inspired brigade opened a battery of six guns, belching forth grape and canister, every shot ploughing through the devoted ranks, and the thick fume of their guns enveloping the interval of ground over which our brigade must pass. Every ball from those guns infiladed sixty men, the column of attack as I have already said, being thirty lines deep. The front lines shattered to pieces, slackened their furious onset, which brought those in the rear, jamming up in one confused mass of men—confused—but still bent on their fearfully grim and bloody task. It was intended when the head of the column reached a point within pistol shot of the enemy's parapet, to deploy into a column of regiments. This was no longer feasible, for organization was lost, and the whole column was a tightly closed surging mass of men, ragged at the edges—but all moving one way—*toward the enemy!* The rebel battery fired a second volley, completely shattering Wag-

ner's column, as a column, the cannon blowing aside every animated thing in their front. Masses of men moved to the right and the left of the range of the battery—still bent upon one object. Many struggled up within twenty yards of the enemy's works, some penetrated the lines of the palisades, and abattis at their base, and a devoted few planted the foot of a color-staff on the slope of a parapet! But the assault had failed—failed heroically in less time than I have taken to relate it. For nearly an hour portions of the brigade held points within fifty yards of the enemy's line, but all such were thinned out by the deadly rifle men, who nearly secure himself, was at liberty indulge in the uncommon luxury of gloating over a foe, before firing with cool, deliberate and unerring aim. As the remnants of the brigade started back, long lines of rebels swarmed from their trenches, pursuing rapidly with infernal yells. They soon swarmed back, and faster than they emerged, when our reserves opened on them with a withering fire of small arms and artillery. The brigade fell back to the line vacated in the morning, leaving over two hundred killed and wounded. The proportion of officers lost was larger than the average, and here, as elsewhere during the assault, an unusual number were hit in the head. Wagner's brigade left winter quarters last spring, nearly 2000 strong, but it was reduced to half that number,—over fifty per cent. having been killed and wounded during the campaign. Gen. Wagner fought, where he always fights, at the head of his brigade, and his escape from hurt is most miraculous. Two or three hours after the assault, his men were bustling around their camps, making their coffee, having already exhausted conversation on the great topic which the morning had furnished. 'D—n the assaults in column,' I heard one remark as he punched the blaze under his coffee, 'they make a man more afraid of being trampled to death by the rear lines, than he is of the enemy, they might do on a marble floor.'

"His comments would offend Jomini and Monticella, but the speaker as a member of one of the advanced regiments in the assaulting column had a clear right to speak his mind."

Losses in the 100th Illinois in the charge of the 27th :

KILLED :

John Sarver, Co. H, (this was the boy that drew the first rebel blood in the 1st campaign of the 100th); Serg't. Thos. Bleber, Co. G, and Wm. G. Parks, private Co. B.

WOUNDED AND SENT TO DIVISION HOSPITAL.

Robert White, Co. F, hip, flesh; Fred. Mathews, Serg't. Co. B, shoulder, severe; Privates—John C. Mason, Co. G, right hand; Alex. King, Co. H, left shoulder, slight; John Russell, Co. G, hip flesh; H. G. Lawrence, Co. C, head, flesh; Robert Medworth, Co. F, left thigh, flesh; John Bumgarten, Co. E, right shoulder, slight; Samuel Spangler, Co. G.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED AND STILL ON DUTY.

Privates—Wm. S. Haines, Co. A; James Barr, Co. A; George Wheeler, Co. A; E. Brown, Co. D; Francis Conroy, Co. H. Corp. Robert Johnson, Co. B; Serg't. John Russel, Co. H.

In reference to casualties in the 100th, an officer of the regiment says: "Three star soldiers were killed; to-wit: Sergt. Thomas Bleber, Co. G, Wm. G. Parks, of Co. B, and little Johnny Sarver, of Co. H, who are worthy of more than mention. Sergt. Bleber had earned the admiration of the regiment by his bravery in battle, and by his honorable bearing in camp. Wm. G. Parks was for a while a wagoner, but at his own request had been returned to the ranks. At Resacca when shot and shell flew thickest, a volunteer was called for, to carry orders from the line of battle to the picket line. Parks stepped out of the ranks, received his orders, put his gun to right shoulder shift, and walked erect, and deliberately to the place assigned, while the minie balls were flying thickly around him. In the ranks he developed the noblest qualities of the soldier." Of Sarver we have spoken elsewhere.

"After this charge our regiment returned to its position, and remained until July 3d, with but little worthy of note. Both skirmish lines began to get weary of the incessant exchange of shots, and had their little treaties of peace enabling them to get out of their cramped rifle pits, stretch themselves, exchange papers, and trade off coffee for tobacco. If either side had orders to fire, they gave fair notice—"Get into your holes yanks," or, "Go home Johnny," was the word of warning, on hearing which the pickets would creep into their holes again and blaze away.

"July 3d found the enemy once more withdrawn from our front, and we moved into Marietta, a rather nice town where the Georgia Military Institute was established. This was the south-

ern West Point, where men had been educated for the rebellion. It consisted of a large building in the form of the letter "E," situated on the crest of a hill about a mile from the town. It had a beautiful lawn in its front for a parade ground. The view from the top of the college building is a magnificent one. Gen. Sherman once visited this place as a commissioner to examine the claims of certain Georgians for horses lost in the Florida war.

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the men in. When they got back behind the intrenchments they found the rest of the brigade forming their lines, and the belief current that the Major, Capt. Bowen, and the men, had been killed, and the colors lost, and their return was an agreeable surprise. Our color-bearer, *Michael Murphy*, carried the colors within ten steps of the rebel works and brought them safely away again."

In this charge which was equal in daring and in hopelessness to the famous "charge of the 600;" and which now at least, in the cool distance, *seems* to have been uncalled for, and made without adequate promise of compensating good, and which Gen. Sherman labors somewhat in his report to justify,—the assaulting column suffered so severely as to draw tears even from the eyes of the enemy. For, as an eye witness relates, (one of the officers of the 100th) "The rebels sent our men word that the woods were on fire, and we had better come and take care of our killed and wounded. Lieut. Bartlett went with a detail of men, and while thus engaged conversed with a noble looking captain of the rebel army, who, as he looked upon the scene, said, with tears rolling down his cheeks, 'This is awful, awful—but we had to do it.'"

In this assault, the severest in which the 100th was ever engaged, the regiment lost three killed and 16 wounded, as in list below. Among the valuable lives lost that day was Gen. Harker, commanding one of the brigades in our division, a man and an officer greatly beloved, not only by his own command, but by all who knew him, and who only four days before had shed tears over the remains of our colonel.

The following graphic description of the assault of the 4th corps was written immediately after by the correspondent of the "Cincinnati Commercial," and is so truthful and interesting that I cannot forbear copying it entire.

"The 4th and 14th corps, the staunch center of the army, were called upon to give fresh proof of their valor to-day. These two corps, though originally in front of Kenesaw, had been pushed by the converging advance of our army to the southward of that frowning peak. The noble 4th corps, though by heavy odds the heaviest sufferer of the army, was the one of the three from which the assault was demanded. The boys were tired of heavy skirmishing; it had grown tedious, and lost its excitement, and I be-

lieve when they were apprized that their corps was to furnish two or three assaulting columns, they received the intelligence with a quick interest—nothing more. This thing of killing and being killed, had become an every day affair. Every platoon in the corps had bled freely since the campaign opened. They felt probably, as all veterans must feel, some apprehension, for the result of an assault upon a heavily fortified enemy, but none for themselves. Early in the gray of the morning, the preparations for the assault commenced, the first symptom being an unusually early breakfast. There was no evidence in the movement or bearing of the men, that they were so soon to essay “the deadly imminent breach;” though they must have been conscious that the task laid out for them was one which none but men hoping to meet death would covet. Between 7 and 8 o’clock the lines were formed. Newton’s division, consisting of Generals Wagner, Kimball, and Harker’s brigades, being selected as the storming parties. Kimball’s being on the left and somewhat retired, to act as a support of the other two. Wagner’s held the center, and Harker’s the right. Wood’s and Stanley’s divisions of the 4th corps furnished supports on the flanks of the assaulting brigades, but they were not seriously engaged, and their loss is trifling.

ASSAULT OF WAGNER’S BRIGADE.

“This splendid brigade, composed of the 40th Ind., 57th Ind., 97th Ohio, 26th Ohio, 100th Ills., and 28th Kentucky, was thrown into columns of regimental divisions, thus giving the brigade a front of two companies, and a depth of 30 lines. The advance regiment was the 40th Ind., commanded by the fearless Blake. The column was formed in good season, and during the brief respite that ensued before the word “*charge*” was given, the men rested silently in their places, and no one could have guessed from their undisturbed faces, that all the latent gallantry of their natures could be aroused, and lashed into a fury of heroism during the next ten minutes. Here was a man carefully replacing his shoe and tucking away the strings; the proposition that “forlorn hopes” should be well and tightly shod plainly expressed in his movements. Letters were torn and crumpled and thrown furtively aside. Doubtless miniatures came from their hiding places for a

moment that morning, but such things are done in the army in profound secrecy. The soldier hates a scene, and none more than the purely sentimental variety.

“At half-past eight the men spring to their feet at the word fraught with death to many. Thirty consecutive lines of blue leaped forward with impetuous strides making their way through the scattered trees and underbrush in splendid order. Before them on the crest of the ridge was the silent, and to the sight, the untenanted convex salient of the enemy’s works, for which they were aiming. They neared it rapidly, their enthusiasm rising with every step, and their hearts rising high as each indistinct object grew plain, as the slopes of the parapet became a mere furrow over which it seemed they must go. But the next moment the gates of hell opened in their very faces! A close, concentrating blast of musketry swept over the front line, leaving it indented, but unwavering! With the momentum of a mighty river, the brigade swept on until but two hundred paces—a mere stone’s throw it looked—divided the assailants from the assailed. The musketry of the enemy died to a mere pattering—muskets must be reloaded, and this fact sometimes loses battles. But palisades and abattis must be passed; and with the next rebel volley fired, as the fearless 40th Ind. reached a point within a hundred paces of their works, came a more awful thunder! Squarely in the teeth of the inspired brigade opened a battery of six guns, belching forth grape and canister, every shot ploughing through the devoted ranks, and the thick fume of their guns enveloping the interval of ground over which our brigade must pass. Every ball from those guns infiladed sixty men, the column of attack as I have already said, being thirty lines deep. The front lines shattered to pieces, slackened their furious onset, which brought those in the rear, jamming up in one confused mass of men—confused—but still bent on their fearfully grim and bloody task. It was intended when the head of the column reached a point within pistol shot of the enemy’s parapet, to deploy into a column of regiments. This was no longer feasible, for organization was lost, and the whole column was a tightly closed surging mass of men, ragged at the edges—but all moving one way—*toward the enemy!* The rebel battery fired a second volley, completely shattering Wag-

ner's column, as a column, the cannon blowing aside every animated thing in their front. Masses of men moved to the right and the left of the range of the battery—still bent upon one object. Many struggled up within twenty yards of the enemy's works, some penetrated the lines of the palisades, and abattis at their base, and a devoted few planted the foot of a color-staff on the slope of a parapet! But the assault had failed—failed heroically in less time than I have taken to relate it. For nearly an hour portions of the brigade held points within fifty yards of the enemy's line, but all such were thinned out by the deadly rifle men, who nearly secure himself, was at liberty indulge in the uncommon luxury of gloating over a foe, before firing with cool, deliberate and unerring aim. As the remnants of the brigade started back, long lines of rebels swarmed from their trenches, pursuing rapidly with infernal yells. They soon swarmed back, and faster than they emerged, when our reserves opened on them with a withering fire of small arms and artillery. The brigade fell back to the line vacated in the morning, leaving over two hundred killed and wounded. The proportion of officers lost was larger than the average, and here, as elsewhere during the assault, an unusual number were hit in the head. Wagner's brigade left winter quarters last spring, nearly 2000 strong, but it was reduced to half that number,—over fifty per cent. having been killed and wounded during the campaign. Gen. Wagner fought, where he always fights, at the head of his brigade, and his escape from hurt is most miraculous. Two or three hours after the assault, his men were bustling around their camps, making their coffee, having already exhausted conversation on the great topic which the morning had furnished. 'D—n the assaults in column,' I heard one remark as he punched the blaze under his coffee, 'they make a man more afraid of being trampled to death by the rear lines, than he is of the enemy, they might do on a marble floor.'

"His comments would offend Jomini and Monticella, but the speaker as a member of one of the advanced regiments in the assaulting column had a clear right to speak his mind."

Losses in the 100th Illinois in the charge of the 27th :

KILLED :

John Sarver, Co. H, (this was the boy that drew the first rebel blood in the 1st campaign of the 100th); Serg't. Thos. Bleber, Co. G, and Wm. G. Parks, private Co. B.

WOUNDED AND SENT TO DIVISION HOSPITAL.

Robert White, Co. F, hip, flesh; Fred. Mathews, Serg't. Co. B, shoulder, severe; Privates—John C. Mason, Co. G, right hand; Alex. King, Co. H, left shoulder, slight; John Russell, Co. G, hip flesh; H. G. Lawrence, Co. C, head, flesh; Robert Medworth, Co. F, left thigh, flesh; John Bumgarten, Co. E, right shoulder, slight; Samuel Spangler, Co. G.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED AND STILL ON DUTY.

Privates—Wm. S. Haines, Co. A; James Barr, Co. A; George Wheeler, Co. A; E. Brown, Co. D; Francis Conroy, Co. H. Corp. Robert Johnson, Co. B; Serg't. John Russel, Co. H.

In reference to casualties in the 100th, an officer of the regiment says: "Three star soldiers were killed; to-wit: Sergt. Thomas Bleber, Co. G, Wm. G. Parks, of Co. B, and little Johnny Sarver, of Co. H, who are worthy of more than mention. Sergt. Bleber had earned the admiration of the regiment by his bravery in battle, and by his honorable bearing in camp. Wm. G. Parks was for a while a wagoner, but at his own request had been returned to the ranks. At Resacca when shot and shell flew thickest, a volunteer was called for, to carry orders from the line of battle to the picket line. Parks stepped out of the ranks, received his orders, put his gun to right shoulder shift, and walked erect, and deliberately to the place assigned, while the minie balls were flying thickly around him. In the ranks he developed the noblest qualities of the soldier." Of Sarver we have spoken elsewhere.

"After this charge our regiment returned to its position, and remained until July 3d, with but little worthy of note. Both skirmish lines began to get weary of the incessant exchange of shots, and had their little treaties of peace enabling them to get out of their cramped rifle pits, stretch themselves, exchange papers, and trade off coffee for tobacco. If either side had orders to fire, they gave fair notice—"Get into your holes yanks," or, "Go home Johnny," was the word of warning, on hearing which the pickets would creep into their holes again and blaze away.

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mented McPherson, was hotly engaged, the rebels kept up a continuous fire from a large fort upon our lines. Solid shot and shell flew thick and fast. One shot fell in Co. D, and killed Wm. Dundore, of Plainfield, and carried away the entire calf of the leg of Nelson Platts, of Plainfield. At the same time a shot struck in close proximity to "the hole" in which Surgeon Woodruff and Charley Jukes, (musician and stretcher bearer), were snugly ensconced, throwing the clay and gravel upon them in such force, that they supposed they were hit by the fragments of shell, and that their time had verily come. The doctor calls out to Jukes, "Charley, I'm killed now, I know I am," to which Jukes replies, "So am I, good-bye Doc.!" But after a few moments, not dying so fast as they expected, they jumped up and found that they had life enough left to fix up poor Platts, and take him from the field to the hospital, where his leg was amputated, which resulted in his death at Chattanooga, in September following. At the same time John C. Lang, of Co. D, received a severe bruise in face and abdomen, and James Murphy of Co. A, was wounded in lower jaw.

On the 25th inst., Gen. Thomas issued a congratulatory order in which he said :

"The major general commanding, congratulates the troops upon the brilliant success which has attended the Union arms in the late battles and which has been officially reported as follows : "In the battle of the 20th inst. in which the 20th corps and one division of the 14th corps was engaged, the Union loss in killed, wounded and missing was 1,733. In front of the 20th corps there was put out of the fight 6,000 rebels ; 563 of the enemy were buried by our troops, and the rebels were permitted to bury 250. The 2nd division of the 4th army corps, (embracing our 100th) repulsed seven assaults of the enemy with slight loss to the themselves, which must swell the rebel loss much beyond the 6,000. Prisoners captured 300 and 7 stands of colors."

"The army now built substantial works. Heavy artillery was brought up and planted along the line, and the tediousness of a siege commenced. While we kept behind our works we were comparatively safe, but when on the skirmish line, or going anywhere from behind the works, the risk was great. On the 28th, Lieut. Stewart, of Co. A, tried the experiment of stopping a solid shot, nearly spent, which was playfully rolling along. The result was that he was sent to the hospital for some time, but he ulti-

mately recovered. Just before the accident, Lieut. Stewart had come up to headquarters, and finding the time hanging heavily on his hands, had stumped the surgeon to play a game of cards. But the surgeon was sleepy, and not inclined just then. Stewart commenced to blackguard the medical department, and said he should like to know what it was good for, if it was not to furnish amusement to the rest of the regiment. The surgeon told him that it would not be long before he would be glad enough to avail himself of their services, when he wanted an arm or a leg amputated. Stewart replied that he shouldn't trouble them, if he wanted such a job done, he would get a big nigger with a buck-saw to do the job. Just then the spent ball came rolling along where the lieutenant was lying, and struck him on the cheek bone,—literally and figuratively “stopping his jaw” for a while. While fixing the lieutenant up for hospital, the surgeon told him that it was a judgment upon him for his irreverent treatment of the medical department.

On the 29th, another brave officer of the 100th was wounded, George W. Rouse, who went out as adjutant, but was now acting as brigade inspector. While on the skirmish line he had his right leg crushed by a solid shot, necessitating amputation, from the effects of which he died August 3d, another costly sacrifice which our county had to make to preserve the Union.

“On the 5th of August, a “demonstration” was ordered in front of our brigade. Co. I, of our regiment, was on the skirmish line, and during the attack, Lieut. George Schoonmaker, of Wilmington, another good officer and good man, commanding the company, was instantly killed. So, in a week we had lost two officers killed, and one severely wounded, and the regiment was now reduced to one hundred and fifty men and ten officers present for duty.

“About the 20th of August, it began to be rumored that some change in the manner of attack was soon to be made. Thursday morning, the 24th, the 100th went to the skirmish line, *breaking camp*, something unusual. Before dark that evening, the artillery had been moved out, except one or two pieces, to division front. By 8 p. m. the balance of the division was quietly moving out. The 100th and the other pickets formed a rear guard. We all

supposed that it was a move to the right, and were surprised to find that our course held on for three or four miles, straight for the rear, and then began to think we were falling back to the Chattahoochie. But before daylight we turned to the right, and marched till 6 a. m., then rested an hour. About this time the enemy could be seen occupying part of our old works, and we took position to resist, should they attempt to follow. But they were puzzled to understand our change of programme. The 20th corps had gone back to the river. The day was very hot, and the march was kept up until noon without halting. We camped about 4 p. m. On the 27th we rested most of the day, the road being occupied by the 14th corps, and the army of the Tennessee. About 3 p. m. we started again, passing these troops, we camped about 9 in a thick underbrush. It was so dark that candles had to be used to establish the line. Next morning we changed position and built works. On the afternoon of the 29th, we moved again and threw up more works, stayed until afternoon of the 31st. This was the position of the army at this time, the 23d corps on our left, 14th on our right, and the army of the Tennessee on the right of the 14th. The right wing of our corps rested on the Montgomery road near Red Oak. September 1st we moved on to the Flint river, and the same day the 23d corps struck the Macon railroad about two and a half miles below "Rough and Ready," destroying it. The army of the Tennessee had an engagement near Jonesboro. On the 2d, we struck the railroad about two miles below Rough and Ready, and commenced tearing it up. This was hard work, but being a new experience the men went at it with a will. The corps would march its length along side of track, stack arms and unsling knapsacks, and with rails from the neighboring fences, pry up the track, ties and all, throw it bottomside up, knock off the ties and make a bonfire of them, and then lay the rails across, so that when heated, they would bend with their own weight, or could be bent against a tree, and thus be rendered useless until re-rolled. While engaged at this the 14th corps and the army of the Tennessee were fighting near Jonesboro. About 6 p. m. our corps went to their left, formed a line and advanced, and drove the rebs from their works, capturing ten guns and from three to five hundred prisoners, but it

was dark before they could do much. Three of the regiment were wounded, but only one severe enough to be sent to the hospital. Next day we marched on through Jonesboro to near "Love-joys," and skirmished all the afternoon. We heard a mighty thundering in the direction of Atlanta, which we afterwards learned was caused by the explosion of eighty car loads of ammunition and the rebel magazines.

"On the next day Gen. Sherman issued a congratulatory order officially announcing that his "flanking machine" was again successful, and that Atlanta, the goal of the campaign was won, and occupied by the 20th corps, on the day previous, and that the present task was done and well done.

"We remained here until the 5th, most of the time exchanging fire with the enemy. It was an exposed position. Charlie Styles, who it will be remembered, was married at Athens just before starting out on the campaign, was hit and killed while playing his fife in his tent door. Surgeon Woodruff had his horse shot while here. This was the most southern point to which the 100th went. About 8 p. m. we started back. The night was dark, the roads muddy, and the pioneers hard work to make some places passable for the artillery.

"We entered Atlanta on the 8th day of September, and went into camp about three miles east of the city. We fixed up a very comfortable camp, and all were enjoying a rest, and hoping that it might last for some time. Some officers and men had visited this city about a year previous as prisoners of war, and were pleased to make its acquaintance again under so different circumstances. It was a great treat, after a four month's campaign, three at least of which had been under fire, losing many of our comrades, and kept upon a constant strain, encountering rocks, underbrush, dust, mud and rain, ragged and powder stained, dirty and barefooted,—it was a treat which can only be appreciated by those who have been through a similar experience, to be allowed once more to clean up, wear clean clothes, and move about without being on the "*qui vive*" against rebel bullets and shells.

"Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, we were enjoying a most delightful day, emphatically a day of rest—listening to the music of the bands, and congratulating ourselves that the campaign was

over; when we were astonished by the reception of orders for our brigade to prepare to move immediately.

"Long ere this we had learned that there is no use in a soldier's grumbling, or asking for the why and wherefore; all we have to do is to obey orders. So we go into town, load into a train, and start for Chattanooga. The trip is quickly made by rail, as now we had not to fight our way step by step. We arrived there Monday noon, camping in town and awaiting orders. About midnight we were ordered out and put on duty as provost guard. This was taken as an indication that our brigade was to do garrison duty, which pleased us all. But Tuesday afternoon we were relieved by convalescents and ordered to camp on a hill in the east part of the town. The troops which had been garrisoning Chattanooga had been sent to Huntsville, Tallahassee, and other points to guard the railroad from the raids of rebel cavalry, which were trying to do what mischief they could in Sherman's rear. We were therefore kept moving about lively.

"Oct. 7th, we went by railroad to Cleveland, thence to Resacca and back the next day, and on the night of the 11th, we were roused about midnight, went to the cars, but did not start out till 5 a. m., when we ran out as far as Ringgold, bivouacked near the town, and started back again between seven and eight p. m. We ran off the track in the night, and did not get on again until 11 o'clock next day, (13th).

"The 14th was an exciting day. Reports came of the surrender of Dalton by our force there, and the evacuation of Tunnel Hill and Ringgold. The troops in Chattanooga were set to work on the fortifications. In the afternoon of the 15th we went to Ringgold again, and back next night to Chattanooga. We did not leave the cars, but drew three days' rations, and about daylight started for Bridgeport. On the 18th returned to Chattanooga, disembarked, and started off on the march again, camping that night on the old Chickamauga battle field where we had been just one year and a month before, and where we had left many a brave comrade.

"On the 19th we marched 15 miles; on the 20th, 12 miles, passing through Lafayette. On the 21st we reached Alpine about noon, rested two hours, then our brigade moved west to Hender-

son's Gap in Lookout Range. Next morning we crossed the mountain, camping in Mill's valley. The sides of the mountain were steep, but the roads were good. The distance across was 12 miles. We crossed two rivers on the mountain, on one of which there was a fine waterfall, and the whole route presented much to interest the lover of nature. Mill's Valley we found a very nice one, rich in grain, vegetables and cattle, all of which were very acceptable, and a grateful variation of our fare.

"On the afternoon of the 24th we recrossed to the camp of the 21st, remaining there until the 28th, this time taking two sections of artillery, drawn by convalescent horses. The men had often to turn to and reinforce them, up and down the mountain. On the 29th we marched all day, camping about three miles from Trenton. On the 30th we went up Sand Mountain and nearly across it, and on the 31st descended and went to Bridgeport, halted, and drew rations. While at Bridgeport, headquarter's mess drew new tents, and camped in the dooryard of a large residence, which must have been a place of great beauty before the war. The yard showed evidences of having been filled with choice shrubbery. A magnificent climbing rose was over the door-way. The dining table of the mess was placed upon what had been a fine flower bed, and a beautiful peach tree was the hitching post for the officers' horses. Some roses and other shrubs remained to mark the pathway, and the cook hung his dish-cloth upon a choice rosebush. Although the owner is a rebel, we cannot but feel a pang at seeing so much that was beautiful thus destroyed. The palings of the fence have been taken by the cook to boil the coffee, and the big mule teams drive ruthlessly over the garden where some southern lady has no doubt expended much time and money. But these people have sown to the wind, and must reap the whirlwind !

"We then marched five miles toward Stephenson. Nov. 1st went on to Stephenson, took the cars about three p. m., and woke up next morning in Athens, Ala. Most of the day was occupied in drawing clothing, &c., and towards night we moved out about two and a half miles and camped.

"The next day (3d) we started again, reaching Pulaski, Tenn. on the 5th. On the way to Pulaski we were obliged to cross the Elk river 15 miles south of Pulaski, at a place called Elkton.

The stream was 200 yards wide, and in the center was mid-sides to our horses. This was a cold job for a raw November day, but the boys plunged in with a yell, and stepped out with a shout. No boy's play, this, as the men had to carry their guns and ammunition over their heads, as these must be kept dry whatever else might get wet.

"At Pulaski we fortified our position as though we were to remain through the winter. Hereabouts is a fine, rich cotton country, and many northerners had come in here and rented cotton plantations, and during the year had raised a fine crop and succeeded in getting it to market, without loss from rebel raids. Everywhere our army has been followed by an army of speculators, ready to make money out of the sufferings of the country, many of them caring little which side wins, so that they can get rich. We remained at Pulaski until the 22d of November, and in that time were visited by one of Uncle Sam's peddlers of greenbacks.

"Then commenced the falling back to Nashville, rendered necessary by the operations of Hood. On the 22d we went to Louisville. Next day quiet. On the 24th we started at 2 a. m., going through Columbia, and began to hear the familiar sound of cannonading and musketry behind us. That afternoon and the next day we spent in building works, and about 8 p. m. moved about one and a half miles to another position near the railroad. On the 26th and 27th there was picket firing all day, and about ten o'clock of the night of the 27th, we struck tents and fell back across Duck river, crossing at midnight, and moved to the Franklin pike. On the forenoon of the 29th we marched toward Spring Hill.

"When within about two miles of Spring Hill, an orderly brought a note to Gen. Stanley, our corps commander, who was riding at the head of our regiment. He took a rapid glance at the note, and ordered "double quick," to which the 100th responded with a will, actually running one and a half miles, changing by right flank into line of battle, without even slacking their pace; and without halting or wavering to receive the charge of the rebel cavalry who were coming on with drawn sabers, and yelling like demons. But when within about thirty paces, seeing that our lines did not give way, they turned and fled. We pur-

sued them until we met their infantry skirmishers, when we halted and prepared for defence. Here our division repulsed five charges made in quick succession, by the division of the rebel Gen. Clayborne, and maintained our position until 4 o'clock next morning when we quietly withdrew towards Franklin. This encounter occurred on the farm of a Mr. Peters, the man who killed the rebel Gen. Van Dorn, of whose attentions to his family he was jealous.

"We arrived at Franklin about noon, the enemy closely following us. Scholfield's corps were then behind a good line of works, our division was placed in line in front of them, and some slight works thrown up hurriedly. We could see Hood's army marching over the hills, south of us, and watch them form their lines. Then commenced the battle, the enemy charging us in great force about four o'clock. We were compelled to leave the first line, falling back to the second line of works, and there the battle raged till almost nine p. m. The enemy charged the works five times, some of them being killed close on them. Gen. Clayborne and his horse fell right on our works. The fighting was terrific. We were now behind works, and the enemy in the open field; almost the first battle in which the 100th had had this advantage. There was a small grove of young locust trees just in front of part of our line, every tree of which was cut off by bullets. The enemy withdrew, having been repulsed each time. Clayborne's division was nearly annihilated. Our list of casualties was again a sad one, for we lost one of the most valued of our remaining officers. Maj. Rodney S. Bowen was wounded in the thigh, and was placed in the last ambulance that started for Nashville, and died at that place three days after.

"Michael Murphy, our brave color sergeant, Co. C, was shot down while planting the colors in the face of the foe, and when Murphy fell, Andrew W. Johnson, of Co. D, sprang forward and snatched the colors and saved them from capture, for which he was made color sergeant.

WOUNDED:

Captain S. D. B. Lines, Co. I, bruise in side; Alfred Parry, Co. G, in hands of enemy; Joshua Bush, Co. G, left hand; Serg't. William Johnson, flesh, right hip; Sergeant Elisha Brown, Co. D, flesh, left shoulder; Mathew Boots, Co. D, right ear, slight; Frank E. Hills, finger, slight. Co. F—An-

drew McCord, bruise, side; George Braudeau, right arm, slight. Co. A—Serg't. Francis A. Fisher, mortally, and prisoner; J. W. R. Williams, flesh of face; Burnett Yates, face, slight. Co. K—Francis Green, hand, slight; Co. B—Martin King, right thigh; Co. E—Stephen Gascoigne, arm slight.

MISSING:

Co. G—Herman Harder, George Eberhard; Co. H—Alvah Hoyt, George W. Murray; Co. I—Alvis Kastner; Co. D—Samuel Fentryman, died, Chas. Awlsbrook, James Platt; Co. F—Serg't. Amos W. Shaw, Paul Brandeau, died; Co. C—August Welchlin.

Of the missing some afterwards came up. Some of the wounded had to be left at Franklin for want of transportation.

Of this battle of Franklin, some one writes in the papers of the time :

“Our forces abandoning the line of Duck River, fell back to Franklin. Thomas was waiting for the arrival of A. J. Smith's corps, before giving Hood battle, who had the largest army. Our cavalry skirmished with the rebel cavalry all day. Gen. Hatch having considerable of a fight Tuesday evening. The rebs tore up the railroad tracks at Thompson's station and Spring Hill, but as we had fallen back to Franklin this did not hurt us. The rebels attacked our army around Franklin in force Wednesday morning, Nov. 30th, and the fighting continued with greater or less severity through the day, resulting in the repulse of the rebels with a loss estimated at 4,000 or 5000 killed, wounded and prisoners. In the assault the enemy showed much bravery, but our victory was complete, and the slaughter of the enemy terrible. The 23d corps, Gen. Cox, and the 4th corps, Gen. Stanley, bore the brunt of the battle and exhibited great valor. Gen. Scholfield fought the battle on the plan which had been well digested between General Thomas and himself. One rebel brigadier was among the captured. Our own loss was about 600 in all. A thousand prisoners, including one brigadier and 107 other officers, were brought into Nashville.”

Official statements make the rebel loss 6,252; Union, 2,326.

After the battle of Franklin, our army under Scholfield fell back to Nashville where it effected a junction with A. J. Smith's corps, and went within the outer defenses of the city.

“We started at midnight of the day on which the battle had been fought, marching until noon of the next day. As may

readily be imagined, this was a terrible march after such a hard day's fight. So exhausted were the men, that officers on their horses, and men on their feet fell asleep while moving. We reached Nashville, twenty-five miles from Franklin, and about 3 p. m. were safe within the outer defenses, the enemy having crowded us all the way. The men had to be kept up and forced along by the prick of the bayonet by the rear guard, to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy, who were closely pressing the rear. When within four miles of Nashville they were allowed to rest and make coffee for the first time in forty-eight hours; and then went into position on the Granny White Pike, and threw up breastworks.

"Gen. Thomas placed his forces in line of battle three miles north of Nashville, and the enemy advanced within five miles, the space intervening being the scene of more or less skirmishing until the battle of Nashville.

"The next day after our arrival, (the 3d), the enemy was seen advancing in two lines of battle, and our boys were ready and anxious for them to attack. But our artillery soon drove them to their holes—literally to their holes, for they had actually commenced to burrow in the ground to protect themselves from the cold, and our sharpshooters and parrot guns. Reinforcements were constantly concentrating here, and Thomas waited until he got a "good ready" before going out to give Hood battle. "Old George" was sometimes thought a little "slow," but he had always shown himself sure, and honestly entitled to the sobriquet of "Old Reliable." The north got impatient. It is said that Grant telegraphed to ask why he did not attack Hood, and also that he sent Logan to see what was the matter, with authority to supersede him. If so, Logan had the good sense to let him alone.

"On the 11th, we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. But that night about three inches of snow fell, terminating in rain, after which it froze. This made everything so slippery that a movement could not be made with safety, and it was postponed.

"On the 14th, the order "forward" came, and we moved out quietly, but boldly for the works of the enemy, and by two o'clock p. m. had reached, stormed, and carried them in our front,

driving the enemy from Montgomery Hill, capturing 10 or 15 pieces of artillery, and turning them upon the fleeing foe, we followed them until darkness closed the engagement.

"The 100th was then ordered to establish a picket line as near as possible to the enemy without coming into collision with them, and we rested on our arms. Next morning at daylight we were ordered by our brigade commander (Wagner) to pass the enemy's skirmish line, and if it gave way to drive them to the Franklin pike with a grand right wheel, and press on until we struck them in force. Better, livelier, more brilliant skirmishing has been seldom seen than that which followed this order. We drove them square into their intrenchments on Overalls Hill, bringing our regiment entirely to the left of the front of our brigade, without any support in our rear or left, and perfectly independent, subject only to the orders of the colonel in command, who seemed to feel very proud of our exploit. Presently Gen. Wood came up with two brigades (one colored) and charged the works. The charge was gallantly made, but the position of our enemy was impregnable, and Wood had to fall back. A charge on the right was more successful, and the enemy's line was broken, when Thomas' whole army moved with a bound, and ere long Hood's entire army was one mass of fugitives. As we were pursuing them by column, en route, the enemy had opened a battery, one or two miles in front, and commenced shelling our troops. One of their shots passed directly between the colonel and adjutant who were riding side by side, striking the ground near the horses' hind feet, and bounding with a right ricochet just so as to miss going through the regiment lengthwise.

"Our casualties were remarkably few. We lost but one man killed, Joseph Butcher, of Co. F, who was a heroic man at all times, and this day especially so. Capt. S. B. D. Lines, of Co. I, was wounded on the skirmish line early in the engagement, sufficiently severe to permit his retiring to the rear, but nothing daunted, he remained at the head of his men, cheering them on."

This was the closing battle of the war in the West—the last time in which the 100th had to face the enemies of the Union in deadly encounter. For a description of it in its general aspects,

the reader is referred to works of larger scope than ours. Our county was still further represented in the battles of Nashville. The 88th regiment of infantry bore a conspicuous part in the engagements of both days, and in this regiment, we had three commissioned officers and nine enlisted men. The officers being Maj. L. P. Holden, and Capt. Edwin A. Stolp, of the town of Frankfort, and Lieut. Final H. Morey, of the town of Peotone. Also in the 72d regiment, which took part both in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, we had, first and last, somewhere about 35 men.

“On the 17th, the 100th joined in the chase after Hood, and went to Harpeth river, camping opposite Franklin. Next day crossed over to that place. Here we found two of our wounded, (Alfred Penny and Herman Harder, of Co. G,) that we had left doing well. Two others had died (Francis Fisher, of Co. A, and Paul Brandeau, of Co. F,) since the battle. We went into camp three miles south of Spring Hill. No others of the missing could be found. It rained all the time, and the roads were very bad. On the 23d we were at Columbia. On the 25th passed through Pulaski, where we left the pike and floundered through the mud. On the 28th we were at Lexington, 30 miles from Pulaski, where the chase terminated. At Athens, January 5th. Thence we went to Huntsville Ala., where we remained almost three months, resting from our labors.

“March 27th we broke camp again, going by rail to Chattanooga, and thence to Knoxville. April 1st, moved on to Bulls Gap, and on the 4th went eight miles farther to Blue Springs, where the troops were sent as a support to Stoneman’s cavalry in the rear of Lee, and were also employed in rebuilding railroad.

“Here we hear the glorious news of the surrender of Lee. The performances of the boys on getting the news of Lee’s surrender, and the probable close of the war, baffles description. Such a shouting and hurrahing! Such a fusillading, such a dancing and cavorting! Such a * * * * was never heard or seen before or since, anywhere. The destruction of hats is said to have been enormous, and to have exhausted the resources of the Q. M. department to repair damages.

“This rejoicing, however, was quickly followed by the news of

the assassination of LINCOLN, when a marked and sudden change came over the spirit of their behavior. Every eye was moistened with tears, every lip compressed. Vengeance seemed for the time stamped upon every countenance, and unlucky would it have been for any rebel who had come within their reach. The men gathered in little groups and discussed the matter in whispers. Routine duty was gone through quietly, without noise, every man walking as softly as at a funeral. Had each soldier received the news of the death of his own father, the effect could hardly have been more marked, or the grief more universal.

"On the 18th we started back, going by rail to Nashville, just escaping a catastrophe near Loudon. Here we went into camp a few miles south of the city, on the Harding Pike, and passed the time in drills, reviews, etc.

"On the 9th of May, the 4th corps was reviewed by General Thomas, and on the day following he issued a complimentary order to them.

"The time passed slowly. Every one was anxious to know what was to be done with our regiment, whether we should now be sent home, or held to serve out the balance of our three years. The boys passed the time in playing ball, foot races, and other games.

"The review of the 4th corps, notwithstanding its reduced numbers, was a splendid sight. 12,000 brave men were marshaled in their best trim, now for display, and not for deadly strife, and for the last time! "Old Pap" (as the boys with more love than reverence, were wont to call Gen. Thomas) never looked better, and seemed full as happy as any of us, as he rode his old war-horse down the lines, proud of his boys in blue, that had executed his orders on so many hardly contested fields. It added interest to the occasion, that the review was held on our last battle field, the field of his glory, and ours, where the finishing stroke had been given to the rebel cause in the west. The city was out in holiday attire to witness the scene.

"On the 13th day of June, we broke camp, and folded tents for the last time, and started for home. Arrived at Chicago, Thursday, June 15th. Had a formal reception by the citizens of Chicago, and were addressed by Gen. Sherman on the 16th.

"On the 1st day of July, we received our last rations of hard

tack and greenbacks from Uncle Sam, and were mustered out, and the 100th Illinois, no longer existed as an organized regiment. But of course we had a reception in Joliet. Four cars sufficed to bring back to Joliet the regiment which on going forth, three years before had required a train of twenty cars! On July 2d, Joliet gave the Will county regiment its welcome home—those who had survived its campaigns and conflicts; as has been elsewhere described.”

ADDENDA.

We have given in the preceding pages, a fuller history of the 100th regiment than of any other organization. The reasons for this will be obvious, and will justify us in so doing. It was THE WILL COUNTY REGIMENT, unlike all others, raised entirely from this county, and in it all parts of the county were represented. For this reason all of our citizens were especially interested in its fortunes. The author was also brought into more intimate relations with this regiment than with any other one, and has been able to collect more records and reminiscences of it than any other. Full as the history already is, there are yet a few statements we wish to place on record, for which we have not found any appropriate place in the preceding narrative.

We claim for the 100th regiment as proud a record as was made by any in the service. It was full of good men, competent for any duty, or any emergency. The details from its ranks were numerous. Many were selected as staff officers. Captain Elwood's abilities were soon appreciated, and he was almost at the outset selected for brigade inspector general. Captain Gardner, of Co. I, served as provost marshal and inspector. Captain Munger as brigade commissary. Adjutant Rouse also served as brigade inspector, and Lieut. Howard, of Co. B, as Provost Marshal, Lieut. J. C. Williams, of Co. G, as aid to Col.'s Fyle and Buell on brigade staff, and rode his gray mustang to good purpose. Lieut. Ingraham, of Co. F, served on staff of Gen. Negley. Many non-commissioned officers and privates were detailed as commissary clerks, &c., &c. Dennis Sibley was kept at work where his methodical business habits and talents were most useful. C. B. Garnsey was lawyer and scribe for the regiment, and as commissary sergeant, dealt out the hard tack and bacon.

with an impartial hand. Milton F. Hand pulled the teeth of the regiment, and was a most useful assistant in all surgical operations, and at some operations that were *not* surgical. The surgical skill of Dr. A. W. Heise, quickly took him from the regiment to Division Hospital, and he was placed at Chattanooga in charge of the amputating department. Dr. Harwood resigning after Stone River, on account of impaired health, the regiment was thenceforth in charge of Dr. Woodruff, who was always with the regiment in the front, and had several narrow escapes, and after the resignation of Dr. Heise was made full surgeon. After the battle of Chickamauga the regiment had become so reduced in numbers that there were more officers than the exigencies of the service required, and many consequently resigned and came home between that period and the opening of the Atlanta Campaign. Among them were Captains Elwood, Bartlett, McDonald, and Goddard, who had all proved able and brave officers, serving the regiment and the country well. But I must stop this, for if I should go on with all the special mention that could be made, I should protract this history beyond reasonable length. Suffice it to say, that if an artisan or engineer of any kind, a clerk, orderly, or staff officer was needed in brigade or division, he was most frequently selected from the 100th, which fact helped very much to reduce its numbers.

And yet, I must mention one more connected with the regiment—its most worthy chaplain. He was a man of strong physique, though considerably advanced in years. His whole heart was in the union cause. He was no *dilettante* chaplain. He cared both for the souls and the bodies of the men in his charge, and was indefatigable in his efforts in their behalf, often carrying a sick soldier's gun, and helping about the labors of the camp, and the bivouac and the hospital. His health compelled him to resign while the regiment was in the Sequatchie Valley, after about one year's service. The good chaplain's loyalty to the cause of the union was proverbial. Although a Kentuckian by birth and education, he was no neutral. I have given elsewhere one or two anecdotes of him, and will give one more. While on the march through Kentucky, he chanced to be on one occasion at dinner with some of the "chivalrous neutrals," where some one spoke contemptu-

ously of the character of the loyal Kentuckians. The worthy chaplain felt the insult, not so much for himself as for the class he represented, and deliberately rising from his chair, he addressed the person using the offensive language, "Sir, you must take that back, or I'll thrash you." The man looked up at the towering form and flashing eye of the chaplain, and—took it back! This, with one or two anecdotes we have told of him elsewhere, may perhaps suggest the thought, that the chaplain had mistaken his calling, and ought to have held the position of a belligerent. He would unquestionably have made a good fighter, but those who know him, do not need to be told that he was, (and still is) an able preacher, and a kind and faithful pastor, although he believed in fighting the enemies of the Union, and all the boys in the 100th will vouch for his fidelity and kindness as an army chaplain.


In conclusion, let it be said, (without any disparagement to others) that the men and officers who clung to the regiment through its entire service, were all of them true and tried, physically inured to hardship, and unsurpassed in their *morale*. If they performed no brilliant deed of daring or heroism, they did what is still better, they clung to the fortunes of the regiment, and of the country in its darkest days, and greatest dangers, hazard-ing life and limb through three long and weary years; seeing their comrades one after another falling victims to disease and exposure, and the accidents of war. Let us not forget the debt we owe them.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORY OF THE NINETIETH REGIMENT; OR, IRISH LEGION.

Organization—Efforts of Dr. Dunne and others—Personal Notices of Officers—Tribute to Chaplain—The Lockport Guards—Tribute to Lockport Citizens—Personal mention—Joliet Company or Casey Guards—In camp at Chicago—The Irishman something like his Flea—An incident in which Captain O'Marah shows his pluck—Getting off for the Front—Cairo—La Grange—Cold Water—Incidents—Captain O'Marah Shows his Pluck Again—A visit from Van Dorn—How Colonel O'Meara received him—A Sharp Fight—VanDorn retires—A Batch of Incidents—Back to LaGrange—Officers hunting Quarters—A Friendly Call—How the Caller Proved Himself an Irishman—A Case of Sickness—Not Fatal—Daughter of the Regiment—Regiment goes to Lafayette—Ordered to Memphis—How the 90th was Assaulted—On Board for Vicksburg—Goes up the Yazoo—New Brigade—Sickness—Before the Surrender—After—On to Jackson—Lieut. Eddy at Big Black—On to Jackson—Co. C and D open the Fight—Continued—A big Artillery Duel—Joe Johnson skedaddles—The 90th Thanked—Goes into Camp until September 27th—Ordered to Chattanooga—via Vicksburg and Memphis—Meets its old friends at Memphis—A loud call from Sherman—Rapid March—Just in Time—Thanks of Sherman—A Grim Joke of Sherman—March Resumed—On, on, on to Chattanooga—Hard Time—Wet, Cold, Naked, Dirty, Hungry, Saucy—Over the Mountains—Across the River—Goes into Battle—Casualties—Incidents—Goes to Knoxville—Returns—A strange Scene—Badge of the 15th Corps—Winter Quarters—Atlanta Campaign—Casualties—Through with Sherman—Will County Losses in 90th—Some Personal Mention—Conclusion.

 THE NINETIETH REGIMENT; OR, IRISH LEGION, was recruited and organized in the summer of 1862, under the President's call for 300,000 which followed the failure of McClellan to take Richmond. It was mustered into service in October of that year. Its rank and file were mostly Irishmen or Irish-Americans.

The country was largely indebted for its organization to the efforts of the late Very Rev. D. Dunne, D. D., at the time Catholic Vicar General of the Diocese of Chicago; who besides his patriotic purpose to serve the country of his adoption—which he deeply and enthusiastically loved—was no doubt greatly influenced by a desire to disprove the charge, sometimes made, that the Irish Catholic element was disloyal. And most nobly as we shall see, did this regiment give the lie to all such intimations. He was greatly assisted in his efforts by Smith McCleavey, of Chicago, who became the lieutenant colonel of the regiment, and by Patrick O'Marah, of Lockport, who became captain of Co. C. These, with others, were indefatigable in their efforts to overcome the obstacles to its completion. These obstacles were neither few nor small, but need not now be recounted.

Four companies of the 90th were organized in Cook county; one each in Winnebago, Jo Daviess, Boone and LaSalle, and two in Will county.

Governor Yates offered Dr. Dunne a commission as colonel of the regiment; but this honor was of course declined, as inconsistent with his holy office. Besides, it was the understanding and determination of those who were most active in organizing the Irish Legion, that a practical and experienced military man, who should at the same time be of Irish birth or descent, and of the Catholic faith, should be selected as its commander. Fortunately, through correspondence with Gen. Corcoran and others, a man was found that filled the bill. Dr. Dunne retained his interest in the regiment, and all its members, to the day of his death, never ceasing to look after and pray for them.

The original colonel of the 90th, was Timothy O'Meara, a native of the county of Tipperary, Ireland. He had led a somewhat adventurous life. He came to this country at an early age, and, when quite young, entered the regular U. S. service. He subsequently entered the Mexican service as a major of cavalry. At the beginning of the war he entered the Union service as a captain in the 1st Tammany regiment, and was in the ill-starred Balls Bluff expedition under the lamented Baker, at which time his regiment was cut to pieces, and himself wounded and made prisoner. When released, he was offered the command of the 2d

Tammany regiment, but he preferred to accept that of the Irish Legion, which had also been tendered him.

Col. O'Meara was enthusiastically attached to his chosen profession,—a most accomplished officer,—a man of splendid physique, tall and strait as an Indian, and one of the best horsemen and handsomest officers in the Union army. Add to this the fact that he was brave, patriotic and courteous, and it will seem no wonder that the men of the 90th—officers and privates—loved him, believed in and trusted him implicitly ; nor, that they deeply mourned when he fell at Mission Ridge, mortally wounded upon the field.

The lieutenant colonel of the regiment was Smith McCleavey, of Chicago, one of the most popular and whole-souled gentlemen, who, at a great pecuniary sacrifice had been very active in organizing the regiment, and now accepted the second place on its roster. He served with great acceptance and ability, until compelled by serious illness to resign. He was also an Irishman by birth, although a protestant in religious belief.

Owen Stewart, of Chicago, was the original major of the regiment, subsequently promoted colonel. He was severely wounded at Mission Ridge, just as the regiment was forming in line of battle. He was struck by a minnie ball which passed through his body, just above his hips. Strange to relate he recovered, and after a long absence rejoined the regiment and served ably through the war.

Redmond Sheridan, of Chicago, was the quartermaster of the regiment, an efficient officer and genial gentleman. He served the regiment during its entire existence, except for a brief period, when taken prisoner, as we will relate by and by.

E. S. Davis, adjutant, was a good officer and a good fellow generally, and served with honor and ability to the end of the war. Although a Yankee, bred and born, he was considered as good an Irishman as any in the regiment.

The 90th was very happy in its medical staff. Dr. Strong, of Rockford, was regarded as a surgeon of superior skill and ability, one of the best in the 15th A. C., and kind and courteous as well as skillful. John B. Davidson, 1st assistant, did not remain long with the regiment.

Dr. Darwin Hinkley, assistant surgeon, (afterwards promoted)

served the regiment during the war, and was a great favorite with the boys. The "Ould Doctor" and his "Queen Anne" are still remembered with affection. He was a father to the boys, and not a mere functionary.

The regiment was especially happy in its chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Kelly, of Chicago. Although in giving these notices of officers who were not Will county men, I am traveling a little out of the scope of this work, I will quote without abridgment the following tribute to the memory of this faithful chaplain, from a Will county officer :

" Rev. Thomas F. Kelly was the Chaplain of the 90th. Among those chaplains who have rendered efficient service to their country, the name of this zealous and patriotic priest will long live in the memory and affections of all who knew him. That he entered the service of the Republic from very decided impressions of Christian duty, and from a full conviction that he was specially called into this field of service, we think he has given abundant proof. The fidelity with which he discharged the various functions of an army chaplain, make it evident that he was the right man in the right place. That such a priest should be both popular and useful, is no matter of surprise. This upright and well-informed chaplain was highly esteemed by the officers and men of the 90th. His presence was hailed everywhere with warm expressions of delight. In the hospital he may be seen watching the sick, administering to their wants, and writing messages of love for the loved and absent ones at home. Then watch him as he visits from tent to tent, producing by his presence a suppression of impiety, and not unfrequently eliciting the willing tear that tells of a heart subdued by Christian hope. Behold him bending over the prostrate form of the dying soldier on the field of battle after the smoke has cleared away, and soothing his last moments with the consolations of religion, and preparing his soul for eternity. Such were some of the many duties often performed, that endeared Father Tom Kelly to the boys of the 90th. Father Kelly was born in Ireland, and was a splendid looking man. He was of large size and handsome figure. His fine open countenance always wore the glow of health, until stricken with the disease

that caused his death so soon, and in the vigor of manhood. Father Kelly rendered great service in raising the 90th, and took a deep interest in the welfare of the regiment during his lifetime. He always felt proud of his fighting boys, and never tired of giving them good advice, as well as moral and religious instructions, that they might be fitted for life hereafter, and prepared to brave danger without fear, when the trial came that would cause the Christian soldier to do battle to save the life of our glorious Republic. He never left the legion until stricken with disease contracted in the line of his duty near Yazoo river, Miss. And then only, when obliged. After many days journey he reached Chicago, his former home, where he lingered a few weeks and died. He left a pleasant charge at Bridgeport, Cook county, to enter the service of his adopted country; conscientious, full of Christian chivalry, he has fallen! We are sure he died well. He died in communion with his God. He died to save his country."

In the 90th regiment, Will county had eight commissioned officers, and substantially two companies of enlisted men. The sergeant major of the regiment and the hospital steward were also from Will county.

Company C, "Lockport Guards," was originally commanded by Capt. P. O'Marah, of Lockport, at which place the company was enlisted through the active efforts of Capt. O'Marah, Sergt. Major Lonergan, Lieut. Casey, Sergt. Dunne, and others. Their efforts were heartily seconded by the citizens of Lockport. Capt. O'Marah, in reference to the efforts to raise company C, writes :

"The history of those times cannot be written truthfully without mentioning the manly and patriotic efforts and valuable services rendered by such citizens as Hon. Geo. Gaylord, Hon. John B. Preston, John H. Arnold, John Gregory, Hon. Hiram Norton, Frank Gregory, Wm. Gooding, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Joel Manning, Rev. Michael Harley, L. S. Parker, Simon Lonergan, and many others, who were very active in assisting to organize troops to save the nation's life. Will county may well feel proud of such citizens; and surely, the boys who went soldiering in the "Irish Legion" from Old Will county, will remember them with pride and warm affection."

Capt. O'Marah commanded company C, until compelled to resign from loss of health in June, 1864, when James Dunne, who entered as sergeant, and had been promoted to 1st lieutenant, took command and was made captain in September. He was one of the first men to sign the muster roll. Years before he had been known as the champion shot of the Desplaines valley, a skill which now rendered the country good service. He participated in nearly all the battles in which the 90th was engaged, and was a most efficient officer—a strict disciplinarian, but civil and courteous. The boys gave him the *soubriquet* of “Old Shakehead,” but they heeded those same “shakes,” and while there is a survivor of the company left, he will not be forgotten.

James E. Casey, also of Lockport, (and still one of its substantial citizens), entered the company as sergeant, and was promoted 1st sergeant and then 1st lieutenant, and was a most reliable and efficient officer, prompt to do his own duty, and determined that others should do theirs.

The sergeant major of the regiment was Thomas E. Lonergan, then of Lockport, who served with ability and distinction until obliged to resign on account of wounds received at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25th, 1863. He was one of the youngest sergeant majors in the 15th army corps, and one of the best.

Captain O'Marah speaks thus of some of the non-commissioned officers of Co. C, from Will county:

“Serg't. John Ryan was a Lockport boy, made a good soldier, was wounded at Mission Ridge.

“Corporal Harry Porter was the steady man of the company, the best guide in the regiment, and a first rate good fellow generally.

“Michael McDonnell was the wild boy of the company, the best forager in the regiment—never went hungry if he could find anything to eat. He was never known to leave behind him anything he could carry if it was good to eat, except on one occasion, and then there was a fight—it was a bee-hive. The bees were of the rebel kind, and were too many for Mike, and his face and hands showed signs the next day of a fearful struggle for the mastery. He was the most generous and best hearted boy in the company, as well as a brave soldier.

"Corp. Patrick H. Sloan was wagoner, bugler, and man of all business for the company. At Mission Ridge his bugle was shot to pieces while he was using it. He was a clever man and good soldier.

"Owen Curran, entered the quartermaster's department as clerk, and performed his duty faithfully and well, and was mustered out as corporal."

Co. C was composed of a greater portion of young men than any other in the regiment, many of its members were detailed to act as non-commissioned officers and clerks. It was the first one of the Will county companies in camp, and was the second one of the regiment to be mustered in. It was therefore entitled to rank as Co. B, but preferred to be the color company, and most gallantly did the boys bear the regimental colors through the war.

Much money was spent by the active organizers of Co. C, in the way of expenses and extra bounties for men, and by other citizens of Lockport, and while in this company, (and also in Co. D,) there were some gathered from other localities outside the county, yet the labor and expense of their enlistment was borne by Will county.

Company D was raised in Joliet, by Dan O'Connor, its first and only captain, assisted by others. John M. Kelly, a son of our old and well remembered citizen, Timothy Kelly, was 1st lieut., and Peter O. Bryne, 2d lieut. This company was known during the period of its incubation, as the "Casey Guards," so named from its godfather, Hon. Samuel K. Casey, and who, as we have elsewhere said, was a most generous godfather, having contributed a thousand dollars by way of bounties in its enlistment.

Near the close of the war, Captain O'Connor was promoted major of the regiment. While at camp in Chicago, he was dubbed the "Posy Captain," from his habit of wearing a nosegay in his buttonhole.

As PART FOURTH of this work will give the name, rank and military history of every member of the regiment from Will

county, we must refer the reader to that for further personal details.

While at Joliet, Co. D was presented with a large and very costly silk flag by the ladies of Joliet, Mrs. E. C. Fellows, making the presentation speech. It was an exceedingly beautiful gift, and an appropriate one also, notwithstanding the fact that several of the Irishmen in this company were Dutchmen. These fought as well "under the green" as if "to the manor born." These two companies for the 90th, it is worth noticing, were raised in old Will, during the same summer in which she sent out an entire regiment, the 100th.

The first event of any importance which happened, was just before the regiment left Chicago. As may be imagined, a thousand Irishmen could not be got together without having some restive ones; and to bring so many men, who had heretofore regulated their movements by their own sweet will alone, into proper regard for the discipline of the camp, was not an easy task. Under this restlessness many deserted. In a word, the Irishman was very much like the Irishman's flea. An officer had to be sent to the city every day to hunt up the missing ones. The captains with suitable details had to take their turn at this duty.

To add to the difficulty of recovering such men, an order from the war department had been promulged, allowing the enlistment of ten men from each volunteer regiment, for the regular service. In this condition of affairs, it came Capt. O'Marah's turn to go on this duty. After considerable search he found three men belonging to Co. D, who had enlisted the day before in the regular service. A good deal of money had been spent on these men, and they could not be given up without an effort, at least, to get them. The captain demanded of the recruiting officer the release of these men, which was insolently refused. Captain O'Marah told him that he should take them by force. The officer defied him to do so, and ordered five of his assistants to arm and defend the men. Captain O'Marah ordered Lieut. Harrington, Sergeant Dunne, Richard Delaney, and two others of his detail to take the deserters, while he attended personally to the officer in charge. The result was, that the deserters *were taken*, put on the street cars, and returned to the camp.

The recruiting officer preferred charges against Captain O'Marah, but before the matter could be tried, the regiment was ordered to the field, and it was dropped. It will be easily understood, that it was no easy task to get one thousand Irishmen all aboard of a railway train, at the same time, and keep them there until the train left. This labor was performed by company C, and cheerfully done, although they had been on duty all night, and the day previous. Some little excitement had been created by the burning of a portion of the camp buildings on the eve of their departure.

The 90th broke camp at Chicago, Nov. 27th, and went to the front via Cairo, Columbus and Grand Junction. At Cairo, while embarking on the steamer for Columbus, five men of the regiment were drowned. The regiment was ordered to LaGrange, Tenn., where it was assigned to garrison duty. In a few days it was ordered to Coldwater, Miss., four or five miles north from Holly Springs, to guard some bridges erected on trussle work, on the Mississippi Central Railroad. This was a position of great importance for a new regiment on account of the vast army under Grant, who was at that time making his way to the rear of Vicksburg, and was at that time near Oxford, sixty miles below. The supplies for his vast army had to be brought over these bridges. The headquarters of the regiment, with seven companies, was established at Coldwater. Three companies in charge of Major Stewart, were stationed at Hutsonville, three miles north. The 90th was at this time alone, had not been brigaded, and every man felt the responsibility of the charge. As the sequel will show they were equal to the position.

When the regiment was ordered from La Grange to Cold Water, it was to "move light," and with only two days' rations. Capt. O'Marah was left in charge of the camp and regimental property, with instructions as soon as possible to get transportation from the commandant of the post at La Grange, sufficient to reach the regiment before their two days' rations were exhausted. Twenty sick men who were unable to march were left with him, and with the assistance of the quartermaster and these, he was to guard the camp, send out pickets, and load up the stores, baggage, &c. Like all new regiments, the 90th had about double the bag-

gage which army regulations allowed. There was some delay in obtaining transportation. The distance to the railroad station at Grand Junction was three and a half miles, and to this point the property must be hauled by wagons, through a guerrilla infested region. The commandant furnished 13 large army wagons, all the drivers of which were negroes except one, who was a large powerful soldier belonging to an Ohio regiment. When the wagons reached camp, it was found that the men were unable to perform the duty of loading up the wagons, taking down tents, &c., and then unloading them again at Grand Junction, within the time required. Fortunately Chaplain Grant, formerly a pastor of the Congregational Church at Lockport, Ill., was at this time in charge of a contraband camp at Grand Junction, and Captain O'Marah dispatched a messenger to him for help. He responded with 30 contrabands who came and did their work well. Two trips were required to transport the stores, &c. By the time the wagons were loaded for the second trip it was nearly night, and there would be some risk of getting gobbled up. But the effort must be made, for by this time the regiment at Cold Water must be getting hungry. But the white driver now proved balky. He swore that he would not take any risk, and after the teams had all got into line, with guard, &c., ready to start, he drove his team out of the line into the woods, and forthwith began to throw his load overboard. When ordered by the quartermaster to take his place in the line, he swore he would obey no d—d Irish officer, but would do as he pleased, and if the quartermaster did not get out of the way would kill him. Something must be done with this man or the whole train would be demoralized, and the property must go forward that night.

Capt. O'Marah was sent for. Now the captain was the owner of a large pair of navy pistols, so large that the boys used to call them his "section of artillery." He was mounted at the time, and forthwith appeared armed upon the scene. He ordered the man to take his place with the teams in the line. The man refused to obey, with oaths and threats. The captain drew one of his pistols, aimed it a little aside of the man's head, and emptied one of the barrels, just clipping the ear. This had the desired effect. The bulky became as docile as a lamb, begged for merey, and promised

obedience. When the trains reached the depot at Grand Junction he unloaded his wagon with great dispatch, and disappeared. The captain had forgotten all about it, when an officer touched him on the shoulder and informed him that he was under arrest, and ordered him to repair to the Provost Marshal's office. He did so, and there found the driver, who had entered a complaint against him for shooting with intent to kill. On hearing the captain's statement, and the evidence in its support, the captain was at once released, and the driver dismissed with a severe reprimand. The Provost Marshal was R. F. Farrell, a captain in the 15th Michigan, and afterwards U. S. Minister at Cadiz, Spain.

But the driver, not satisfied with what he had done, on his return to La Grange made another complaint before the Provost Marshal at that place. Now, it happened that Capt. Barrett, of Co. K, was staying behind on leave, at the hotel, his wife being sick, and the officer who was sent to arrest O'Marah, finding no other officer of the 90th there, arrested him. Of course he was soon released, when it was found they had got the wrong man. But it was considered a good joke on Capt. Barrett.

The camp stores, rations, &c., reached the regiment at Cold Water in time to meet their wants.

The regiment was at this time armed with the Austrian rifled musket, which had been purchased by Gen. Fremont's quartermaster at St. Louis. These were a very inferior arm, almost as dangerous to those who carried them as to those against whom they were aimed. Many would not go off at all, and those that would got heated, and went off prematurely, often taking along a finger, a cap-visor, or a piece of an ear. The stocks were of soft wood and easily broken; and the bayonets were also easily broken. In fact the ramrod was the only reliable part of the Austrians.

With such arms was the raw and inexperienced 90th called upon to face the enemy—seven times greater in numbers—for the first time. The celebrated raid of the rebel General Van Dorne, in December 1862, will be well remembered by all familiar with our war history. Making a circuit around Grant's advancing army, he struck the Union lines at Holly Springs on the evening of December 19th, 1862, and on the morning of the 20th captured the town and nearly all the garrison, destroying the accumu-

lated government stores, the depot, round house and rolling stock of the road. The government supplies were valued at more than two and a half millions, all of which was lost on account of the inefficiency of the commander of the post. He made no resistance. Had he shown the pluck of Col. O'Meara and the 90th, or of the force at Davis Mills, he would at least have saved himself from the censure of Gen. Grant, who issued a severe order reflecting upon the surrender.

On the morning of the 20th, the smoke of the burning at Holly Springs was seen by the boys at Coldwater, and they knew that there was trouble ahead. Col. O'Meara at once ordered all the tents of the regiment to be taken down, in order that the enemy could not see his strength, (or rather his weakness); then formed the seven companies under his command, in a small ravine and awaited the attack. This ravine was nearly midway between the railroad and the wagon road, leading from Holly Springs, and parallel with both roads. There were two small stockades between Coldwater and Holly Springs, with two companies of the 101st Ill., who fell back on the approach of Van Dorn's force. They came running down the railroad, and when they reached Coldwater, they were halted and put in position as reserve, using the railroad as a breast work. Shortly after, a detachment of the 2d Ill. cavalry that had cut its way through Van Dorn's forces, arrived in time to assist the 90th. Gen. Van Dorn had about 7,000 men, and evidently intended the destruction of all the railroad bridges north of Holly Springs. To withstand him there was only the forces mentioned above. Add to this the fact that the 90th had never faced the music of flying bullets, and the prospect of a successful defense looked rather slim.

Van Dorn summoned Col. O'Meara to surrender, and received a polite declination, with the assurance that he should hold the place as long as an Irish man lived to defend it.

Then commenced the attack. Van Dorn formed his forces in three columns, and advanced one at a time, for three times in succession, and was repulsed handsomely each time. The detachment of the 2d Ill. cavalry, as well as the 90th, behaved splendidly. The defense was followed up in such a spirited, vigorous, and stubborn manner, that Van Dorn withdrew his forces, and

abandoned the attack at this point. He moved northward, made another attack at Davis' Mills, and was again defeated by the brave 40th Ill., in command of Col. Hicks.

For their gallant stand on this occasion, the 90th, then only twenty days in the field, received the public thanks of Gen. Grant, in general order No. 4, and also a splendid national flag. Such was the auspicious commencement of a splendid career.

There were some ludicrous incidents just before the engagement, which must be chronicled. Lieut. Col. McClevey, while riding along the line, saw the rebs advancing, when he gave the following order to the 90th: "*Get up into rows*, boys, they are coming again." There was not much "West Point" about that order, but it answered for the occasion. The bye's got up into 'rows' to some purpose!

We have mentioned the fact that Dan. O'Connor's company had received a splendid flag from the ladies of Joliet. Dan prized this very highly, not only for its intrinsic beauty, but also on account of the donors, and he felt quite unwilling to expose it to vandal hands, and the risk of being damaged by shot. He had therefore ordered it buried. On some one's suggestion that that was not the way to preserve his colors, it was unearthed, and placed beside the stars and stripes, and so vigorously defended, that it came out unscathed.

While in camp at Coldwater, there were some absurd occurrences, as would be naturally expected from new troops, and especially Irish recruits. Some of them we will relate, although the parties were not Will county men.

In company K, (from LaSalle county,) was a little Irishman named McFadden. Now nature never intended Mac for a soldier, and military discipline could do but little to supply the deficiency. He was a slight, timid creature, with thin lips, and a weak piping voice, and a head so hard as to shed orders as a duck's back sheds rain. One night Mac was on post on the wagon road leading under the long trestle work, and during his watch, heard the tramp of approaching horsemen. Now, not withstanding reiterated instructions as to his duty as sentry, added to the known danger of his position on a lonely road, in the midst of an enemy's country, Mac had not conquered his natural aver-

sion to fire arms, and was standing with a gun loaded indeed, but *without a cap*. Imagine the astonishment of the advancing party, (which fortunately was composed of Union men,) at hearing a thin, weak voice, from the dark recesses of the trestle work, squeak out, "*Wait till I cap! Wait till I cap!*" Their sense of the ludicrous was irresistably appealed to, and a roar of laughter drowned McFadden's weak, but *original* challenge. Next morning Mac was brought before the colonel, to answer for his unsoldierly conduct. His only plea was, "Kernel, when I thought it was the inimy, I was as wake as wather, but whin I knew it was our own min, I was bould as a lion." The explanation was so exhaustive that Mac was sent back to his quarters, feeling himself the hero of the day.

Later in the history of the 90th Mac. furnished the boys some further amusement. Gen. Logan then in command of the corps to which the 90th belonged, was riding past the camp with his staff. Mac. on sighting him ran out and commenced squeaking "halt! halt!" The general seeing his eagerness, supposed of course that he had some very important matter to communicate, and halted with his staff, and Mac. at once unburdened his mind as follows: "Ginerel, I have tin dollars here, I want ye to sind to me sister, and to fix it so that her husband Mike, the spalpeen, bad luck to him, will niver know it, at all, at all." Gen. Logan was noted for his ready attention to the claims of the humblest private, but just then having more important business on hand, he consigned Mac. and his "tin dollars" to a warm place, and started on amid the roars of his *cortege*.

Another incident, the hero of which belonged to company A, is worth relating. Major Stewart, who as we have said was in command of the three companies at Hutsonville, when returning from headquarters at Cold Water, was halted by one of his pickets. It was dark, and the sentry could but just distinguish a person approaching on horseback, but could not recognize him. Now the major had given much time and labor to the work of instructing his men in picket duty, and he obeyed the command to halt, with a feeling of gratified pride, that his boys were so vigilant. This feeling was somewhat modified by what followed.

Sentry—"Halt!" The major halted. *Sentry*—"Dismount!" The

major dismounted. A pause followed of awful moment to both parties. The major wondered what he would be required to do next. The sentry was cudgelling his brain to remember what he ought to demand. His delay was but a moment. Although he could not recall the exact form of the challenge, he was conscious of its purport, and sternly determined to have no foolishness, the sentry drew his gun to his shoulder, took steady aim at the portly figure of his commanding officer and roared out. "Throw your hands over your head, and *declare your intinshuns!*"

The major hastened to comply before the next step was taken.

During the Cold Water fight the 90th lost (for a time) its brave quartermaster. He was captured by Van Dorn's force, in a manner worth relating.

During the skirmishing with the enemy, the military arder of the quartermaster impelled him to leave his stores and books with a subordinate, while he sallied forth to join the fray. Now, it happened that the quartermaster, while he was a man of undoubted valor, was, like Zacheus of old, "little of stature." To counter-balance this deficiency he had recourse to an expedient somewhat like that of his prototype,—he mounted a very tall horse. Being in full uniform, and sporting in his hat a long green plume, emblematic of the land of his birth, he presented a novel, if not a formidable figure. At the last moment he bethought himself that he was not armed. To be sure he was the happy possessor of a sword, but past experience had convinced the quartermaster that the conflict between his sword and his legs was an irrepressible one, and that it was more ornamental than useful. Appealing to a friend, he was supplied with a small, a very small pistol, and with this armament he sallied forth to annihilate the enemy. It happened just at this moment that the squads of the 2d Ill. cavalry were coming in, as we have related, and the quartermaster having constituted himself a volunteer aid-de-camp, assigned them their positions. While doing so, he observed another squad, which he supposed to belong to the same company, who were halted at the edge of a wood some distance, and who seemed to be about to open fire upon our troops. Thinking that they were mistaking their friends for enemies, he dashed out to them, and explained that the troops in their front were union troops, and offered to con-

duct the squad into our lines. Whereupon one of the troopers he was trying so kindly to serve, rode along side of our Q. M., and seizing him by the collar, gently lifted him from the horse, saying, "come along with us, little fellow, we will take care of you." This terminated "Sheridan's ride;" and the only consolation he ever got out of the affair, was given him by Col. O'Meara, who suggested, that the reason why Van Dorn did not press the assault any longer, was undoubtedly the fact that the quartermaster's size and equipments had convinced him of the utter helplessness of the attack!

We will add that Sheridan was parolled, and that several months elapsed before he could resume duty. Let it also be recorded to the credit of the brave but unfortunate quartermaster, that while he was held a prisoner, he stubbornly and persistently refused to reveal the name of his regiment, and the strength of the union force, although threatened with death in case of refusal.

When Gen. Grant fell back, (as he was now compelled to do, his supplies being destroyed), to the line of the Charleston and Memphis railroad, and transferred his operations against Vicksburg to the river, the 90th was withdrawn from Cold Water, and returned to La Grange, and went into their old camp, called "Camp Yates," in honor of the Governor of Illinois. This camp was located about a mile from town. La Grange is a very pretty town, with institutions of learning and many fine residences. Their arrival at this place was on a wet, lowery afternoon, in the month of December, 1862. Immediately after arriving at the depot, the most of the officers went to the hotel to procure quarters, but found it full of people. It was kept by a rebel widow lady, who had no favors to bestow upon the hated Yankees. Many of the officers exhausted their powers of blarney upon her, but to no purpose. Night was near at hand, and something must be done to procure shelter. One of the officers had his wife with him, and she must be cared for at all events. So the officers determined to take possession of the front parlor by force, and it was accordingly done.

After getting possession of the room, and building a good fire, they were called upon by a countryman who rejoiced in the somewhat familiar patronymic of Kelly, claiming to be an Irishman,

and doing business in town. Besides his name, he produced in support of his pretensions two large bottles of gin. This was a strong proof that he was all he claimed, and the sight was a welcome one to the wet and *dry* officers. But they were in an enemy's country—the liquor might be poisoned; and much as their mouths watered for “a drap”—prudence held them back from a compliance with his invitation to take a drink. Here a happy thought struck some one. The man should first take a good drink himself, and if, after a suitable time, no evil effects were apparent, then it would be safe to partake. This was acceded to, and the man unhesitatingly took a drink sufficiently large to show, not only that he was what he claimed to be, but that he wasn't a bit afraid of this particular sample. No (unusual) evil effects following,—without waiting a very long time, the officers took a taste. They lived long enough to finish his two bottles, and several more like them, and made up their minds that he was a true Irishman, and a good fellow besides.

Meanwhile Captain Barrett and his wife had been searching the town for quarters, and being refused at every place he had tried, he left her in the parlor with the officers, and in company with Dr. Hinkley, started out to make another effort, as there were imperative reasons why she should be got into comfortable quarters, without much longer delay. Before their return Mrs. Barrett was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and must be cared for at once. Captain O'Marah and Lieut. Cunningham determined that she should have a room, and the best one the house afforded. They found it occupied by a portly gentleman, a rich cotton speculator from St. Louis. They explained the urgent necessity that he should give up his room to a lady who had been taken seriously ill, and invited him to go down stairs and quarter with them. Somewhat reluctantly he consented, and the arrangement was made; and Mrs. Barrett had the room, and a colored girl to wait on her, and the dispossessed gentleman took it good humoredly. Not many hours after, the doctor,—who had in the meantime returned with Captain Barrett, and accompanied him to the room of Mrs. B.—came down with the startling announcement of an increase in their military family—and that a “daughter of the regiment” had made her appearance, and that mother and daugh-

ter were doing well! The old cotton speculator became very much interested and elated over the affair, and claimed of Captain Barrett the right to name and adopt the child, inasmuch as it had been born in his room,—which was gracefully conceded.

During the remainder of the winter, and the early spring, the regiment was engaged in garrison duty at La Grange, and was attached to 1st brigade, 1st division, 16th army corps. Nothing of much note took place during the time. There were occasional skirmishes with small bodies of the enemy, but nothing serious occurred. The boys having much leisure time on hand, were somewhat at a loss how to occupy it. I presume they behaved very much like Irishmen and other soldiers when off duty, sometimes perhaps—a little more so!

On the 9th of March, the regiment was ordered to Lafayette, a most important post on the Memphis & Charleston railroad, fifty miles east of Memphis, where the main turnpike road crosses the Wolf River, and where was located the only water tank between Memphis and grand junction, the destruction of which would be an effectual blockade of the railroad. The rebel guerilla chiefs were constantly threatening its destruction, and hardly a night passed while the regiment was there, that the pickets were not fired upon. None, however, were killed, and but few wounded. The 90th had relieved a brigade and two companies of artillery. As may be readily supposed, the duty on which they were now placed was very hard, as well as an important one, in guarding the water tank, the bridge across Wolf River, the railroad bridges and telegraph wires.

On the 10th of April, (1863) seven companies under command of Col. O'Meara, moved to "Camp Misery," a few miles distant; where they remained doing garrison duty until ordered south to Vicksburg. Nothing of special interest transpired there.

Three companies in command of Capt. O'Marah, remained at LaFayette to guard that post, until ordered to join the seven companies at Camp Misery, on the march for Vicksburg via Collierville and Memphis. While they remained at Lafayette, the boys were in the habit of indulging in a swim in Wolf River, at the bridge, but were instructed to take their arms with them, and to place part on guard, while the rest were in. But after a while

they got a little careless about the matter, and one day five went out without leave, and without arms and were gobbled up, and never heard from afterwards. They were none of them from Will county.

On the 4th of June, 1863, Capt. O'Marah was ordered with his command to rejoin the regiment (at Camp Misery), which was under orders for Vicksburg. On the 6th the regiment took up its march for Collierville, which they reached at 11 o'clock at night, fagged out by their rapid march. They were ordered to move again at 4 a. m. Collierville was the brigade headquarters, and here was all the camp and garrison equipage, and the baggage of the brigade in one seemingly inextricable mass. This the proper officers had to look after and to obtain transportation for in time for the march. It was accomplished and the regiment was on the move at the appointed hour, and marched twenty-three miles in the direction of Memphis. The next day's march would take them through the city, for embarkation on the river.

And now occurred a scene highly illustrative of the peculiar character of the Irishman. All know his attachment to the land of his birth and to his religion, and his love for martial glory. All, too, know his mercurial temper, and how easily and quietly, when driven forth by poverty or oppression from his native land, he transfers his affections to the home of his adoption, and how quickly he becomes qualified to assume the responsibilities and to defend the institutions of his new home. But like the man who marries a wife, while he gives all his soul and manhood, and all that makes life dear to his new condition, he never forgets his "Ould Mither."

It is well known that the city of Memphis was most bitterly secesh. And like all places of importance it had a large proportion of Irish citizens, who, as would naturally be expected, had adopted the views and sympathized with the feelings of the community where they had cast their lot.

The regiment was in camp on the evening of the 7th, about two miles outside the city, expecting to embark next day on the steamer G. W. Graham, bound for Vicksburg, then considered the great slaughter pen for union soldiers.

Scouts brought word to the 90th that the Irish in Memphis

were more bitter against union soldiers than the natives themselves, and that it would not be safe to march through the city without being thoroughly prepared for defence. That portion of the city where the Irish citizens mostly resided, was known by the name of Pinch, and their line of contemplated march down Poplar street to the levee, was directly through Pinch. Some counseled a change of route, avoiding this locality, as it was understood that the Irishmen were determined to attack the regiment. But better counsels prevailed. It was not for the 90th who had met and scattered the hosts of Van Dorn, to turn aside for brick-bats and shillalabs in the hands of their own countrymen.

The regiment at three o'clock p. m.—every preparation being made—took up its march through the city. Poplar street was thronged with men, women and children. The whole city had turned out to see the reception which was to be given to the Irish Legion by their rebel countrymen, anticipating a lively time.

Never did the Legion make a better appearance. Its ranks full,—the guns and swords glistened in the sunlight—and the army blue was fresh brushed and clean. The officers of the line were in new and bright uniform, and the field officers were well mounted. All the officers wore green plumes in their hats. The stars and stripes, and the green flag as well, floated gaily in the breeze. The regiment marched with the regularity of veterans. Their alignment on the march was as straight as an arrow. It was an imposing sight—a sight calculated to awaken admiration, touch the Irish love of martial display, and at the same time to suggest that such an array it would be wise to let alone.

In such a trim the 90th reached the thronged street, and took its course down the center. A few hisses and groans were heard, and many defiant scowls were seen. The band was ordered to strike up that grand old Irish air, "Saint Patrick's Day," and to continue with "Garry Owen," both of which were rendered with great spirit. The effect was magical. The Irish heart was reached by these appeals to the eye and ear, and in an instant the whole scene was changed. The contemplated assault became a perfect ovation. Cheer after cheer went up from those who had come to hiss—brick-bats were dropped and hats were swung; the feeling for the dear old green flag, and the stars and stripes returned, and wave

after wave of acclamation followed the regiment down the street. Men, women and children closed in behind the boys, and followed them to the levee, where the regiment formed a square and stacked arms; and now followed even a heartier welcome. The crowd greeted the officers and men most warmly, men and women vying with each other in their hospitality. Suddenly, as if by magic, baskets of nice lunch, hampers of wine, and cases of liquors, appeared upon the scene, and were pressed upon officers and men with the utmost cordiality. Nor did the good feeling abate until the regiment was safely aboard the steamer, and it loosened from her moorings. Indeed so overcome were some of the men and some of the officers, with the hilarity of the scene and the hospitality shown them, that they did not get aboard until the next day.

On the morning of the 11th the Graham laid up for orders at the mouth of the Yazoo, and entered the river at 6 a. m. During the day, she landed the 90th at Snyder's Bluff, Miss., in the rear of Vicksburg, when it was placed on fatigue duty, throwing up embankments, digging trenches, etc.

The division was now in command of Wm. Sooy Smith, and had been detached from the 16th army corps and assigned to duty with the 9th army corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. Parke. It was now in the height of summer, in one of the hottest parts of the south, for it was too far inland to feel the effect of the gulf breezes. The heat was so oppressive in the middle of the day, that even the negroes could not endure it. No water could be obtained except from cisterns, and very little of that. Many of the ponds were poisoned, and filled with the carcasses of dead animals, and the sickly season of the country was fast coming on. It is not to be wondered at that many a brave and strong man succumbed to disease and died; while many others were compelled to return home with health utterly broken. It was here that the beloved chaplain contracted the disease which ended in his death a few weeks after returning home.

The regiment remained doing fatigue duty until the 22d of June, when it was ordered to march at noon with three days' rations. It remained up all night, and just before daylight of the 23d moved for the Big Black, expecting to meet and engage the enemy, then reported advancing on the rear of Grant's army.

No enemy, however, was encountered, and the regiment after three days' marching returned to its former position.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, on the same day, at 3 p. m., it was ordered to march, and went to Bear Creek, eight miles and bivouacked. On the 6th it resumed its march reaching the Big Black at 7 p. m., when the enemy was encountered. An attempt was made to cross the river the same night, but it was found too deep, and it had to be abandoned. Coggswell's battery, in command of the senior 1st Lieut. H. G. Eddy, of Lockport, was ordered into position and commenced firing at 1 o'clock the same night. In the morning the fighting commenced in a skirmish, the enemy occupying one bank and the Union forces the other. A detail of two hundred men from the 90th, in command of Captain O'Marah, was ordered to build a floating bridge across the river under the protection of our artillery, but on the finding of a large scow boat, it was abandoned. The 90th crossed the Black on the scow, and at 10 o'clock at night, and bivouacked on the other bank. It had rained most of the day, and the men were wet, hungry and tired out, and laid on the ground all night in this condition. The regiment had moved "light." The men had no knapsacks, neither officers or privates had a change of clothing. They had also to depend on foraging for their supplies, and suffered much from want of food and water.

It was on this march that the 90th were ordered to burn the mansion of Joe Davis, then serving as inspector general on his brother's staff. Gen. Joe had left only an hour or two before our forces reached his plantation. The house was burned with everything in it undisturbed.

The enemy having fallen back from the Big Black, the march was continued, with the expectation that at any time the enemy might give battle. The 9th day of July was one of excessive and most oppressive heat. Yet the men were pressed on very rapidly after the retreating rebels, in order to force them into a fight. But there is a limit to the endurance of human muscle, even when backed up by strong will, and the men fell out in rapid succession, overcome by the heat and fatigue, and after lying on the ground and getting a little rested, started on again. At 2 o'clock, the regiment was allowed a rest of two hours, in a little grove

of timber. The boys nearly stripped themselves naked in order to get some relief from the overpowering heat. The enemy was reported just in advance. Two companies, C and D, were ordered forward as skirmishers, with orders to move rapidly, engage the enemy and bring on a battle. After moving forward about one mile, the force was halted, Co. C was deployed, and Co. D held as a reserve. They had moved only a short distance when the enemy opened on them from an ambush. The fire was returned, and a rapid advance made, the enemy falling back into a large cotton field. Then followed one of the sharpest little engagements between the skirmishers on either side ever witnessed. The Will county boys were the victors, and were highly complimented by brigade and division commanders.

This skirmish fight opened the battle of Jackson which lasted three days, and which terminated in a Union victory, and the flight of Johnson and his army. Companies C and D were obliged to go on picket duty the same night without rations or water. This engagement took place on Lee's plantation within four miles of the city of Jackson.

It is an interesting coincidence, that Lieut. Eddy, of Lockport, fired the first shot at the Big Black, and that Captain O'Marah, with Co. C, of Lockport, opened and brought on the fight on the 9th of July, at Lee's plantation.

I shall quote now verbatim from a narrative, supplied by an officer of the regiment :

"On the 10th of July we had driven the rebel army into Jackson, and closed our lines about them. Here they turned at bay, behind their intrenchments, and offered fight. Jackson was strongly fortified ; the intrenchments which were of strong earth-work, with rifle-pits in front, extended in the shape of a half circle around the city, beginning at Pearl river on one side, and ending at Pearl river on the other side. The fortifications were well appointed with various kinds of ordnance, suitable for a long and determined defence of the city. The day was extremely warm, and the boys of the 90th suffered dreadfully from the terrible heat and scarcity of water. The regiment slept on their arms during

the night, ready for action at a moment's notice. On the 11th the union forces pressed close in, and shelled the town from every direction. Here commenced one of the grandest artillery duels during the war. Our forces had at Jackson nearly all the artillery used at Vicksburg, and the rebels had nearly the same number in position there.

"The 90th was advanced to the front within a few hundred yards of the rebel works. The reader can readily understand that to be under this cross-fire, when both sides were engaged firing as rapidly as possible, was one of the most terrific and grand sights in modern warfare. It is impossible for one who has never witnessed such a sight to conceive its magnificence and sublimity, and still more impossible for the pen to describe it. One must have been where the 90th was to have any adequate conceptions of the awful solemnity of the occasion.

"Our forces continued to press the siege day and night, using their artillery freely, when on the morning of the 17th of July, the place was found evacuated.

"On the 14th the 90th was ordered to fall to the rear, and there they remained doing fatigue duty night and day, until Gen. Joe Johnson evacuated Jackson and escaped across Pearl river. The 90th was very fortunate in not losing many men in the siege at Jackson, and the Will county portion of the regiment was more fortunate still, they not losing any."

For its gallantry in these engagements, the 90th received the following acknowledgement from the general in command of the division :

COL. O'MEARA, OF 90TH REGIMENT:

DEAR SIR:—I desire to commend you and the gallant regiment you command, for your patience and good conduct, and heroism exhibited in the advance upon Jackson. Men that will march in their bare feet and fight as bravely as the officers and men of the 90th have done, cannot be too highly praised. Accept my warmest thanks, and tender them to your command.

Yours truly,

W. S. SMITH;

Brig. Gen., Commander of 1st Division.

"Our forces captured a great many prisoners, artillery, and

ordnance stores at this place. On the 22d of July the 90th marched from Jackson via Clinton, for the Big Black, and went into camp near Messingers Ford on the 27th of July. Here they remained doing a little camp and garrison duty until Sept. 27th. While in camp at the Black, some of the officers and men of the 90th received leaves of absence for 20 days, to go home and return. The camp on the Black was a very unhealthy one, and the boys were not sorry when orders came to march for Chattanooga, Tenn., to the relief of the army of the Cumberland.

"On the 27th of September, 1863, the 90th broke camp on the Big Black, and marched to Vicksburg, and embarked on the steamer Norman, with the fleet for Memphis, Tenn. The boat left Vicksburg with the regiment on board, on the 29th of September, and reached Memphis on the 8th of October. The only duty of any importance performed during the passage to Memphis by the regiment, was to help wood for the boat, and one or two foraging details the 90th were ordered to supply. Of course, while the details were absent foraging, the steamer lay up to the shore until their return.

The steamer landed at Memphis at 10 o'clock, on the night of the 8th of October, and the 90th remained on board all night. The next day they went into camp outside the city about two miles, at the same place where they camped before going down the river. They were visited by a great many people from Memphis, mostly Irish, and treated hospitably and kindly as before. On Sunday the 11th, the regiment took up its line of march, moving in front of the (its) 4th division, 15th army corps for Chattanooga. A few miles outside of Memphis, on the Memphis & Charleston railroad, Gen. Sherman passed the 90th, having with him a battalion of the 13th regulars. The railroad train moved rapidly toward Collierville. In a short time a telegram was received, ordering the regiment forward as rapidly as possible. Chalmers had attacked Collierville, and there was not sufficient force there to defend the place. Col. Anthony was in command with only six companies, 66th Indiana. Company "C" was thrown out to the left, and Company "B" to the right as skirmishers, with orders to go forward as fast as possible, moving

parallel with the railroad. Must move *fas'er* than double quick, if the boys *could hold out*.

"It was after 12 o'clock, when they were ordered forward, and Collierville was twenty-two miles distant, and fighting had already commenced there. They reached Collierville a little before 5 o'clock, just in time to take part in the last of the engagement, and were very highly complimented by Gen. Sherman in person, for the rapidity with which they came to his assistance, stating at the same time 'that had it not been for their assistance, and the near approach of the brigade, Gen. Chalmers would have captured the post, as he had sufficient force to do it, besides having artillery, of which we had none. It will be remembered that Co's. "C" and "B" were deployed on either side of the railroad, with their intervals well opened, and had to continue in this way to the end; therefore they had to pass through woods, thickets, over fences, through fields and swamps. And singular to relate, only one man gave out in Co. "C" and one or two in Co. "B," which showed the powers of endurance they possessed when determined to perform a duty. There was considerable loss on both sides in this engagement. Many of the rebs were found dead on the field, that the boys of the 90th knew the summer before; having the oath of allegiance in their pockets. General Sherman had a very narrow escape from being captured. His favorite mare "Dolly," and some of his clothes were gobbled. His staff also lost some personal property.

"A little incident happened here after the fight, that perhaps is worth relating. A big rebel badly wounded in the knee, was brought to the post, Dr. Strong of the 90th was in the act of amputating the limb, and had the rebel on a large block, when Gen. Sherman came along. Dr. Strong remarked that the man had received a bad *lick*. 'Yes' remarked the general, 'when you are through with him he will want no *parole*.' This man had attended a grist mill a short distance from Collierville, and held out to the boys of the 90th, when they were there the year before, that he had taken the oath of allegiance. The oath was found in his pocket.

"The 90th resumed its march from Collierville, at 2 p. m. the next day, and reached Mt. Pleasant, went from Mt. Pleasant to

Burnsville, where they were paid. From Burnsville to Iuka. During this time the weather was rainy and disagreeable. From Iuka they marched to Eastport, Miss., and crossed the Tennessee on gunboat No. 32. Continued moving until they reached Florence, Ala., where they halted and mustered for pay. From thence they moved, passing over Shoal creek on the covered bridge, and via Rogersville, crossed Elk River at this point. The next day crossed, (waded) Sugar creek twice. The men were very tired, and many sick. Had hardly anything to eat for a few days past, but hard-tack and water. Shoes and clothes are wearing out, and much dissatisfaction prevailed.

"It will be well to state here that the 90th was moving *light*, from the time they left the Big Black, and neither officers or privates were allowed a change of clothing, and all had to depend upon the country for subsistence, more or less, until after the fight at Mission Ridge, the march to Knoxville, and the retrograde march across the country to Scotsborough, Ala., where they halted and went into camp December 26th, 1863. Thus for three months it will be seen, the gallant boys of the 90th were without a change of clothing, and were dependent on the country more or less for food, and often had to endure for days without any.

"Nov. 4th the regiment reached Gordsville. Moved from there the next day, crossed Shoal creek again, passed Bethel, raining heavily, roads muddy and marching bad, the men cold and hungry, obliged to sleep out without tents or covering. Reached Richland creek and halted for the night. Heavy dew and night very cold. Moved the next morning, crossing Indian creek, Bradshaw and Swan creeks. Roads very bad and broken. Resumed the march the next day, passing through a hilly and mountainous country, roads rocky and bad. Reached Fayetteville, Tennessee, crossing the Elk river on the stone bridge, continued on to Winchester and Dechard, crossing the Cumberland mountains and moving towards Bridgeport.

"The road near Bridgeport, Ala., was strewn with dead horses and mules. Crossed the Tennessee river on the pontoon bridge at Bridgeport and marched toward Trenton, Ga., passing Nigger Jack Cave, where the saltpetre works are located, also Castle Rock, in Did Co., Ga., and on to near Trenton, halting for the

purpose of building false campfires on the mountain-top near Trenton, in order to deceive the enemy in regard to strength and movements.

"Moved from the top of Raccoon mountain, passing Trenton in Lookout Valley and on, via the Wanhatche, crossing the Tennessee on the steamer Dunbar on the morning of the 24th, in the face of the enemy, and immediately forming in line of battle on the left. The 90th assisted in taking one of the mountains that day, and helped to haul two pieces of artillery to the top. They held possession of the mountain and slept on their arms all night. The next morning at daylight, they moved down by the left flank, and were ordered to the support of the first Missouri battery. The rebel fire became so hot and destructive the regiment was withdrawn from the support of the battery, and at once formed in line of battle on the left of the brigade, and immediately went into action. The 90th continued in action for eight hours and forty-five minutes, under the most terrible fire that was possible for the enemy to pour upon them. The fire was so deadly that it is wonderful how a man escaped.

"Early in the morning of the 25th, when the fire of the enemy became so hot, and after the 1st Missouri battery was ordered out of position, the 90th was immediately ordered into line of battle, occupying the extreme left of the brigade, near the Tunnel. This tunnel ran through the mountain, and was used as a kind of magazine, and was well fortified with ordnance of all kinds. A double line of skirmishers was thrown out in front, and became engaged at once. Lieut. John C. Harrington, Co. "C," commanded the skirmish line. The mountains lapped each other and all formed a kind of half circle. The railroad ran through the tunnel above mentioned, and its embankment formed a protection or breastwork for the enemy, where they had double lines of skirmishers posted. The mountain from base to crown was swarming with the enemy. They had rifle intrenchments at the base, and midway up the sides. Every tree, log and crag, and everything that would afford the least protection to them, was used by the enemy's sharpshooters. On the top of the mountain they had their heavy works, bristling with cannon and guns of every description. The valley beneath afforded no shelter for the Union

forces, but left them within easy range of the enemy's guns, both large and small, and from every direction.

"Thus it will be seen when the 90th was ordered to advance, it was to meet almost certain death. It will also be remembered, they were ordered to take the railroad, drive away the enemy who was fighting under cover of their own guns on the mountain nearly over them, and hold the position until ordered to advance again. There was a purpose in this order. It was to get possession of the railroad and its embankment, and if possible drive the enemy out of the tunnel, and by that means force them to strengthen their lines at this point, by massing their forces there, consequently this would weaken their line at other points, and give our forces a better opportunity of attack. It would also draw the fire of the enemy and develop their strength at a given point. In executing the first order to advance, the 90th moved by the front and had to pass through a large corral that had been used as a cattle pen. This, they were obliged to do in order to keep their regiment in the brigade. It was about two acres in extent. A square piece, fenced with rails, and staked and ridged on top. The 90th was advancing on the double quick, and could not stop to let down fences; therefore, passed through as best they could. The 90th took the position and held it. It was at this corral, that the brave Col. O'Meara and many others were shot. The enemy's fire was so severe that our skirmishers did not advance far before they were ordered back to the regiment. This, many of them, were unable to do. About forty of them became isolated and took shelter behind a farm house near the base of the mountain. The rebels shelled the house, set it on fire, and knocked it to pieces. This of course exposed our poor boys. It was here the rebel Gen. Cleyburne took about forty of them prisoners. This was done in sight of the regiment, while it was in line of battle fighting to hold the position it had already gained. The regiment could render them no assistance without breaking from the line, thereby disobeying orders, losing the position already gained, and with it, perhaps, the fortunes of the day at this point. Therefore they were obliged to submit to the capture of their gallant comrades without being able to go to their rescue. The most of the poor fellows taken died at Andersonville afterwards. The 90th acted most

bravely throughout the whole of this most sanguinary engagement. The officers moved forward in front of their respective commands, and of course the boys followed in gallant style wherever their officers led. It would be unjust to individualize, but to say the *Will county* boys performed their share of duty in the regiment during this memorable engagement, is indeed but paying them a tame compliment. The 90th was engaged eight hours and forty-five minutes, under the most terrible fire that could be showered on them from every kind of arm—from a squirrel rifle to the heaviest ordnance.

“It is indeed a wonder how any escaped the terrible carnage of that dreadful day. In this engagement the 90th suffered most of all the regiments in the fight, losing nearly fifty per cent. in killed and wounded. In the evening the regiment fell back to a little point of woods.

“A duty had now to be performed by those able to move, the most sad in a soldier’s life. It was to look after the dead and rescue the wounded who were unable to leave the field. The enemy was still in possession of most of his stronghold, and had his pickets out and well posted.

“Capt. O’Marah, who commanded the regiment after the fall of the colonel, ordered a detail to look after the wounded, and accompanied them himself. The colonel was found mortally wounded where he had fallen, near the cattle pen, and was conveyed to the hospital four and a half miles distant, reaching there just before daylight. He had to be carried in a blanket or on a stretcher the whole of the way.”

Among the severely wounded was Capt. DAN. O’CONNOR, of Joliet, as brave, reckless, and jovial a soul as ever wore a shoulder strap. He was terribly wounded, and the following incident which is given by an eye witness, illustrates his character and pluck.

“Dan. was left upon the field of battle until its close, when he was discovered by some of the stretcher-bearers, and slowly and gently conveyed to the field hospital, in an apparently hopeless condition. The attention of the nearest surgeon was called to

him. He happened to be a young assistant of little experience, and immature judgment. Now Dan, it must be admitted, was a discouraging object to such a disciple of Esculapeus at that moment. He had a bullet in his body, another in his head, and one arm was broken in two places by balls. Besides he had laid upon the field for hours, and was faint from want of food as well as loss of blood. The situation was certainly sufficiently discouraging. The young surgeon glanced at him, and gave him up at once, and said, "Take him away, he will be dead in an hour."

"Dan. heard the summary verdict of the surgeon, but was by no means disposed to acquiesce. Working his head painfully around until his eye took in the flippant and dolorous prophet, he faintly but emphatically groaned out,—“You’re a d—liar!” And he was, as any one may see, who will go to Wilmington, N. C., and interview the gallant major. They will find him as plucky and jovial as ever, and still worth a brigade of dead men. May his shadow never grow less.”

In this battle also, John O'Brien, still a resident of Joliet, lost an arm.

Thomas E. Lonergan, the sergeant major of the regiment, was also put *hors du combat* during the fight, being disabled by the loss of part of his right hand, which led to his honorable discharge.

“Bragg commenced retreating before daylight on the morning of the 26th. The 90th was ordered in pursuit. Marched at six o'clock a. m., in the direction of Grayville.

“Now commenced that dreary march to the relief of General Burnside, at Knoxville, Tenn. The 90th moved along the Atlantic and Chattanooga railroad, tearing up and burning several miles of it, and then returned again to Grayville. Nov. 29th was a very cold day. The boys suffered, and were nearly famished from cold and rapid marching. Marched 30 miles and camped for the night at Cleveland, Tenn. Had to carry rails one and a half miles to keep from freezing. Resumed the march on the 30th via Charleston, Athens, Philadelphia and Morgantown. At Morgantown crossed the Little Tennessee river, and marched to Marysville within 15 miles of Knoxville. Reached Marysville, leading

Gen. Sherman's column, on the night of December 25th, and camped. Longstreet reported retreating, his troops in a demoralized condition, the siege raised, and Burnside relieved.

"On the 7th of December commenced the return movement across the country to Scotsborough, in Northern Ala. The weather was very cold and rainy. The roads muddy and bad. The creeks and rivers swollen and difficult to cross. The regiment was obliged to depend upon the country for subsistence; the men forced to sleep on the ground without shelter and very little covering, their blankets and clothing being nearly worn out. The consequence was, the men suffered severely during this whole campaign—many of them being barefoot and others sick, and all suffering more or less for the want of proper care and food. On this march the regiment passed the following points, Tilico Valley, Madisonville, Athens, Charleston, battle ground at Mission Ridge, Bridgeport Ala., Stephenson, reaching Scottsboro, Ala., December 26th, and camped. At Mission Ridge the 90th camped for the night. The next morning before moving, the boys looked over the ground where they had fought, and all wondered how any escaped the terrible slaughter of that battle.

"The 90th while at Scottsboro, were four days without shelter, waiting for the baggage train to bring up tents, provisions, knapsacks, axes, picks, shovels, etc. During all this time it rained incessantly night and day, and so heavy, it was with difficulty the fires could be kept burning, whereby the half famished boys could warm themselves. The 90th remained at Scottsboro only a short time, when ordered to Fackler's station on the railroad, seven miles distant from Stephenson, Ala. Here they went into winter quarters, and were assigned the duty of guarding a portion of the railroad, and also the bridges and trestle work over Mud Creek. Here the rebels were just across the Tennessee river in strong force, and gave considerable annoyance by their constant raids on the railroad, and their many attempts to burn the bridges. Fackler's station is situated in a low swampy locality, and was quite unhealthy.

"The 90th remained at this point until the following spring, when they broke camp and moved forward to take part in the Atlanta campaign.

“On the march from Knoxville to their winter quarters, many a singular incident occurred. One, I will relate, happened at Athens, Tenn. I simply mention this occurrence to show the dreadful hardships and privations our soldiers were forced to endure during this most extraordinary campaign. On the 10th of December, the brigade of which the ninetieth formed a part, halted to rest. The halt took place in a beautiful pine grove. The day was fine, the sun shining splendidly, the first fine day in a long time. The brigade was ordered to rest in place, and was formed in “echelon” (a French word meaning like the steps of a ladder). The brigade consisted of four regiments. They had no sooner halted than a scene was enacted, the like of which was never seen before, and it is to be hoped will never be witnessed again. Imagine four regiments in line, one formed behind the other, and every man on his knees, or sitting, with his coat and shirt off; and many with their pants down, and all busy, taking advantage of the time allowed to rest, in destroying the vermin greybacks, with which they were literally covered, the torture of which they could no longer endure. This was one of the periods in soldier life when the sensitive feeling of delicacy was forced to give away to the more pressing demand of tortured and suffering nature.

“On this day the boys captured a fine lot of Linchburg tobacco. This was a God-send. Something they had not seen or used for a long time. Each man that used the weed was given his share, indulged his appetite, forgot his suffering, and all moved on, expecting soon to reach the place where they were to go into winter quarters, then rest, clean up, and prepare for coming events.”

“It was also on this return march from Knoxville, that the incident occurred which gave the badge to the 15th army corps. This has been frequently related with considerable variation, but we will tell it once more in what we believe to be the authentic form.

On the march, the Loomis brigade passed through a bivouac of the 11th army corps. It will be remembered that this corps with the 12th, had come out from the Potomac army with Gen. Hooker. It will also be remembered that the record of the 11th

army corps in the Chancellorsville fight, had been an unfortunate one. Perhaps no stronger contrast could have been found in the army, than that presented by the Potomac boys, and the ragged, dirty, hungry 90th.

A soldier of the 90th—McGuffy, of Co. G—came straggling along by the headquarters of Gen. Butterfield. He was thinly and poorly clad; one foot was partly covered by an old army shoe, the other with an old blanket, tied on with strings, both feet cut and bleeding. He was plodding on, intent only upon overtaking his regiment, when he was halted by a sentinel in a clean uniform, paper collar and trim rig, who said:—

“Halt! what regiment is that?”

McG.—The 90th Ill.—“Irish Legion.”

Sentinel —“What corps do you belong to?”

McG.—“Fifteenth.”

Sentinel—“What’s the badge of your corps?”

McG.—“Badge! what the blazes is that?”

Sentinel—“What do you wear to distinguish you from other troops? Our corps, the 11th, wears a crescent—a half moon,—the 12th corps wears a star! what do you wear?”

McG. had halted, rested his chin upon the muzzle of his gun, and was taking a leisurely and contemptuous survey of the sleek and well dressed soldiers that were gathering around. Looking up at his interlocutor he says:

“Yes, I know what ye mane now; moon and stars! be jabbers! ye needed them both to show ye the way back from Chancellorsville; “badge is it!” and then executing a ‘round about,’ and giving his cartridge box a slap, “*That’s* the badge of the 15th corps, forty rounds of cartridge!”

The story reached the ears of Gen. Logan, the corps commander, who thinking it too good to be lost, adopted the “cartridge box with forty rounds,” as the badge of the corps.

On the opening of the Atlanta campaign, the 90th was called into active service. As we have passed through this campaign several times in detail with other organizations, we shall be content with saying that the 90th took its full share in the labors and exposures of the campaign. It was in the engagements at Resacca on the 13th and 14th of May—Dallas, 28th—Kenesaw, June

27th—Atlanta, July 19th, 22d, and 28th, and August 3d and 17th—Jonesboro, August 31st—Lovejoy, Sept. 2d—Rome and Gadsden, Ala., Oct. 25th.

In the fight of August 28th, before Atlanta, we lost Sergeant Austin Needham, of Joliet, one of the bravest, as he was also one of the brightest and cheeriest lads that ever wore the army blue, and a most efficient and reliable officer.

After a brief rest at Atlanta, it joined in the march to the sea, and took a heroic part in the engagements at Jennison's bridge on the Ogeechee river, and at Fort McAllister, and Savannah, and at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., and at Bentonville, N. C., on the northward march.

At Fort McAllister it especially distinguished itself. The colors of the 90th were the first planted on the works.

Our county sustained a loss of nineteen men in this regiment during its service—three of whom, John Crosby, of Co. C, and Austin Joyce and John Casper, of Co. D, died martyrs to the horrors of Andersonville. Mathew Haley, also of Co. D, of Manhattan, died in Belle Isle prison, Richmond, a victim to the cruelties of that place of torment. These were all taken prisoners at Mission Ridge, as related in the preceding pages. The aggregate loss of the entire regiment was 300. It returned home with only 221 men, of which number 41 were crippled beyond carrying a musket.

Before the Atlanta campaign, Captain O'Marah found it necessary from failing health, (which he has never fully recovered) to resign. He had from the first step taken toward raising the regiment, been one of its most active and efficient officers. The commander of the brigade addressed him the following letter on his leaving on sick furlough.

" HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 4TH DIVISION, 15TH A. C., }
SCOTSBORO, ALA., March 5, 1864. }

CAPT. P. O'MARAH, 90TH ILL.:

DEAR SIR:—I cannot permit you to leave my command without an expression of my feelings concerning your conduct while serving with me. Your fidelity and zeal in the discharge of your duties, and patient endurance of suffering and fatigue, have often been noticed and highly commended. But more especially would I refer to your well-known bravery—the spirit and force with which you repulsed and drove the enemy attacking

our army when advancing upon Jackson, Miss.; and the heroic courage and endurance exhibited by you in the late sanguinary battle of Mission Ridge. I am not only deeply indebted to you for your courage in action there, but also for your persevering efforts in behalf of the wounded, whereby your disabled and suffering Colonel was rescued and relieved.

I have the honor to be, Captain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN MASON LOOMIS,

Col. 26th Ill., Commanding Brigade."

Captain O'Marah had a very narrow escape from drowning while in the army. He was returning to Vicksburg from a short furlough in September, 1863, on the steamer Robert Campbell, when the boat took fire near Milliken's Bend and was burned, and fifty out of 100 souls were lost. Capt. O'Marah saved his life by swimming ashore, but lost his personal property.

Captain Dan. O'Connor, who was so fearfully wounded as we have described, was promoted major of the regiment.

A full list of officers and privates from Will county will be found in PART FOUR, of this work, and to that the reader is referred for further particulars.

Imperfect as is our sketch of the Irish Legion, enough has been recorded to show that its members nobly vindicated the name of Catholic Irishmen, and established for the 90th regiment a reputation for bravery and loyalty, second to none. And while, as we have stated, the regiment was mainly composed of Catholic Irishmen, we have seen there were both among its officers and privates, a few of another faith, and of different nationality,—showing in this, as in other regiments, that

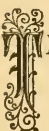
"Although ten thousand altars bear,
On each, for Heaven, a different prayer;
By light of morn, by setting sun,
At Freedom's shrine, we must be one!"

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER X.

HISTORY OF BATTERY D, FIRST ARTILLERY—McALLISTER'S BATTERY.

Its Ante-War History—Call of Gov. Yates—Reorganizes for the War—Goes to Cairo—Its Record in the Three Months' Service—Re-organizes for Three Years—Goes to Fort Holt—Armament—Attached to Gen. Wallace's Brigade—In Fort Henry—An Interesting Relic—Goes to Donaldson—Battle—Casualties—Reports—Press Comments—New Guns—Goes to Pittsburg Landing—Battle of Shiloh—Incidents—Casualties—Resignations—Goes to Corinth—Movements—Jackson, Tenn.—Bolivar—Memphis—Lake Providence—Vista Plantation—Milliken's Bend—Down the River—Crosses—Port Gibson—Big Black—Rocky Springs—Gen. Sherman Thanks the Boys—Battle of Raymond—Jackson, Miss.—Champion Hills—Vicksburg—Capt. Rogers Killed—Fort Hill—Lieut. Hill Wounded—Incidents of the Seige—Lt. Cooper Promoted—Fort Hill Blown Up—Daring Exploit—Surrender—Afterwards—Veteranizes—Re-organizes with McPherson's Corps—Atlanta Campaign—Kingston, Ga.—Big Shanty—Capt. Cooper Wounded—Chattahoochie—The Rebels in Bathing—Battle of the 22d of July—Incidents—Gallantry Displayed—Lieut. Bernier, of the 20th—Seige of Atlanta—Jonesboro—Returns to Chattanooga—Battle of Nashville—Mustered Out—362 Days of Fighting.

 HIS famous battery has an *ante-war* history. It was organized originally under the militia laws of the State as early as 1855, under command of Capt. John Collins, who was commissioned by Joel A. Matteson, then Governor; Frank Flagg, and a Mr. Hoag being his lieutenants. A requisition was made upon the Governor for four guns, two of which were sent, but for reasons which we will not specify here, failed to reach the company.

In 1856, the company through the active personal efforts of Ed. McAllister, got possession of one gun. The company was then re-organized with Ed. McAllister as captain, and had its regular drills. This was the year of the active political campaign in which

Gen. Fremont was the candidate of the Republican party. The Plainfield artillery was often called into requisition to speak Republican thunder at the large mass meetings which were held during the campaign.

During the great senatorial campaign of Douglas and Lincoln in 1858, the services of the battery were given to the Republican cause. During a meeting in Joliet, while the piece was being fired from the brow of the bluff on the west side, two men were seriously wounded by the premature discharge of the gun, one—Wellington Wood, losing an arm, and Newton A. Hill losing part of his hand.

After this, the battery held occasional drills and kept up its organization, probably without any expectation that it would ever be called upon to play an important part in real, earnest war. And no doubt, to many lookers on, it seemed a useless waste of time and money.

When the call for the three months' volunteers was made by the President, Capt. McAllister received a dispatch from Governor Yates, asking for the services of the "Plainfield Battery." Capt. McAllister responded at once, and re-organized and recruited his company for actual service. On the morning of April 19th, 1861, he made his appearance at daybreak on the bluff at Joliet, with a full compliment of men, and during the day left for Springfield. Here they were mustered into the tenth infantry regiment as Co. K, and part of Co. I. The roster of officers and muster roll of men of this battery, during the three months' service will therefore be found in the 10th three months' infantry regiment. The battery was immediately sent to Cairo, (stopping at the railroad bridge over the Big Muddy for a few days) where it remained during the three months' service, aiding in the garrison of that important point, and in the blockade of the rivers. As the battery had but one 6-pound gun, with which they left Joliet, a portion of the men were armed with muskets. Here it also kept up drill exercise, in which it became so proficient as to carry off the palm, at a review of Gen. Prentiss' brigade.

At the expiration of the three months' service the company was practically disbanded, many going home, and some going into other organizations.

Capt. McAllister immediately commenced reorganizing the battery for the three years' service, recruiting it from men discharged from other organizations, and from various places. The full roster of the officers and men from Will county will be found in its proper place. It became Battery D, 1st Ill. Artillery, but was always better known as McAllister's Battery. This organization dates from Sept. 2d, 1861. On the 18th it moved across the river and was stationed at Fort Holt, on the Kentucky side, with its little 6-pound gun, which it had brought from Joliet. There was however, other guns in the fort.

Just before the battle of Belmont, (Nov. 7th, 1861,) Captain McAllister was notified that there was six 12-pound bronze guns awaiting him at Cairo, with equipments, and was ordered to be in readiness to move at any time. But the battery was not called upon to participate in the expedition to Belmont. About January 19th, the battery was outfitted with three 24-pound iron howitzers, and February 3d, started with Grant's forces for Fort Henry. It was placed in Gen. Wallace's brigade of McClernand's division. They were not permitted to try their *mettle* or their *metal* at Fort Henry, as the work was done by the gun-boats under Commodore Foote, but they had the pleasure of camping in the Fort.

Lieut. Borland sent home to the *True Democrat* an interesting relic from Fort Henry. It was an "Arkansas tooth-pick," being a knife about one foot long, made from an old rasp, and enclosed in a leather sheath, on which was rudely printed the words—"deth to all ablishners." I judge from the spelling that the schoolmasters had already been killed off in Arkansas.

The battery left Fort Henry February 11th, and after a tedious two days' march through mud and snow, and over a rough and hilly country, they came in sight of Fort Donaldson, and at dusk on the 13th, went into position on a large hill, in the center of the investing army, in plain sight of the camp-fires of the enemy. After a plain but substantial supper of hard tack and salt pork, they lay down to a soldier's rest in the wet leaves. The night was quiet, and at daylight of Thursday, our forces were drawn up in line of battle. And soon it commenced in stern but magnificent display, all along the lines. One gun in charge of Lieut. Borland, was placed a little to one side on the brow of the

hill, and gave the enemy a morning salute, which was responded to, and then the whole battery opened upon them. The battery was engaged, and did its full share of work during the three days' fighting which ended in the surrender of the fort, suffering almost as much from the elements as from the enemy. The Captain himself took charge of No. 1, commanding and sighting it until it was disabled. Lieut. Borland commanded and pointed No. 3, replacing a shattered wheel, and fighting with great gallantry to the close.

One man was mortally wounded on Saturday, and died the day after, and one other man was wounded. The captain in his report mentions the loss of one gun, eleven horses, five sets of harness, two mules, ten tents, forty knapsacks, sixty five blankets, four saddles, twenty canteens and seventy rations ; even a victory is expensive !

Lieut. Borland was made deaf, and permanently disabled from the concussion. He has never entirely recovered from the deafness. In fact he is so deaf now that he can't hear anything he does not want to !

Gen. Wallace commanding the 2d brigade, 1st division, (in which was the 20th regiment, and McAllister's battery,) says in his official report :

"McAllister's guns did good service. They were three 24 pound howitzers without caissons, and with a limited supply of ammunition, and without its full compliment of men. One of them lost a wheel shot away on the 13th, but supplied from their limber. On the 15th, the trail of another gun was broken, and it was rendered useless. They fired all their ammunition, fifty rounds a piece."

The New York *Times* correspondent says :

"Friday morning McAllister's battery took position on an eminence, and for four hours their heavy 24 pounders were not silent for a single instant. During all this time they were exposed to a heavy fire from the rebels, who had erected batteries so as to command it from three points, two directly in front, and one on the right. At one time the attack was made in such overwhelming numbers that our line was broken through, and it seemed likely to end in the rout of the national forces. It was at this gap that

McAllister's battery was stationed, and where for a time it fell into the hands of the rebels. The battery had only 150 rounds of ammunition ; at 10 o'clock these were exhausted, not a single shot left. Capt. McAllister in vain endeavored to get a supply from the rear—a shot from the enemy passed through three of his horses ; another tore off the trail of one gun ; a third smashed the wheel of another. Just at this time, a heavy force of the enemy obtained a cover near him, and opened a fire with musketry at two hundred yards. Hitching six horses to the only undamaged gun, he endeavored to haul it off, but the weight was so great, and the road so bad that it was impossible to get along with it, and it became hopelessly mired, and was left. The horses were driven off with the limbers, and the guns left to their fate. In the course of the day a successful charge on our side, reoccupied the ground, and recovered the pieces."

The *Joliet Signal* says :

"This battery performed wonders at Donaldson, and officers and men acquitted themselves as true heroes, and skillful artillerymen. Capt. McAllister has proved himself a brave and able officer, and is entitled to great credit for the imperishable honors won by the Plainfield Light Artillery."

The "*Signal*" I believe, always made a pet of this battery !

On the 6th of March, the battery moved by river to Paducah and drew four 24 pound bronze howitzers, which continued to be its armament during the service.

On the 14th, the battery moved by steamboat up the Tennessee, and arrived at the town of Savannah, where it debarked and went into camp. On the 24th it moved again by steamer nine miles further up the river to an obscure point known as Pittsburg landing, debarked and moved out about three miles from the landing, taking position on the right center of the army. In this vicinity it remained until the battle of Shiloh.

On the morning of April 6th, the battery was ordered to harness up, and before the order could be executed, and while the officers' mess were just setting down to breakfast, the shot and shell

commenced flying through the camp. A solid shot swept the table clean, to their no small astonishment and disgust. They soon discovered that their meant something more than "the top of the morning to ye," and that serious work was on hand. In less time than I have taken to write it, they had their men, guns, horses and everything in position, and were sending forth their reply in 24-pound shot and shell. They were engaged in a duel with the enemy's battery about one and a half mile distant, which lasted from one and a half to two hours, when the rebel battery was silenced.

But in the meantime the rebel infantry were flanking their position, and Captain McAllister turned his guns to bear upon the flanking column. Our infantry now began to fall back, and Captain McAllister was obliged to order the battery to limber to the rear. So many horses had been disabled that one gun had to be left, and also two caissons, which fell into the hands of the enemy. The battery took up a new position, but was compelled soon to fall back again, as the infantry were still being driven. About half a mile back a new line was formed, and the battery was placed in the reserve. After a few hours' fighting, our lines again fell back, and the battery was placed in position to check the enemy's advance. After firing a few rounds it was once more compelled to fall back, leaving another gun for the enemy. This brought them within a half mile of the river. Here all the artillery was placed in one line, supported also by a line of infantry. It was now late in the afternoon. The enemy again advanced upon this line, and were received with the most terrific fire of shot and shell, and musketry, that was ever witnessed. This time the enemy was thoroughly repulsed, and night closed the first day's battle of Shiloh.

Our army bivouacked upon the ground in this position while the enemy had possession of the tents which our men had left in the morning.

As every reader knows, our army was reorganized and reinforced during the night, and on the morning of the 7th, was prepared to assume the offensive. We are not attempting a general description of the battle, only so far as to show the part played by McAllister's battery.

Early in the day it was ordered into position to shell some timber. It was not exposed to the enemy's fire. After this the infantry advanced. In front of the battery was a ravine, on the opposite side of which was a hill, the top of which was much higher than the ground occupied by the battery. On the top of this hill the rebels were in line of battle. Infantry advanced and engaged them. Here was a long and desperate fight, a most terrific fire of musketry for several hours. The hill occupied by the rebels was thickly timbered. The battery took no part in this engagement, but watched it, so far as it could be seen, with intense interest. They could catch occasional glimpses of the stars and stripes, this time steadily though slowly advancing, and driving the enemy over the same ground they had driven the Union forces the day before. The enemy were compelled to abandon their position, and to fall back about one mile where they formed a new line. The battery was now ordered up, and opened upon the rebels, keeping up a vigorous fire until their ammunition was exhausted. It then fall back to await the return of the caissons which had gone for a supply. These soon came up.

A call now came from Gen. Sherman for McAllister's battery to go to his assistance, and to silence a battery which was giving him some trouble. The battery accordingly went to his aid, and in a very short time silenced the rebel battery, when the enemy fell back about a half mile. In this duel, battery D lost two horses, but no men were hurt, although the shot and shell flew thick and fast. Following up the enemy in their retreat, the battery engaged in a second duel with a rebel battery and silenced it also, losing two more horses, and having two men slightly wounded. The same shot which killed the two horses of the battery, also killed Gen. Sherman's horse. Luckily, the general himself was behind a tree! In this engagement it was exposed to the fire of the rebel infantry also. Once more the enemy fell back, and battery D limbered to the front again. The enemy had placed a battery in position to cover their retreat. But after a few well directed shells, this battery was also silenced, and the enemy disappeared from sight, and thus closed the battle of Shiloh about 4 p. m.

The battery remained in this position until sun down, and

then went to their old camp, where they found their tents still standing, though sadly riddled with holes.

During this two days' engagement, Lieut. J. G. Wood was in command of the right section, and James A. Borland of the left, and Lieut. E. H. Cooper in charge of caissons, and Capt. McAllister in command of all. Officers and men behaved with great coolness and promptitude. Borland and Cooper are especially commended in the captain's official report. (It should be here noticed that Lieut. Mathew Borland was at this time at Donaldson, disabled). Lieut. Cooper was always on hand with the requisite ammunition, and constantly passing from front to rear and from rear to front, with coolness and dispatch. One or two incidents are worth notice. During the first attack in the morning of the first day, while Lieut. Cooper was trying to get his caissons out of the way of the enemy who were fast approaching, while our lines were falling back, one of the caissons got stuck, and all the horses shot except the wheel span. Up rode a rebel officer, sword in hand, and cried out, "Surrender, you d—d Yankee, surrender." The postillion was a burly Dutchman, a detailed man, Fitzburg by name, who instead of surrendering brought the butt of his heavy whip around the head of the officer exclaiming somewhat profanely, "Surrender! Hell!" Just at this juncture a spent minie ball struck one of the wheel horses, stinging him so that he gave a tremendous spring, and cleared everything from the mud hole, never stopping until safe within our lines.

When the battery went to the aid of Sherman, as has been related, after Borland had got his gun into position, loaded and primed, he lay down on the trail with his eye on the spot where he supposed the enemy's battery to be, which was concealed by a ravine. While he was thus holding his fire, an officer rode up, and asked somewhat curtly, why he did not fire that gun. The lieutenant without looking up to see who had addressed him, kept his eye on the spot, and replied, "By G——, I command this gun, and as I have no powder to waste, I shan't fire until I see something to fire at." In a few seconds more, the lieutenant saw the rebels run out their guns, when he corrected his aim and gave the order to fire, making a most successful shot. It required but a few more like it to silence the enemy's guns. When this was

effected, Lieut. Borland looked around to see who it was that had addressed him, and found that it was Gen. Sherman, who expressed himself satisfied with the way he saved his powder.

Gen. Sherman in his official report of the second day's battle thus speaks in reference to the battery.

"Seeing some others (guns) to the rear, I sent one of my staff to bring them forward, when by most providential decree, they proved to be two 24-pound howitzers, belonging to McAllister's Battery, and served as well as ever guns could be. * * * I gave personal direction to the 24-pound guns, whose well-directed fire first silenced the enemy's guns to the left, and after at the Shiloh meeting house."

Gen. Sherman did not forget the help rendered him by McAllister's Battery, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter.

McClerland's report of the battle of Shiloh, says :

"McAllister's Battery opened from the corner of the field referred to, and by a well-directed and effective fire, kept the enemy from crossing it, until his battery was nearly surrounded, and his support forced back, when after silencing a battery in the woods on the opposite side of the field, he withdrew three of his pieces along the south road toward Pittsburg Landing. The fourth piece was left behind for want of horses to take it off, but was recovered next day. In this engagement Capt. McAllister was four times slightly wounded, but kept the field. An acting sergeant and seven men were severely wounded, and a number of horses killed."

Gen. McClerland's report mentions the battery four or five times again as rendering opportune service during the two days' engagement. The battery fired 50 rounds of canister, 152 shrapnell, and 230 shells. Loss—wounded, three non-commissioned officers and eight privates. Also lost 44 horses, 16 sets of harness, and two saddles. The battery remained here until its losses were repaired.

The chief of the artillery of the division, Major Schwartz, having been wounded, Captain McAllister was temporarily assigned to the duty.

April 20th, the battery moved three miles on the road to Corinth. Lieut. Mathew W. Borland now resigned, it being apparent that the injuries he received at Donaldson had disqualified him for duty. He was an efficient officer, and his loss was much regretted by the battery.

April 28th, the battery moved again in the advance toward Corinth, encamping about eight miles from the river. From this camp Captain McAllister, who had previously tendered his resignation, left the battery, much regretted by officers and men. He had proved a brave and able commander, always careful of the welfare of his men. Lieut. James A. Borland, was left in command.

May 11th, the battery moved four miles farther toward Corinth. Its position was on the right of the reserve of the army of the Tennessee.

May 29th, the battery moved again four miles farther, encamping about three miles from Corinth, behind works thrown up by our troops.

The battery was not engaged during the siege of Corinth. It fired but one gun before Corinth, and this was done by one section while on picket duty.

June 4th, the division under command of Gen. John A. Logan, marched toward Purdy, Tenn., and next day passed through Purdy, and June 6th, reached Bethel, where it went into camp, and remained until the 15th. This was a fine camping ground, as there was near the railroad, an abundant spring of fine water, large enough to supply the whole army. During the march on Corinth, the army had suffered much for the want of water, even the little that could be obtained was very poor.

On the 15th, the division again struck tents and marched through Montezuma, encamping about three miles beyond.

On the 16th it marched into Jackson. This is a large and pleasant village. While at this place Capt. Henry A. Rogers was put in command of the battery. While at Jackson, Serg't Emmet F. Hill received his commission as junior 2d lieutenant. The battery remained at Jackson until the 17th, when it marched toward Bolivar, and on the night of the 1st bivouacked on the right bank of the Little Hatchie, about one mile from Bolivar. It remained in the vicinity of Bolivar, until the 9th of October.

By the last of July, quite a large force had concentrated here, expecting an attack from Price and Van Dorne. The place was fortified, the planters in the vicinity being required to furnish slaves to assist.

Sept. 13th, Gen. Hurlbut's division came up from Memphis. Other operations were going on in other parts of the army in the vicinity. The battle of Iuka, was fought Sept 19th. October 4th was the battle of Corinth, in which Will county was deeply interested and suffered. Oct. 6th Gen. Hurlbut's division marched out, and won the brilliant victory of the Hatchie. In this, Will county was represented in Bolton's battery as related elsewhere. We will only say here that Lieut. Hill of the Plainfield battery had a brother, a sergeant in Bolton's battery, who was at his post in the engagement.

Oct. 9th, one section of McAllister's battery went to LaGrange and bivouacked in the yard of the female seminary. This was a fine brick building quite a credit to the place, which was a very neat and pleasant village. Next day it marched back to Bolivar, where the battery remained until Nov. 2d, when it took part in Grant's formidable movement into Mississippi. The expedition as is well-known, went below Oxford, when Grant was obliged to fall back on account of the raid of the enemy in his rear, who destroyed his stores and communications at Holly Springs. The battery marched back into La Grange, and thence to Memphis. On the way they had a taste of short rations, and at one time had corn issued to them in the ear, with instructions to make "lye hominy." Fortunately, however, the battery had two hand mills, which some of the boys had "confiscated" on some plantation, and they were able to reduce their corn to a cookable condition. The battery reached Memphis January 21st.

Here it remained until Feb. 20th, when it embarked on the steamer Forsyth. The steamer left on the 22nd, with the fleet bound down, and arrived at Lake Providence, La., on the 23d. Here the battery debarked with the division, and encamped about four miles from the landing, on the shore of the lake. This is a very beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal, about three-fourths of a mile wide, and seventeen miles long, running nearly parallel with the river, a few miles from its west bank. It is very deep, and said to be unfathomable in some places. It connects with bayous which empty into the river below Vicksburg, and a channel was being cut through the levee into the lake, with the view of getting boats with munitions and supplies below Vicksburg.

While this experiment which proved a failure, was being tried, the battery remained here, employed in idling, drilling, foraging, fishing, boat riding, and listening to the music discoursed by the bands on the lake, etc., etc., until March 18th, when it embarked with the division on the steamer *Iatan*, and went up the river five miles, debarked and camped on the Louisiana side, on what was known as Vista Plantation. Here some of the men instituted a novel mode of fishing. The cutting of the levee had raised the water in all the sloughs and ditches. As a consequence, the fish in large numbers had gone foraging through the ditches in the corn fields after worms and grubs. The men would stand across a ditch, making a dam with their legs, while another party would drive the fish toward them, when they would catch them and throw them on the land.

March 23d, the battery embarked on the steamer, *Platte Valley*, and ran down to Eagle Bend, about thirty miles above Vicksburg. On the 25th, it returned to the camp near Vista Plantation.

April 17th, it again embarked on the steamer *Universe*, and went down the river to Milliken's Bend, debarked during the night and encamped.

The battery left Milliken's Bend on the 25th of April 1863, commanded by Captain A. H. Rogers, the right section by Lieut. G. J. Wood, and the left by Lieut. E. H. Cooper, caissons in charge of Lieut. Hill. Five days were occupied in the march to Hard Times, passing through almost impenetrable swamps, with intervals of the most beautiful country ever seen. This landing is below Grand Gulf, and some forty miles below Vicksburg. Here they found a portion of McClermand's corps which was crossing the river. On the 1st of May, the battery crossed to Bamsberry Landing, at 10 a. m.—Gens. Grant, McPherson, Logan, Dennis, Adj. Gen. Thomas, Gov. Yates, Congressmen Washburn, crossing at the same time. It immediately started towards Port Gibson, 25 miles distant. They had not gone far when the roar of cannon was heard, telling of a battle in progress, and they hurried upon the double quick. The day was excessively hot, and the enemy had been routed before the battery arrived, although the advance of the division was just in time to take a hand in the

closing scene. Several hundred prisoners had been taken. It being sundown, the battery went into camp, within three miles of Port Gibson. Under cover of the night, the rebels withdrew their forces across the south branch of Bayou Pierre, and burned the bridge after them.

On the 2nd, the battery was put in the first brigade, commanded by Gen. John E. Smith, formerly colonel of the 45th. It was put in the advance on the chase. Moved early and passed through Port Gibson, and was obliged to make a detour of six or eight miles to cross the bayou, the rebels having burned the bridge, which made delay, and on the same night reached the north branch without opposition. During the day our forces picked up some straggling rebs, and on the 3d crossed the main branch on a wire suspension bridge, which the rebels had failed to destroy in their haste to escape.

At 9 a. m. our forces came up with the enemy, who had a battery of small guns planted on a commanding hill, having a raking range of the road, which for a mile was very narrow, and which gave our boys a few round shot without however doing any damage. Battery D then opened on the enemy, who finding the fight too serious for them took to their heels again. Some time was now spent in reconnoitering, and finding the way clear, our forces advanced by different routes toward the Big Black River, pushing the enemy before them up to and across the river. The enemy destroying the bridge after them. The battery then went into camp, the enemy being on the opposite bank. May 4th, the rebs had the impudence to drop a shell in the camp, which stirred up the cooking arrangements of the boys somewhat promiscuously. The distance was such that Battery D's guns could not respond to the salute, but DeGolyer's battery gave them as good as they sent. Battery D then went up the river bank, and went into position, and gave them one shot. Here the army waited two or three days for the trains to come up with rations.

On the 7th moved from the Big Black and encamped at Rocky Springs, Miss. Here was found plenty of forage and corn. Remained in this camp the 8th.

On the 9th Gen. Sherman came to the camp and told Capt. Rogers that he wanted to see the men of the battery. The "as-

sembly " was sounded and the men were soon in line. Gen. Sherman then complimented the men for their services at Shiloh, when the battery went to his assistance, as has been related. He told the boys that "if he could ever do anything for them he would do it—that if any man in McAllister's Battery ever wanted a blanket to let him know it, and if he had but one he would give him half." When he had got through, the boys gave him three hearty cheers.

On the 9th, again on the move toward Jackson, Miss., and on the morning of the 12th our forces came up with the enemy, three miles south west of Raymond, and 19 miles from Jackson. Gen. Logan's division was in the advance. Battery D was in 2d brigade and center division, De Golyer's being in the 1st, and in the lead. In the early part of the day De Golyer got into a sharp duel with a battery of the enemy. The 20th and 45th Ill., and the 20th, 23d, and 78th Ohio did the infantry fighting, which for a couple of hours was hot ; when the rebels were forced to give way before our determined boys, although they had much the larger force. They fell back towards Raymond, one and a half miles, and attempted and partly formed a line of battle. Now came the time for the old McAllister Battery to take a hand. It was brought to the front into position with our old 20th, and the 45th for its support. The enemy's position was on the brow of the hill, across an open field 1300 or 1400 yards distant, where they had a battery with infantry support. The range was a long one for the guns of Battery D, and the enemy's guns being rifled, the odds were against our boys, but they pitched in with a will, and soon managed to dismount one of the enemy's pieces, and set the infantry flying. This closed the battle of Raymond. Battery D fired 72 rounds, and all the boys acted nobly. Major Stolbrand, chief of artillery, stood by and saw the fight, and with the generals gave the boys the credit of doing good execution. They then entered the town singing—

" Union forever ! Hurrah, boys, hurrah !
Down with the traitors, and up with the stars."

This made the ladies draw their curtains, and they no doubt felt very differently from what they did in the morning, when they

cheered their brave brothers, husbands and lovers on to whip the Yankees. The battery went into camp at Raymond, and during the night Gen. Sherman came up with his corps.

On the 13th our forces marched again, Sherman taking the right hand road, and McPherson's corps the left. On the morning of the 14th Quinby's division was in the lead, and came up with the enemy four miles west of Jackson, and formed his lines while some of his batteries were engaging the rebels. He was soon ready with his infantry, and made one of the most gallant charges, across an open field, and in the face of the enemy's artillery, that any force ever made. He gained the ground and put the enemy to flight, and marched into Jackson with colors flying. Gen. Sherman also had a fight coming into town at the same time. The rebels burned their stores at Jackson, which made a splendid sight.

On the 15th the division was early on the road to Vicksburg. On the 16th the enemy was again met at Champion Hills. Gen. Harvy's division of McClernaud's corps in advance engaged them on the left, while the division embracing battery D went into line of battle on the right. De Golyer's battery being in the lead gave them a few rounds at long range before battery D came up. It was then ordered to the front on double quick, (caissons in the rear), came up to, and passed the line to the front and right, passed the skirmishers, and was halted. But only for a moment; it was again ordered to advance, and take position on a commanding hill, 400 yards in advance of the infantry, without any support, not so much as a skirmisher. As the battery came to the top of the hill, it received a volley of musketry from the enemy, who was also advancing to take possession of the same hill, which commanded the country for many miles around. Capt. Rogers gave the command, "action front;" the bullets came whistling by in every direction—not a word was spoken; every man was at his post. The command was obeyed in a twinkling, although to the boys it seemed an age; the enemy, a whole brigade, lying down not more than 75 yards distant. The boys gave them shrapnell for the first round—fuse time,—one second. They rose with a yell, bayonets fixed, expecting to take the battery before it could fire again. They did not know the time our boys kept. Capt. Rogers

ordered the guns double shotted with canister, which was poured into the advancing lines of the enemy, with a slaughter that was fearful to behold. They wavered and fell back, and the battery followed up with such rapidity, with shell and shrapnell, that the repulse was complete. During the action Lieut. Cooper's horse was twice wounded, and he was dismounting just as the Captain came riding up, and at the same time Gen. McPherson rode up, saying, "Captain, you will surely lose your battery before support reaches you." To which Capt. Rogers replied, "I can't see it, there is not secesh enough here to take McAllister's battery." As he was speaking he received a slight wound in his leg. The General replied, "I hope you are right," and galloped off to hurry up the supports. After the battery had ceased firing, De Golyer came up and gave the retreating rebels four or five rounds, as they had got beyond battery D's range.

Game being now scarce in front, and the enemy making some demonstrations on the right, the battery changed front to fire to the right, and advanced about 50 yards to the brow of another hill, by the time the support came up. There our forces had two batteries to contend with. Wade's battery and Co. D of the 1st regiment of Miss. artillery, commanded by Capt. A. B. Rogers. But they soon found that they could not compete with the Ill. battery of the same letter and regimental number, commanded by Capt. A. H. Rogers, of Chicago. The Rogers of the Miss. battery was killed by one of the shells from battery D, and two of his lieutenants, and 30 privates. The infantry then passed the battery and engaged the rebel infantry contending for the silenced battery, which the heroes of Shiloh soon took. All the boys stood to their posts, cool and active as usual. The battery fired 236 rounds during the engagement. Every man was just where he was wanted, and the enemy was completely routed, and the victory of Champion Hill was complete. The army moved quickly forward in pursuit. Capt. Rogers went to the captured battery and got horses to replace those battery D had lost.

The battery was moved forward two miles to a creek, and camped for the night. It received many compliments for the part it had taken in the action. "There goes McAllister's skirmishing

battery that gave the rebels h——on the right," and many such like remarks the boys overheard in passing.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial thus notices the action of this battery, in his accounts of the battle of Champion Hills:

"Early in the afternoon, a section of Co. D, Ill. 1st artillery under Capt. Rogers, advanced to close proximity to the rebel lines, and opened two 24-pound howitzers to drive the rebels from position, from which they were about to advance upon our men. The rebels filed out of the woods in excellent order, and formed in front of the battery, and within 300 yards of it. They then marched steadily toward the guns and were about to give their first volley to our battery men, when a double load of canister scattered among them causing at least 50 to fall. Capt. De Golyer's 8th Mich. battery also opened on them, and gave them several loads of James rifled shells. The effect of our artillery fire was all that could be desired. It broke the ranks of the rebels and caused them to fall back in great disorder. I have never witnessed a more thorough rout than that which the rebels met in their attempt to get possession of Capt. Rogers' guns, May 16th, 1863."

On the 19th of May, the battery arrived within three miles of Vicksburg, and had frequent engagements with the enemy, keeping their guns speaking without much intermission. On the 29th of May, Capt. Rogers was killed, a sad day for the battery, for although coming to them from another organization, the men all loved him, and had confidence in his skill and judgment, as well as his patriotism. After sighting a gun, he had jumped upon a parapet to witness its effect, and on turning round to give directions in reference to the length of fuse, was instantly killed by a sharpshooter. The men laid him to rest at Chickasaw Bluffs, swearing to avenge his loss.

The battery went (June 6th, 1863,) into its position in front of the rebel Fort Hill, on the Jackson and Vicksburg road, one section on either side, at the point known as the White House, and three or four hundred yards from the enemy's works. It was

protected with breastworks, from behind which, should they expose any part of their bodies, they were pretty sure to be hit by the rebel sharpshooters..

On the 17th of June, the rebels having planted a new piece where it could not be brought into range through the embrasure of Lieut. Hill's gun, his piece was therefore thrown up on top and outside of the earthworks, where there was no protection from the enemy's sharpshooters, who kept up a continual fire from the top of Fort Hill from behind sand bags, the distance being about 200 yards. Lieut. Hill was ordered to this exposed position by Maj. Stalbrand, division chief of artillery, who it is but just to say exposed himself to the same danger. Lieut. Hill acted as gunner. Some good shots were made scattering the rebels' sand bags. They worked the piece here about an hour before any one was hit. Then George Maag had just said, "They hit me at Shiloh, I wonder if they will hit me in the same place again," when he was struck while sponging the gun, the ball passing through the lungs. One of the men said, "They have not hit you in the same place this time." Lieut. Hill assisted in helping him down into the ditch, and poor George died the next day. A few minutes after, while watching the pointing of his gun, Lieut. Hill was himself hit by a musket ball, which entered his head a half inch back of, and a fourth inch below his right eye, passing out one half inch in front of his left ear. He was immediately taken to a hospital.

Lieut. Hill thus describes his sensations :

"I was unconscious about twenty minutes. When I began to recover my consciousness, I felt very weak and faint. I knew I had been hit by a bullet. I knew where I was and what had happened. I thought I was dying, and asked myself, is my spirit still with my body. I expected in a few moments at most, I should be in the future world. My mind rapidly, but without confusion scanned my past life. How swiftly passed the review while I calmly waited for the future. This lasted but a few moments."

When Lieut. Hill was brought to the hospital, the attending surgeons said that the man must die; could not possibly recover,

and declined to do anything for him, as being of no use. A brother of his from Bolton's battery, came over to see him, and he was not satisfied to let the matter go so. He went to see General Logan about it, who sent over his own surgeon, who dressed the wounds, and his brother and a man from battery D was detailed to take care of him. He recovered (with the loss of an eye) to the great surprise, and perhaps the disgust of the surgeons.

Lieut. Hill had been a member of the battery when it used to play war in Plainfield, and when the war broke out was attending a commercial college in the city of New York. Capt. McAllister sent him, in a playful manner, a summons to appear and take his place in the battery. Lieut. Hill obeyed the summons, and served in the three months organization, and afterwards in the three years' service, in which he entered the battery as quartermaster sergeant, and was promoted 2d lieutenant, and then 1st lieutenant. He was one of the best and most efficient officers and the bravest of soldiers. He was honorably discharged Sept. 19th, 1863. He afterwards held the rank of lieutenant in vet. reserve corps.

This left only Lieut. G. J. Wood and E. H. Cooper as officers of the battery. Capt. Sparstrom, of the 2d regiment of artillery, was detailed to command the battery. This created great dissatisfaction among the boys. They had no particular objection to Sparstrom, but they thought they had a right to the promotions in the battery, and that they had men competent to fill any of its positions. Lieut. Wood resigned at once, and his resignation was accepted, leaving Lieut. Cooper alone of the old roster. A petition was now started and signed by every member of the battery to have Lieut. Cooper commissioned captain. This was presented to Maj. Stalbrand, chief of artillery, for his endorsement. He refused to endorse, and destroyed it instead, saying that "Cooper would make as good a 1st lieutenant as there was in the service, but he was too young and inexperienced for a captain. Captain Sparstrom is an old and experienced Swedish officer, and I will have him transferred to the command." Lieut. Cooper replied that he "did not set himself up for a Napoleon; though circumstances might make him one, and he commanded a battery at 19."

The lieutenant found that a little strategy would be needed in

order to get this promotion to which he was fairly entitled, and he got another petition, and secured the indorsement of W. T. Sherman, and Col. Taylor of the 1st artillery, after giving them a full statement of the case. The petition thus strongly indorsed, was forwarded by a judicious friend to the governor, and he soon issued a commission to Lt. Cooper as captain. All of which was done inside of three weeks, and the old battery had a commander of its own choosing.

During the siege the boys used to amuse themselves by plugging up the pipe holes, through which the enemy used to fire on our men whenever exposed. Many a brave boy had fallen before their deadly aim from these loopholes. The boys got so perfect in their gunnery, that they seldom failed to plug up the holes as fast as they made their appearance. The rebels then tried the trick of raising their hats on a stick, and drawing the fire of our men, and then taking their chance to shoot our men. It took a practiced eye to tell whether the hat held a stick or a head. So our boys, having soon learned the trick, would fire a blank from one gun, and when the hat appeared the second time, let fly a shot or shell from the other gun. All these, and many other devices and tricks, and counter tricks were played during the siege. While this was going on, the sappers and miners were burrowing under ground, like moles, preparing a mine to blow up Fort Hill, with the expectation that by this means they could force an entrance into the city.

In the battery was a man by the name of Whistler. One day the rebels opened on our boys with a new kind of mortar, which sent over a peculiar long shaped shell, which in its flight made a noise which sounded just like calling the name Whistler. Whistler heard it, and thought he was called for sure, and came running into quarters, saying, "they are after me, they are after me; don't you hear them calling Whistler, Whistler? I am a goner sure." The man was in dead earnest, but was soon convinced that it was not him in particular, but *all* of them that they were after. But the boys had many a laugh at Whistler's expense.

On the morning of June 22d (1863), Sergeant Dave Ocker, as brave a boy as any among the brave boys of battery D, came up to Captain Cooper, saying:

"Captain, I wish to-morrow morning you would send this photograph, and these letters to my mother."

"Why so, why to-morrow morning, sergeant."

"Well, Captain, you know I am no coward, and have always stood up to the fight with the rest, and never flinched from duty."

"Yes, sergeant, I know all that, but what is this all about, and why are you so solemn-visaged to-day, you are usually the gayest of the gay?"

"Captain, I have seen the sun rise for the last time on this earth. To-morrow morning at this time I shall be cold in death, and shall have cut my last fuse."

Cooper tried to reason him out of this hallucination, as it seemed to him, but in vain. Well, about 11 a. m., there was a terrible explosion heard, as it were the shock of an earthquake. Fort Hill had been blown up, and the infantry was rushing in that direction, hoping to force their way into the city. But as is well known, our forces did not succeed, but on the contrary found themselves in a very exposed condition, and lost heavily. The sap had not extended far enough and our troops were brought into a sort of *cul-de-sac*, from which there was no egress except through the sap, or over an exposed field. The earthwall separating the two armies, was not more than ten or twelve feet in thickness. The enemy being on the higher ground, could extend their arms, and sticking the muzzle of their guns over, fire down upon our troops, doing us great damage. About 3 o'clock Gen. Logan came to Capt. Cooper's section, and asked for twelve volunteers, to go to the excavation made in Fort Hill, for the purpose of throwing hand grenades. Cooper called for volunteers, but none responded. He then asked who would follow him, and all responded. Selecting twelve of the number, purposely leaving out Ocker, remembering the conversation of the morning. But Ocker did not like this seeming slight, and bought off one of the men who had been selected, and took his place. When they, (passing through the sap) got to the place, they found that no hand grenades had been provided. But something must be done. The enemy's advantage was great, and our troops were suffering fearfully at their hands. The idea struck Capt. Cooper that he might use common shell in place of the grenades. So he sent his

men back to the battery, with instructions to procure each two shrapnell shell, and some port fire, slow match, and a fuse gouge, all of which arrived in due form. The captain then directed Sergeant Henderson, who was the largest and strongest man, to hold a shell in his hands, with his back to the earthworks, while he (the captain) would cut the fuse to five seconds, and circle round with the port fire, gradually coming nearer, and when the fuse caught, he was to throw it over the works into the enemy. The proposition did not strike the mind of the sergeant favorably. He did not like the idea of making a cannon of himself, and respectfully declined this strange way of fighting. The captain said, "Well, you may be the gunner, and I will be the gun." So the captain took the shell and the serg't fired it, and over it went in time to explode in the ranks of the enemy. They kept up this novel mode of artillery fighting for some time, and became so expert they could cut the fuse at one and three-fourths seconds, and get rid of the shell before it exploded. Well, during the afternoon, Dave Ocker's premonition of death became verified. He was struck with a hand grenade from the enemy in the breast, and mortally wounded. Out of this squad of Captain Cooper and twelve men, only three returned sound to the battery at night. The rest were killed or wounded—Henderson, C. L. Pratt and Captain Cooper, only came out unscathed. I think among the instances of bravery exhibited in the siege and assaults at Vicksburg, none exceeded this.

The blowing up of Fort Hill was a failure, but so closely had Grant invested the place, and so sorely were the enemy being pushed, that escape was hopeless, and July 4th Pemberton surrendered.

The capitulation took place just in front of the position of battery D, from which every movement of the several generals and their staffs could be seen. It was a strange scene. The two principal figures had been lieutenants in the same regiment in Mexico. At Monterey and Buena Vista, they had fought on the same side with the stars and stripes. Now Pemberton has to surrender to his former comrade, a rebel's sword!

After the surrender, the battery was stationed at the bluffs of Chickasaw Bayou, near a large and beautiful spring. In the

course of ten or twelve days, the men began to complain of a strange sickness, and one after another were sent to the hospital. This unaccountable sickness continued to lay up the men until all were more or less affected, and an investigation was ordered. The result was that a small keg of *arsenic* was found imbedded in the bottom of the spring, and the cause of the sickness was revealed. Out of 150 men, 100 at least had been temporarily disabled by this fiendish outrage. The battery was moved from this place to a point nearer the city, and fixed up quarters for the summer and fall. And here the battery remained until December, when it veteranized and recruited to its full quota, and re-organized at Camp Fry, Chicago, and returned to Vicksburg. Early in the spring of 1864 it was ordered to Cairo, to prepare for Sherman's Georgia campaign, and left Vicksburg April 5th, 1864, and then moved with McPherson's corps to Clifton on the Tennessee, and thence marched to Huntsville, and then to Kingston, Georgia, where it joined Sherman's army and again commenced active campaigning and fighting. Their first serious fight on this campaign was at Big Shanty, near Kenesaw mountain. And from the commencement of the operations before Kenesaw, until when, being flanked again, the enemy abandoned this position, the battery took its full share of work and fighting. In one of these engagements Capt. Cooper received a severe wound over the left eye, which put him out of the fight for a couple of weeks. He rejoined the battery before the fight of Peach Tree Creek.

The battery was under a continuous fire during the advance on Atlanta, most of the time in front, or on the skirmish line. At the Chattahoochie River, the cavalry finding it difficult to hold the bank of the river, a call was made for a section of the battery to go to their assistance. Lieut. Cunningham was sent with two pieces, and masked his guns near the bank of the river. In the morning the rebels came down to the river to take a bath, of which no doubt they stood in need. They were all unconscious of the presence of the guns, and fearlessly they disrobed, and plunged into the water in great numbers. Lieut. Cunningham very discourteously unmasked his guns, and gave them a few rounds of canister to their no small astonishment and disgust, and such a skedaddling out of a bath was never seen before. In their haste

many of them did not stop to gather up their clothes, but disappeared over the bank with no other uniform than the one Adam wore in Paradise; and as the lieutenant did not allow the rebels to come back after their clothes, there must have been a heavy requisition that morning on rebel quartermasters for clothing. The cavalry and picket line filed down the bank and took possession of the rebel bath.

The battery did not participate in the Peach Tree Creek fight (of the 21st), but in that of the 22d it bore a conspicuous part. It must be borne in mind that this battery is still in the 3d brigade of Leggett's division of the 17th army corps, and the general histories will show the position and part played by the division. It was on this day that the army of the Tennessee lost its youthful and brave commander, one of the best men and also one of the best officers in the service. But our business is with battery D, leaving the general history of the battle to works of larger scope,

The battery was stationed near the extreme left wing of the army at what was known as "Bald Knob," its caissons and transportation being about half a mile in the rear. About one o'clock p. m., the force was attacked in the rear and left, and almost as completely surprised as at Shiloh. The 8th Mich. battery, a portion of the troops, and one or two other batteries went flying past battery D, to the rear and right, leaving it almost alone in possession of the hill, supported by the 20th Ill., 17th Wis., 20th Ohio, and 12th Wis. The attack was so sudden and from an unexpected direction that it became necessary to change fronts, and use the Atlanta side of their hastily constructed works. The 20th Ill. was now on the extreme right, and fighting desperately against fearful odds, and were soon mostly killed or captured. On came the enemy, a whole division, under Gen. Quimby. The battery had just effected its change of front when it became hemmed in almost by the enemy. They double shotted their guns, and held their fire until the enemy was within a hundred yards. Some men of the 17th Wis. had got close up to the breastworks in front of the battery, and no effort could make them get out of the way. The fire was delayed in the effort to get them to leave, until it could be held no longer without allowing the guns to be taken; and Capt. Cooper, with great reluctance, but without any doubt as to

his duty, gave the word to "fire." The destruction which followed the discharge, and the subsequent ones, was terrible. The first discharge killed and wounded some of the Wisconsin regiment, but it could not be helped without a worse calamity. This fire with that of the infantry brought the rebels to a stand still, and the battery and its supports seemed masters of the field. But just here they received a heavy fire from the rear and left. Adjutant Walker was shot in the leg, and soon after Gen. Force was shot in the head, who looked up to Capt. Cooper and said: "Tell Col Bryant that he is in command." But Col. Bryant was in another part of the field, and Capt. Cooper assumed temporary command. At this critical moment a subordinate officer pulled out a pocket handkerchief and tied it to a ramrod, and was in the act of raising it in token of surrender. Capt. Cooper struck it down with his sword, exclaiming—"Never! as long as there is a man left," giving it also as his opinion that the volley they had just received came from our own men; and that if a flag could be displayed from a point of woods near, they would see it, and cease firing on them. Instantly Lieut. Bernier, of the 20th Ill., snatched the flag from the color-bearer of the 17th Wis., and mounting the short line of breastworks in the very face of the enemy, ran two or three hundred yards with the flag, in the direction suggested. Our forces saw it and ceased their fire. They had supposed that the force on the Knob had all been captured. A braver, more heroic act than this of Lieut. Bernier was never performed. He was exposed to the fire of both sides, but escaped as by a miracle.

The enemy rallied and made another charge, but were repulsed again by the spartan band. But the ammunition having now been exhausted, and the condition and location of the caissons being unknown, the battery and its supports fell back to the 2d line. The right section was in command of Lieut. Cunningham, and the left by Lieut. Pratt, and the caissons by Lieuts. Brockway and Powers, whose judicious movements preserved them from capture, and they were found all safe awaiting orders. They had kept track of the guns by the sound, having come to know, as it were, their voices. The battery fought pretty much on its own hook through the day, going where it seemed to be most wanted, changing posi-

tions twelve times, and being in as many pitched battles. If we were to say all that the facts warrant of the action of the men of the battery and of the officers, it would seem like fulsome praise.

During the seige of Atlanta, the battery was under fire every day. After the evacuation, it moved on as far as Jonesboro, participating in several fights, and went into camp in the vicinity of Jonesboro until Sherman took up his memorable march to the sea.

Capt. Cooper was put in command of the reserve park of artillery of the army of the Tennessee, and ordered to report to Gen. Steadman at Chattanooga, for transportation to Nashville to join Thomas' army. The battery was moved with the rest to Nashville, where it remained until after the two days' battle at that place, in which it participated. It was then ordered to Clarksville, Tenn., where it remained until the war was over; and was mustered out of the service at Chicago, July 28th, 1865.

Without recapitulating the battles in which it was engaged, we content ourselves with the statement that had it fought on three days more, it would have done one full year's severe fighting.


The reader is referred to the roster and muster roll for deaths, resignations, and promotions of the men from Will county.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTERY I, SECOND ARTILLERY—BARNETT'S BATTERY.

How and when organized—Goes to Cairo—Goes to Columbus—Island No. 10—Fort Pillow—Hamburg Landing—Corinth—Rienzi—Ordered to Cincinnati—Goes to Louisville—Battle of Perryville—Goes to Nashville—Winters at Nashville—Moves to Murfreesboro—Moves for Chattanooga—Scouting on the Way—Hunting Horses—Call on Mrs. Gen. Pillow—Lieutenant Plant faces a Battery—Sudden Death at Athens from the Bite of a Scorpion, or something worse—On to Chattanooga—In the Great Battle of 19th and 20th of September—Falls Back with the Army—Crosses the River—Mission Ridge—Goes to Knoxville—Returns—Veteranizes and Recruits—Returns to the Front—Joins the Atlanta Campaign—Fights its way to Atlanta—After the Surrender—To Florence, Ala., and Back Again—On to the Sea—Lt. Coe killed—Northward—Battle of Bentonville—A Chase for Washington—Buries its Powder and Shells—Joins the Grand Parade—Goes Home and is Mustered Out.

HE organization of this battery was commenced at Joliet in Oct. 1861, under the name of the "Joliet Light Artillery," by Capt. Chas. W. Keith. About 100 men of the company and three commissioned officers, were residents of Will county. Capt. Keith with the men he had recruited went to Springfield, and his company was there consolidated with a battery partially raised at Peoria and Decatur by Henry B. Plant, Esq., then Supt. of a railroad, now a resident of Joliet, and member of the firm of Mason & Plant, and who became its 2d lieutenant, and subsequently on the resignation of Capt. Keith, its 1st lieutenant.

The battery thus constituted was mustered into the U. S. service at Camp Butler, Springfield, and left for Cairo, February 7th, 1862, at which place, and at Fort Holt, on the opposite side of the Ohio, it remained about one month. While here, a detachment of the company went on the steamer Brown, with the mortar boats

in tow, to Fort Donaldson, but did not reach that point until the fort had surrendered. On the 8th of March the battery was ordered to Columbus, (with Col. N. B. Buford), which point had been evacuated by the rebels. It remained at Columbus under Buford until the 15th, when it proceeded down the river to co-operate with Admiral Foote and Gen. Pope in the reduction of Island No. 10.

This was the only land battery at the north end of the island, and took its position on the Missouri shore within three-fourths of a mile of the powerful guns of the enemy. Opening on the enemy from this position they quickly drew the fire of the forts on the island, and were obliged to change their position, losing one man killed, Chas. Howard, of Joliet. This man was the only one killed by the fire of the enemy during the siege.

April 7th, Capt. Keith resigned, and Lieut. Barnett was made captain, and the battery was thenceforth popularly known as Barnett's Battery.

After the evacuation and surrender of Island No. 10, the battery made a trip to Cairo, and back on a steamer in charge of a portion of the rebel prisoners taken at the island. It then accompanied the expedition down the river to Fort Pillow, where it arrived April 14th.

The overflow of the river made operations impracticable at this point, and the battery then moved with the army under command of Gen. Pope, via Cairo and Tennessee river, to take part in the siege of Corinth, arriving at Hamburg Landing the 24th. It took an active part in the siege of Corinth, and in the pursuit of the enemy on their retreat, having several smart engagements with them at Buckland, Farmington, &c., having two men wounded May 30th. The brigade to which they were attached, went into summer quarters at Rienzi, Miss., about 18 miles south of Corinth.

On the 6th of September the division to which it belonged, was ordered with all speed under command of Gen. Granger, to Cincinnati, Ohio, to repel the threatened attack of Bragg, who it was feared would outstrip Buell in the chase, and invade Ohio. They made all haste day and night, unloading their guns from cars and steamboats five times in 36 hours, being in constant re-

ceipt of telegrams to "hurry up." They arrived in the vicinity on the 12th, and on the 15th marched through the city of Cincinnati on their way to the front at Covington. They were received by the citizens with an ovation, the whole city turning out to pay their respects to those they considered their deliverers.

On the 19th they proceeded by boat to Louisville, where they were assigned to Sheridan's division, and on the 1st of Oct. they moved out in pursuit of Bragg. Here they were active in preparing for the defense of Louisville. Oct. 7th, they went (after the severe skirmishing which preceded) into the action of Perryville on the 8th. Here with their two ten-pound parrots they opened upon a battery of the enemy that was making a furious attack upon one of our brigades, and soon silenced it. It was the obstinate resistance to the enemy made by the divisions of Sheridan and Mitchell on the right, which determined the fortunes of the day, and that night the enemy abandoned its attempt and withdrew. In this action the battery occupied an advanced position in the center, supported by the 26th Ill. on the right. They fired the opening gun of the battle and continued incessantly until dark, firing 614 rounds, and not changing their position, with a loss of only four men wounded, and four deafened. The armament of the battery consisted of two parot and two James six-pound rifles and two twelve-pound smooth bore Napoleons. The two last with the detailed men were sent to the rear, and the action was fought by the regular men of the battery, and the four other guns. They opened the battle under the personal direction of Gen. Sheridan. Near the close of the engagement the rebels took a battery from McCook's division and turned it upon his lines. Battery I changed the direction of their guns and silenced it, thus closing the battle. They were highly complimented by Sheridan.

After the fight the battery moved on to Nashville, reaching Crab Orchard Oct. 16th, and the city of Nashville Nov. 1, and Mill Creek, six miles south of Nashville, Nov. 22d. During their stay at this last point they were sharply engaged with the enemy three times without loss. Dec. 10th they were relieved from duty in Sheridan's division, and returned to Nashville where they went on garrison duty and were attached to Col. Dan. McCook's brigade.

During the winter Capt. Barnett filled the position of chief of

artillery and inspector of stock at Nashville. On the 30th of June the battery moved to Murfreesboro to repel a threatened attack upon that place, and remained until July 19th when it returned to Nashville. Capt. Barnett's position was of great advantage to the battery, as they got the choicest horses.

August 20th, it left Nashville with 2d brigade, 2d division of reserve corps of Gen. Granger, and proceeded through Franklin, Columbia, Pulaski, and Athens to Huntsville, where it arrived September 4th. During this march, the mounted men of the battery with a few mounted infantry acted as scouts, scouring the country, capturing guerillas, foraging and harrassing the enemy.

The country through which they passed, was one of the finest in all the south. It consisted of large cotton plantations, the owners of which were among the richest and proudest of the aristocracy of the confederacy. Here dwelt in splendid mansions, surrounded by trees, shrubbery, and flowers, the Polks, the Armstrongs, the Hilliards, the Webbs, and the Pillows. Here they had long lived in ease and plenty, protected in the enjoyment of the wealth and ease which they derived from the unpaid toil of the slave, by the very government they were now seeking to overthrow. In the back ground of these mansions were the negro huts, barns, gin houses, etc., which formed quite a village on every plantation, and stretching out beyond were large fields of the staple, which they fondly believed was still king; and rich pastures where grazed the cattle and horses which the demands of their cherished "cause" had yet left to them.

The foraging detail was in command of H. B. Plant, and their great need at this time was horses. They were accordingly calling at all the plantations in search of them. Among others which they visited was that of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, the hero (?) of Fort Donaldson. The general of course was absent fighting (or running) for the "cause." Some horses were seen in a pasture near, and on inquiry of the overseer he said they were all colts, none of them fit for artillery horses. But on examination a couple were found which the lieutenant thought might answer his purpose, and therefore concluded to take along, offering—as a grim joke—to give the usual receipt, which carried a promise to pay on proof of loyalty. This, however, was declined, as probably of lit-

tle avail to a man who was a general in the confederate army. They then visited the stables but found nothing more except a pony, which some of the boys wanted very much to take along for the pet of the battery to ride; but the lieutenant declined taking anything which would not be directly useful to "Uncle Sam." The overseer assured Lieut. Plant these were all the horses left upon the place, and he was about leaving when he heard a most expressive "whinny" from behind the barn, and on going round, and the whinny being repeated, it was responded to by another animal, and lo! coming out from behind the stacks was a span of beautiful, sleek, fat, and large blooded horses, all unconscious of the fate in store for them. The lieutenant directed a look of mingled surprise and inquiry to the overseer, who, somewhat embarrassed, hastened to explain that "these were Mrs. Pillow's carriage horses, which of *course* no one would want, as they were old family horses, and of no use except to draw Mrs. Pillow's carriage, having never been subjected to more vulgar work. Of course no gentleman would think of taking them." But the lieutenant couldn't see it in that light. They looked as though they could draw Uncle Sam's pop-guns, as well Mrs. Pillow's carriage, and he thought he would take them along. And now comes from the house a request that the officer in command would step in and see Mrs. Pillow; and accordingly the lieutenant was ushered into the august presence of the wife of Gen. Pillow, who condescended to plead to a yankee officer, in behalf of the "poor old carriage horses, that had belonged to the family *so long*, and which had until now been spared by both parties in this cruel war; and which "surely no gentleman would take." Lieut. Plant heard her patiently, and asked her if she had any protection papers, to which she somewhat indignantly replied that her husband was a general in the confederate army. He told her he must take the horses; Uncle Samuel was greatly in need of them—needed them much worse than she did—and he thought by their appearance they would be very useful, notwithstanding their great age. And so at the risk of being considered no gentleman by the wife of a rebel, who was engaged in the genteel business of trying to overthrow the government that had educated and protected him, he took them along. We here state for the consola-

tion of Mrs. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, (if she still survives) that they served the battery long and well, helping to draw one of its guns at Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, and for aught I know, on the Atlanta campaign, and the march to the sea. And when the rebel general presents his claim against Uncle Sam for those horses, he can refer to this history for proof.

But I must do the young lieutenant the justice to say that this was an act of bravery greater than that of facing the cannon's mouth, for Mrs. Pillow was supported on this occasion by a bevy of young ladies, handsome and well dressed, who looked with wonder, scorn and indignation upon the Yankee lieutenant who could thus treat a lady! To face a battery of such eyes as were then turned upon him, required some pluck.

I believe there is a tradition in the battery that the lieutenant was not quite so hard hearted, with a young and pretty widow that he encountered on another plantation, who claimed to be in favor of union, even with yankees; and who got the lieutenant to do pretty much as she wanted him to. In fact he did not confiscate a single hoof. N. B. At this time the lieutenant was "fancy free."

While in the vicinity of Athens, Ala., a melancholy incident occurred. This was the loss of one man from the company, by an accident, George Mather, of Joliet. A scorpion had crawled into his boot during the night, and on his drawing it on in the morning stung him. The sting of this insect is not usually fatal, although extremely painful. But in this case the foot commenced swelling immediately and rapidly. His comrades under the direction of a surgeon, administered to him copious draughts of whisky, a supposed antidote. The poor fellow, being thus stung internally as well as externally, died. I think it would take a more than average coroner's jury to decide whether it was the sting of the scorpion, or of the whisky that killed him.

In respect to the scorpion, let me say for the information of those who are not acquainted with the "*varmint*," that it belongs to the *arachnida*, the second class of articulates. Perhaps he would be better understood if I was to say that he is a kind of elongated spider, having his body terminated by a caudal appendage, in which there is a curved and very sharp sting, which effuses an

acid and poisonous fluid. Like the locust described in the apocalypse, his power is in his tail.

After reaching Huntsville, the battery was ordered to proceed to Chattanooga, which they did by way of Stephenson, Bridgeport, and Lookout Mountain, arriving at Chattanooga, September 13th, and marching on the 14th out to Rossville, five miles south. During the march they averaged 25 miles per day. From the 17th to the 20th, the battery occupied various positions protecting Rossville, and Gen. Thomas' line of communications. After the retreat of McCook's division, they were in the thickest of that terrible fight on the 20th, when the rebels so desperately attempted to dislodge Thomas and Granger. At one time they were almost entirely unsupported, and repelled an infantry attack with charges of double canister which did fearful execution.

A brigade of regulars which was the support of the battery, broke and run as soon as the enemy pressed hard, leaving the battery for a time without any support. The 85th Ills. seeing the condition of things, and having often been with the battery, asked the privilege of supporting them which was granted, and with the battery held the position, which was one of great importance to our army, enabling it to pass through the mountains, although the battery was at the time in the range of three rebel batteries, and was charged furiously four times in as many hours. On the evening of the 21st, they fell back with the army to Chattanooga, and on the 24th were ordered to cross the river and take position seven miles above Chattanooga to guard a ford against a strong force of the enemy on the opposite side of the river. On the 27th of Oct. they performed a night march with the force that captured Lookout Valley, and Raccoon Heights, and on the 3d of Nov. returned to their former position. Nov. 24th they took part in the attack on Mission Ridge, and were in the left wing of Sherman's army. In this engagement the battery was in command of Lieut. Plant, Capt. Barnett being North. During the fight, while the battery was on one side of a swamp called Crawfish swamp, just at night, Grant and Sherman were standing near the battery, when an officer rode up and asked if he should go back and secure quarters for the night. "No," said Grant, "if we do not get possession of those buildings (pointing to some which the rebels still

held, on the opposite side of the swamp), then I shall stay at the foot of this tree."

Well, the boys got possession of the houses before dark, and Gens. Grant and Sherman, and their staffs, were not obliged to stay under the trees. The battery took part in the pursuit after the rebel army, going as far as Ringgold, and returning, took part in the march to the relief of Knoxville, after which they returned to Chattanooga.

Here the entire battery, numbering 65 men, declared their purpose to re-enlist, and on the 8th of January, 1864, they left Chattanooga, and arrived at Springfield on the 16th, and received a thirty days' furlough.

The battery rendezvoused at Camp Erwin, Joliet, Feb. 16th, and having recruited up to 130 men, left this city for Chattanooga on the 14th of March, 1864. The battery got back to Chattanooga from the return furlough the 18th of March, having been absent just two months. During this interval great changes had occurred in the condition of the army. It was now fully supplied with rations, and Sherman was evidently preparing for some onward movement. Supplies, ordnance stores, and all the essentials of such a campaign were being collected. The first few days after their return were occupied in getting every man, horse, and gun into their proper places, and in drilling the new recruits.

March 21st, moved out six miles into Lookout Valley. That night there was a heavy fall of snow, nearly one foot in depth, for which the men were poorly prepared, having but few tents put up. On the 26th Lieut. Rich arrived from Springfield with more recruits.

During some of the first days of April, the battery practiced target shooting, which was witnessed by some experienced artillery officers, who gave the boys the credit of doing some of the best shooting they had ever seen. April 9th moved out to Gordon's mills, and joined their old command, viz: 2nd division, 14th army corps, and April 25th received orders to be ready for business, and on May 2d broke camp and entered upon the Atlanta campaign.

We have pretty full minutes of the movements of the battery

during this campaign, but we are compelled to condense them to a meager sketch.

The battery was in action May 5th, at Tunnel Hill, when a shell exploded within a few feet of Capt. Barnett and Brig. Gen. Davis. On the 10th and 11th it was hotly engaged, and on the 12th passed through Snake Creek Gap. On the 15th it was again in action, and on the 18th had skirmishes near Rome. On the 26th arrived near Dallas and had some fighting, and on 27th, 28th and 30th, was in line of battle. June 7th near Ackworth, lost two men captured while foraging. On 15th, 16th and 17th, kept up brisk firing. On the 18th shelled the rebels on Kenesaw, Gen. Sherman and Palmer superintending the business. Continued the shelling on the 21st.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has this notice of the battery at this time.

"Yesterday afternoon the rebels opened quite an extensive artillery fire from a battery placed on the top of Kenesaw mountain; but it was soon silenced by battery I, 2d artillery (Ill.) which did some of the best shooting your correspondent has yet seen. The sky was dark and cloudy, and as the shells burst over the rebel batteries, the flash could be seen, resembling a vivid streak of sharp forked lightning. The effect of each shell was to make the rebel gunners retire to a place of safety, from which they would once in a while run out and fire their pieces. But our boys had them in a tight place, and kept up so vigorous a shelling that the rebels were obliged to give it up altogether."

From the 21st to the 27th, the firing was kept up vigorously. The battery did its share on the 27th of June, losing two men, and kept up active firing until the afternoon of July 2d, when it moved to the right, marching till midnight. July 4th, was again engaged, and came near getting into a scrape. One of the rebel batteries used gun-cotton, which makes but little noise or smoke, and battery I being in advance, and to the left of another Union battery, the latter supposed the rebel shot came from battery "I," and opened on it. The bugler, G. Putney, did not let the grass grow under his feet, while he ran back and let them know they were hitting their best friends.

July 5th, the battery advanced again, and soon found the enemy behind another line of works, and commenced shelling, one gun being on the skirmish line. The enemy's sharpshooters make it pretty warm for our men. Gen. Sherman was up on the skirmish line, standing by one of the guns of battery I. Corp. J. Q. A. King had just fired the piece, and was standing a little one side with his hand on his hip, looking over to see the effect of his fire, when a ball passed through between (akimbo) and his side, and wounded one of Gen. Sherman's orderlies. One of the men of the battery called the general's attention to the fact. His only reply was that he could not help it.

Atlanta is now in sight—nine and a half miles distant. From July 6th to 9th, the boys had a rest, and on the 9th and 10th did some firing. On the 16th received new guns, the old ones being inspected and condemned. Each gun had fired over twelve hundred shots on the campaign. On the 17th, crossed the Chattahoochee, and on the 26th, took position within three miles of Atlanta, having had more or less fighting while moving up. Almost constant firing was then kept up until the 7th of August, when the battery built their breastworks within 300 yards of the rebel guns. Having changed position and built breastworks several times, the boys were pretty well used up, and in building the last works they put in a large lot of old rails. They had reason to repent of this the next day, when the rebs opened on them pretty lively, and making some good shots set the old rails flying about their heads "promiscuous," and giving some pretty hard scratches, but nothing serious. But they thought they would leave the rails out next time, as they did when they rebuilt during the night. During the night two men were wounded; hard fighting all day (the 9th). August 10th, the battery threw shells all day into the rebel lines; one of the men—Jack Riley, of Joliet—was wounded. Poor Jack is dead now, having died since the war; and here let it be said of him, that whatever else he was, or was not, he was a good soldier, brave, and always on hand, doing his duty in the battery promptly and well. August 11th, cannonading kept up by the battery all day; two men were wounded, Metter and Olson. August 12th, sent over a few salutes in the morning, and in the afternoon the infantry on the picket lines formed a tempo-

rary truce, and exchanged coffee and sugar for tobacco. Geyer, of Joliet, one of the men wounded on the 9th, died this day.

Skirmishing and firing continued until the 27th, when another flank movement was made, and the battery went with the division to Jonesboro, where it had another brisk fight. On the 3d of September, the boys got the news of the evacuation of Atlanta. The battery had now fired 1,439 rounds to each gun, on the campaign of four months, and had been in an almost continuous battle since May 2d.

Sept. 28th, the battery received orders to be ready to move in the morning, and on the 29th, loaded the guns, etc., into the cars, and started for Chattanooga, where it arrived at 11 a. m. the 30th. Oct. 1st, went by cars to Stephenson, and from there to Huntsville, at 7 p. m., where they disembarked from the cars. The rebels demanded the surrender of Huntsville, but this was not conceded, and the rebs went on to Athens, which had been re-occupied after its surrender on the 24th of September. Oct. 2d, the battery was again placed on the cars, and started for Athens, but found about three miles out, the track torn up and the telegraph down. It took all night to repair, but it was accomplished by daylight of the 3d, and they went on to within three miles of Athens, when they got off the cars, and returned. Camped in Athens that night. On the 4th, started for Florence, Ala., and arrived at the Elk River at 3 p. m., which was found very high. Camped for the night at Rogerville, it raining in torrents. Oct. 5th, marched at 6 o'clock, roads very muddy. Oct. 6th, a detachment sent on scout, and went within one mile of Florence, heard distant cannonading. The country was very beautiful. Oct. 8th, heard more cannonading, and had some skirmishing with the rebs, who were on the opposite side of the river. Oct. 9th, a slight frost, the first of the season.

Oct. 10th, battery commenced return to Chattanooga, where it arrived on the 14th, and went into camp. Here they met the 100th regiment on its way to Nashville.

On the 18th, commenced return to Atlanta, foraging on the way. At Kingston drew new horses and fresh greenbacks. Had a review of the artillery of the 14th corps by Captain Barnett, act-

ing chief of artillery, and were ordered to prepare for another campaign.

On the 12th Captain Barnett resigned, and the command of the battery fell upon Lt. A. W. Coe, (Lt. Plant having resigned at the commencement of the campaign.) Nov. 13th, passed Altoona Station, the 2d division of 14th corps tearing up the railroad; thus cutting loose from all communications behind. On the 14th, passed Kenesaw Mountain, and on the 15th were again in Atlanta.

On the 16th left Atlanta, smoking behind, with their faces seaward, and on the 18th passed Oxford and Covington. Gen. Sherman traveled with the corps, (14th). The roads were good. Two divisions still tearing up the railroad; the fires from the burning ties lighting up the darkness at night. Camped on Arcola river.

And so the boys pass on with the 14th corps, skirmishing, foraging, camping and corduroying until Dec. 9th, which brings them within fifteen miles of Savannah. Here they had brisk skirmishing, in the course of which Lieut. Coe, commanding the battery, was killed by a rebel shell. He was literally torn to pieces, and had only time to say, "My God, boys, I am killed." They buried him with masonic honors, at evening, building a rustic enclosure of small pine logs about the grave; and there sleeps a brave and patriotic man! On the 10th and 11th moved on to within five miles of Savannah, with heavy cannonading.

Dec 12th, within four miles of the city. The 20th corps on the left; 15th and 17th on the right. The 20th captured a wooden gun-boat. On the 13th, the 15th corps captured Fort McAllister. Dec. 18th the battery moved into some works that the infantry had built within 600 yards of the enemy. In the evening they tossed over some of their cast iron, but without much damage. On the morning of the 21st the rebels had left. They had also evacuated the city, and when Sherman entered the city he dispatched a note to President Lincoln, presenting to him the city of Savannah as a christmas-gift. A message which flew on the wings of lightning, carrying joy to all union hearts, and dismay to the rebels.

December 31st, completed a year's service as veterans. On the

16th of January, 1865, received orders to prepare for another campaign, and on the 21st started out on the northward march. After marching through swamps and dodging torpedoes, January 27th, went into camp at Sister's Ferry. Gun-boats came up the Savannah to this point, pontoons are laid, and on Sunday, Feb. 5th, they cross the river and camp on the soil of South Carolina. Some of the army are killed and wounded by torpedoes.

On they go through the swamps, corduroying and foraging, passing through Barnwell, Blackwell, and past Columbia, and through Lexington. On the 25th laid by for the roads to dry.

Feb. 28th resumed the march, and camped March 5th, on Big Pedee, three miles above Cheraw, having crossed several rivers, which had to be pontooned. On the 7th crossed the Big Pedee on pontoons, and on the 11th passed through Fayetteville, N. C. Here was a rebel arsenal, which of course came to grief. A tug-boat comes up from Wilmington. On the 16th there was a general engagement by the cavalry of the 14th and 20th corps. Battery I was in the front on the 18th, in line of battle, but the rebels fell back when the troops advanced. On the 19th the enemy was found in strong force, under Johnson, who attacked the advance of the 14th corps strongly, and compelled them to fall back, when the union lines of battle were soon formed and met the enemy, attacking with all his force. The 20th corps came up to the support of the 14th, and the rebels were handsomely repulsed.

Battery I had a good position, and did some good shooting. March 25th in line of battle again, but not much fighting. The rebels seem to have got satisfied, and on the 22d were not visible. This was the battle of Bentonville.

The march was then resumed with 2d division of 14th corps, battery I in advance. The 24th corps came up here from Wilmington, who thought Sherman's men a pretty hard looking set. No wonder, the boys had not had much time to make their toilets. They were well smoked up with the pine knots with which they made their coffee, and many were ragged and barefoot.

They pass on through Goldsboro, where they stop a few days to get supplies, and here they get a mail, and Lieut. Rich gets his commission as captain of the battery.

Here April 6th, the boys got the news from Richmond. Wan't

there a hurrah! April 10th, on again, with some skirmishing, to Smithfield, the evening of the 11th. Next day, hear still better news. On the 13th passed through Raleigh, making a fine march through the city, and went into camp the 15th at Avery's Ferry. Here the famous negotiations of Sherman with Johnson, were had. On the 18th came the shocking news of the assassination. April 20th Johnson surrendered, and on the 21st, division marched to Holly Springs. Here the battery was recruited by a one thousand-dollar-bounty man.

May 1st, start on again for Washington, on a race with the 20th corps, and on the 7th reached Richmond—190 miles in seven days—said to be the best marching on record.

On the 8th camped near Richmond, and having no further use for ammunition it was buried. On the 11th resumed march to Washington, which was reached in time to join in the grand review of Sherman's army, by the President, Grant and others. Marched via White House, Capitol, Pennsylvania avenue, and returned to former camp. May 25th left camp, passed through Washington, and camped about three miles from the city. May 29th got news of Kirby Smith's surrender, which finished up the Confederacy. May 30th turned over the guns and harness, horses, &c., to the proper departments at the arsenal. The men visit the city and see the "*lions*;" and June 1st start home, via Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Arrived at Springfield the 7th and went into barracks at Camp Butler, and were soon busy making out the last pay, and muster-out rolls. On the 13th were paid off and discharged; and those who had been soldiers for the last four years and more, are citizens again; and those who had been in such close companionship through so many marches,—stood shoulder to shoulder through so many battles—now bid each other good-bye, often with a tear, and scatter to their several homes, to see the friends from whom they have been separated through the long and weary years.

Battery I was in the service three years, eight months and sixteen days. It would be impossible to give the number of miles it marched during the time. It was only once absent from the field of active operations, when veteranizing and recruiting, previous to the Atlanta campaign. In the course of its history, it visi-

ted ten of the southern and southwestern states ; Florida and Texas being the only rebel states that did not get a taste of its mettle and *metal*. The battery was of course often recruited, and the places of the disabled supplied by details from infantry regiments; and only about fifty men of the original roster returned with the battery. Several of the members of the battery are now in Joliet, quietly pursuing the ordinary avocations of life, making no boast of their services, and in no way reminding the public, that four of the best years of their lives were given to save the union, and keep back the invaders from our homes.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

CHAPTER XII.

BRIEF MENTION OF CAVALRY AND OTHER REGIMENTS.

Fourth Cavalry—Eighth Cavalry—Thirteenth Cavalry—Third Cavalry—Sixth Cavalry—Ninth Cavalry—Tenth Cavalry—Fifteenth Cavalry—Chicago Mercantile Battery—Bolton's Battery—Two Stories—Battery C, 1st Artillery—Battery G, 1st Artillery—Battery M, 1st Artillery—Cogswell Battery—Battery G, 2d Artillery—Lockport Artillery Company—72d Infantry—Co. I, 46th Infantry—88th Infantry—How Some Families were Represented.

THE record of the brave troopers of Will county will have to be a brief one. We begin with THE FOURTH CAVALRY, known from its first colonel, and most active organizer, the present supreme judge of this district, as "Dickey's Cavalry." In this regiment our county had four commissioned officers and about one hundred and fifty men. The regiment was organized in Ottawa, in the fall of 1861. Captain John H. Felter, of Lockport, commenced raising Company D, in August 1861, and obtained about one hundred volunteers in this county. We had also fifteen men in Co. C, and a few in other companies. A reference to the muster roll in PART FOUR, will show the names and history of officers and privates.

We cannot go into so minute a history of this regiment, as we should be glad to do. Its active career commenced with Grant's advance on Columbus, January 1862, and on Fort Henry in February, when a detachment under command of the lamented Lt. Col. Wm. McCullough, pursued the enemy and captured many prisoners, and several cannon, having several killed and wounded.

The next day, the regiment under Col. Dickey, made a reconnoissance to the railroad bridge above the fort, capturing prisoners and securing valuable information. On the day before the general advance on Fort Donaldson, it made a reconnoissance to the vicinity of that fort, capturing some of the enemy's pickets, and getting a view of the situation. It took an active part in the battle which resulted in getting possession of the fort. It was then engaged in reconnoitering until the battle of Shiloh, in which it was actively engaged both days. It also had a brisk engagement with the enemy's cavalry on the day subsequent to the general battle, being brought into close combat with Forrest, in which he and many of his men were wounded. It was then active in the siege of Corinth, and after the evacuation, pursued the rebels as far as Holly Springs. From this until November 1862, it was on duty as scouts in western Tennessee and northern Mississippi, under Generals Logan and Sherman. In December it was in Grant's advance into Mississippi, being continually engaged from Holly Springs to Coffeeville. At the latter place our forces got into a tight place and had to retreat, and two squadrons of the 4th cavalry were left in the rear to delay the advance of the enemy. The rebels however came on in great force, and a severe conflict ensued, and our forces stubbornly resisted the enemy, greatly superior in numbers. Col. McCullough of Bloomington, was killed, 13 were wounded and missing. The latter part of the month, it, with others, pursued Van Dorn in his course through Mississippi to Tennessee, and back again to Pontetoc, Miss.

We have elsewhere mentioned the fact that some Will county men were taken prisoners. In one place we have made an error, in stating that it occurred at the time Col. McCullough was killed. They were captured at Centerville, near Collierville, Tenn., in January 1863. Co. C (27 men) had been sent out to reconnoiter, and on their return found themselves intercepted by a force of 72 rebel cavalry. Though greatly out-numbered, our boys gave them fight; but the odds was too great. Four Kendall county men were killed, five others were wounded—one of whom was Marion Cooper of Florence, who was wounded severely. Thirteen, including the wounded, were taken prisoners. Four of these, John Avery, Henry Benner, Marion Cooper and John Massey, were Will

county men. The prisoners were at once taken on a fast gallop about eight miles, when they were dismounted, and searched and robbed of everything valuable. They were then taken eight miles farther to a plantation near Hernando. Here they were corralled in old negro quarters for the night. The owner of the plantation was a physician and he paid some attention to the wounded, dressing the wounds with tallow from a candle. The weather was very cold, and the boys had to take off their overcoats to keep the wounded from freezing. Next morning those who were not wounded were taken on toward Jackson, Miss. The wounded were soon after rescued by our forces. At Grenada the prisoners were brought before Gen. Tighlman, who happened to be pretty drunk. He ordered the men put in irons, but the order was subsequently countermanded, and they were held as prisoners of war at Jackson, Miss., until April 1st, when they were parolled and sent to New Orleans.

From this time until August 1863, the regiment was on scouting duty in Tennessee and Mississippi, and in September went by steamer to Vicksburg, and was with McPherson in his reconnoissance toward Canton, in October 1863, Co. D, and details from other companies were with Sherman in his great raid on Meridian, a full account of which is given in our history of the 20th Ill. Infantry, in which the Will county company was attached to the same brigade. It afterwards moved to Natchez, and was on scouting duty until October 1864, when the non-veterans embarked for Springfield for muster out, leaving about 500 veterans and recruits in the field, from whom five new companies were organized, which remained in service until 1866. About ten of our Will county men were discharged for promotion in colored regiments, and to enter the naval service. As will be seen by reference to PART FOUR, we lost nine men in this regiment, one of whom died at Richmond while prisoner.

EIGHTH CAVALRY.

No regiment has a more brilliant record than the 8th cavalry. This regiment was mostly raised in the Fox River Valley, its organization taking place at St. Charles. It was popularly known

as "Farnsworth's Cavalry," from its first colonel, the Hon. John F. Farnsworth, of St. Charles. Our present worthy governor was a major in this regiment. Will county claims a share in the glory of its achievements, being represented in it by four commissioned officers and ninety-eight enlisted men.

Alvin P. Granger, of Homer, a son of Alanson G., one of the old and well known residents of that town, was a first lieutenant in company F, and during a portion of his time of service, served on the staffs of Generals Keyes and Pleasanton. Another son of Alanson Granger, Albert L., was a private in this company, until discharged for promotion in a colored regiment.

John A. Kinley, Wheatland, who had just graduated at one of our leading universities, enlisted as private Co. K, and was promoted sergeant, then 2d lieutenant, and (September 18, 1864) captain.

Harley J. Ingersoll, of Plainfield, also entered Co. K as private, and was promoted sergeant, then lieutenant, and also captain after the resignation of Kinley.

George W. Flagg, of Plainfield was a lieutenant in the same company at its organization, but resigned in January 1862.

In company E we had three enlisted men; in Co. F fifty-three men, (mostly from the eastern part of the county); in Co. K thirty-nine men, (mostly from Plainfield and Wheatland) and in Co. L three men.

Our county lost eleven men in this regiment. One of them was Orland Hewes, of a well-known Crete family, who is reported in Dr. Hard's book, as being captured in a brisk little fight near Culpepper, Va., in Nov. 1863, and dying in Andersonville. This, however, is an error. He was killed on the spot, Serg't Willis J. Cook, of the same 'four' states that he fell against his horse, and that he helped to bury him on the spot where he fell.

Charles A. Hill, one of our well known lawyers was a private in Co. K, until discharged for promotion as a lieutenant in a colored regiment, in which he was subsequently promoted captain.

We shall not go into a detailed history of this regiment, or even give an abstract of its movements. Happily there is no need, for its history has been ably and minutely written by Dr. Abner Hard,

of Aurora, its surgeon throughout its entire service. It must suffice to say that it commenced its career of active service in Washington, in October 1861, and continued to be actively engaged, except on veteran furlough, all through the war, its last service being rendered in searching for the assassins of President Lincoln. It became perhaps the most celebrated cavalry regiment in the Potomac army, and its record is a glorious one. We abstract from Dr. Hard's history, one incident relating to a Will county man :

After the second battle of Malvern Hill occurred the memorable retreat from Harrison's Landing, in which the 8th cavalry were rear guard. Just as they were leaving, Sergt. Kinley played a conspicuous part in an enterprise which was not ordered. A little below the landing was a plantation of a wealthy old rebel of the name of Hill Carter. He had two sons in the rebel army, and yet such was the policy of the general in command that the old rebel was furnished with guards to protect his well-filled corn-cribs from our soldiers, although our horses were starving for the want of rations. This way of treating rebels was of course highly disgusting to the boys of Farnsworth's abolition regiment, who in their simplicity thought the old reb. should be made to contribute to the support of the government he and his sons were trying to destroy. Some of them, under the leadership of Kinley, determined not to leave the place without making Old Carter contribute something to the cause. Accordingly when the "change of base" was entered upon and the guards withdrawn, Kinley and a squad of the boys called on Carter and told him that movements were in progress, which would make it necessary that he and all his men should remain in the house during the night, and that the first one that showed his head out of doors would be shot. Carter remonstrated, but Kinley told him that the order was imperative. The old man had to yield to the necessity, and Sergt. Kinley then placed sentinels to see that the orders were obeyed. As soon as it was fully dark, the boys went into Carter's stables and took therefrom three of his best horses, with which they got safely off and joined the retreating army. Next Spring one of Carter's sons was captured by the 8th cavalry, and the boys had the satisfaction of assuring him that his father's horses were still

in the regiment, and were rendering Uncle Sam good service. Strange to say he did seem much gratified thereat.

While lieutenant of the company, Kinley was wounded near Urbana, Md., July 9th, 1864, when the regiment was up the Potomac trying to head off Lee's invasion. Col. Clendenning with three companies of the regiment was falling back through Urbana closely followed by a full regiment of rebel cavalry. But the boys of the 8th gave the rebels such a reception that they fell back with the loss of their flag and its bearer. In this skirmish Kinley received a severe wound, a rebel bullet lodging near his heart.

Sergeant Richard C. Vinson, of Wheatland, fell mortally wounded in an engagement with Imboden's rebel infantry, during the pursuit of Lee's army after the battle of Gettysburg. Surgeon Hard says: "Vinson was calm and composed, and met his fate in a soldier-like manner. A better or more noble soldier could not be found in the army." He died at Boonsboro, July 6th.

Sergeant Holmes, of Co. G, 100th Infantry, first enlisted in this regiment, but having the misfortune to get gobbled up when on a reconnoissance, he was parolled and got his discharge, and when released joined the 100th.

THIRTEENTH CAVALRY.

Our next largest representation in the cavalry regiments was in the 13th, in which we had five commissioned officers and sixty-five enlisted men. These were principally in companies C and F. Those in Co. C were from the town of Monee, and were nearly all of German nationality. Adam Sachs, of Monee, was captain of the company until its consolidation, and Adolph Schule of the same place, 2d lieutenant.

Company F was known as Danforth's company, and was raised in Joliet and vicinity by the efforts of Dr. Danforth, its first captain, Ira D. Swain 1st lieutenant, and E. Grundy 2d sergeant—Dr. Edwin R. Willard, of Wilmington, served as surgeon after consolidation. We lost eight men in this regiment. One of this number was by a melancholy accident, while the company was at Ironton, Mo. A volley of thirteen guns had been ordered in re-

spect to the memory of Gen. C. F. Smith, who had lately died. Four men were detached for this duty, among them Henry R. Aulsbrook, of Plainfield, who acted as rammer. While ramming down the fifth cartridge, the gun was prematurely discharged, terribly mangling the poor boy who lingered in great agony for a few hours, when death came to his relief. He was one of the best men in the company, and his death gave the boys a shock from which they did not soon recover. The shock was no less felt at Plainfield where his parents resided, and where the young man had grown up from infancy beloved and respected.

Another good soldier and valuable young man which our county lost in this company was Wm. M. Radcliff, whose aged parents still reside in Joliet. At the time of his enlistment he was in the employ of Bush & Bros., by whom he was highly prized. He was chosen 1st corporal of the company and served with it through its marches and skirmishes through Missouri and Arkansas, and was taken sick at Helena, from which place he was sent to hospital at St. Louis, where he died October 30th, 1862. He was a member of the Baptist Church, Joliet.

Besides the regiments named, our county had in the THIRD CAVALRY seventeen men from various parts of the county, four of whom died in the service, one of whom, Geo. F. Johnson, of New Lenox, was drowned. This regiment closed up its services by an expedition into the Indian country after the war had closed. In the SIXTH CAVALRY our county had seven men, six of whom were our German citizens from Monee, two of whom died in the harness.

In the NINTH CAVALRY our county had one commissioned officer and about fifty enlisted men. Sidney O. Roberts, of the town of Dupage, was 1st lieutenant of Co. G. The enlisted men were principally in companies B and D, and largely from the town of Crete, and of German nationality. We lost six men in this regiment. In the TENTH CAVALRY we had one commissioned officer, Lieut. Herman B. Hoffman, of Joliet, and fourteen enlisted men, all from the town of *Channahon*. Two died in the service. In the ELEVENTH CAVALRY we had nine recruits. In the TWELFTH CAVALRY we had 16 enlisted men, three of whom lost their lives. In the FOURTEENTH CAVALRY we had four men,

one of whom was George F. Coddington, of Lockport, who was corporal, and George H. Mason, of Lockport, who was killed at Boddy Station, Tenn., Dec. 14th, 1863. Another valuable young man lost to Lockport and Will county. In the FIFTEENTH CAVALRY we had nine enlisted men. This was one of the dragoon companies attached to the 36th Ill. infantry, raised in the Fox river valley. Thomas C. Pennington, of Wilmington, (son of our present deputy U. S. Collector) who was attending school at the time, enlisted in Co. K, veteranized and was mustered out as quartermaster-sergeant of 10th cavalry, consolidated.

Samuel H. Whited, of Scott street, Joliet, who had previously enlisted in the Mechanic Fusileers, an organization that was disbanded; was also a member of Co. L of this regiment, although he had to forget about ten years of his life in order to get mustered in. But these ten years only the better qualified him to endure hardness as a good trooper. We had a few men in other cavalry regiments whose names will be found in PART FOUR.

CHICAGO MERCANTILE BATTERY.

Our county had a respectable representation in this battery—respectable both in numbers and in character. This representation was mostly from the city of Lockport. In the fall of 1872, seventeen young men from the substantial families of that place, together with one each from Joliet and Wilmington, enlisted at the organization of the battery. Subsequently our county also furnished seventeen recruits, fourteen of whom were also from Lockport. Two of the original members from Lockport held the rank of sergeant, and one that of corporal. A reference to the muster roll in the latter part of this work will show the names and military record of all.

This battery rendered efficient service to the Union cause. It went first to Memphis, where it joined the expedition under Sherman to Oxford, Miss., which drove the rebels from that place. It next went with Sherman in the first attack on Vicksburg, encountering the discomforts of the Yazoo swamps for a week, and taking part in the desperate but unsuccessful assault on Chickasaw Bluffs. It next took part in the expedition to Arkansas

Post, and was actively engaged in the battle of the 11th and 12th of January, which resulted in the rebel surrender. The battery received on this occasion the public thanks of Gen. Osterhaus.

It went subsequently to Young's Point, opposite Vicksburg, where it remained until spring. Thence it moved to Milliken's Bend, from which it started with Grant's expedition against Vicksburg. Crossing the river at Bruinsburg, it was the same day in the battle of Magnolia Hills.

It took part in the battle of Champion Hills on the 16th, and Black River Bridge on the 17th of May. It then bore an active and honorable part in the memorable siege which terminated in the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4th. On the 22d of May, two guns were pushed within twenty-five feet of the enemy's works, and with only a storming party for support, held their position, keeping up a continuous fire until darkness compelled them to retire. For this and their general conduct during the siege, the battery received honorable mention in the report of Gen. McClelland.

On the 5th of July it went with Gen. Sherman's expedition against Jackson, Miss., and was engaged seven days in the siege of that place. Returning to Vicksburg, it left that place August 30th, for New Orleans, as part of Gen. Franklin's expedition up the Bayou Teche. Returning to New Orleans, it embarked on the steamer St. Mary, for Texas. It reached La Croix where it remained until March, when it returned to Berwick's Bay, and formed part of the 13th army corps under Gen. Benson, accompanying Gen. Banks' cotton expedition up the Red River. This expedition, successful in its beginning, terminated in partial disaster, in which the Chicago Mercantile Battery was involved. In the action known as that of Sabine Cross Roads, it lost all of its guns. No dishonor, however, was attached to the battery. It lost two officers and two men killed; five wounded, and two officers and nineteen men captured. Among the prisoners were four of the Lockport men, viz: John W. Arnold, Sanford L. Parker, Amos Burdick and Walter H. Felter. These were all taken to Tyler, Texas, and confined in the prison pen known as Camp Ford, a stockade of about eight acres, where they endured the usual treatment of our men in southern prisons, a little better perhaps than that which was administered at Andersonville. One of

the number, Walter H. Felter, died there, a victim to southern hospitality. The rest endured the discomforts of prison life, during fourteen months, until peace brought their release. In this stockade were confined about forty-five hundred men, about one-fourth of the number under shelter, the rest being compelled to content themselves with the sky only for a covering. All the usual cruelties of short rations, insufficient clothing, robbery and brutality, shooting on the dead line, etc., obtained. Arnold succeeded in making his escape, but after three weeks of hiding, was retaken.

After this expedition, the battery returned to N. O. April 26th, where it remained until Nov. 20th when it went with Gen. Davidson for Baton Rouge, and then to Pascagoula, on the Gulf Coast, where it aided in diverting reinforcements to the confederates at Mobile. In June 8th, 1865, it was mustered out of service at New Orleans.

When the war broke out Mr. Fenn, (who by the way is, or rather was, an Englishman—he is now an American—) was in New Orleans, and was forced into a rebel camp, preparatory to being put into the ranks. Fortunately, while engaged upon a ferry boat, he had rescued from drowning, the child of a very influential citizen, who having learned of his arrest, effected his release, and with the aid of the British consul, he succeeded in getting out of the city, and after many tribulations into our lines, and on reaching Lockport, his former residence, he at once enlisted.

For further particulars in reference to individuals see PART FOUR.

BATTERY L, SECOND ILL. ARTILLERY—BOLTON'S BATTERY.

In this battery our county had eighteen men. One of these, Dan'l H. Pierce, of Plainfield, became 1st lieutenant, and Julius D. Roberts, of Plainfield, and Levi B. Wightman, of Wheatland, became 2d lieutenants in the battery. The two last were corporals in McAllister's battery in the three months' service. Lieut. Pierce and privates Freelove and Bond had also been privates in the same. Corporal Newton A. Hill was one of the young men injured by the premature discharge of McAllister's gun in the sena-

torial campaign of 1858, and is a brother of Lieut. F. Hill, so severely wounded at Vicksburg, as related in the history of McAlister's Battery. The names of the other members of the battery will be found in their proper place in PART FOUR.

We cannot of course go into a detailed history of this battery. Its career was an honorable one, and its services were rendered in the south west. Beginning with the battle of Shiloh, it participated in the siege of Corinth, moved thence to Memphis in Sherman's command, and occupied that city in Aug. 1862. In October it was in the engagement at Noncomo creek. It was selected by Gen. Hurlburt to open the attack in the battle of the Hatchie, in which it captured a rebel battery and a stand of colors. A hill known as the "Hill of Metamora," was the key to the position and the commanding point of the field. A rebel battery, and battery L, simultaneously moved on the double quick to get it. Bolton's battery succeeded—gained the hill, and forthwith opened on the rebel battery before they could unlimber all their guns, and drove the men from it, and all their supports. Maj. Campbell, acting chief of artillery for the division, came up and said, "You have shot down the enemy's colors." After getting back to Bolivar, the colors were presented to the battery by Gen. Hurlburt before the whole division drawn up in a hollow square. It marched with Grant in his campaign through Mississippi, being in Logan's division. After the destruction of Holly Springs by Van Dorn, it returned to Memphis, and then accompanied Grant's army to Lake Providence and Milliken's Bend, and was engaged in the movements around Vicksburg and in the siege was forty seven days in the trenches. After the surrender of Vicksburg it was in Gen. Leggett's campaign in Louisiana. It fought under McArthur at Benton and Gleasonville in June 1864, and in July under Slocum at Jackson and Clinton, Miss. From that time until mustered out, it was on garrison duty at Vicksburg. Our county lost three men in this battery. Freeman S. Gay, Jr., died in Louisiana August 30th, 1863. Jeremiah Downs, of Joliet, died at Vicksburg October 18th, 1865, and Francis Fentiman, of Wheatland, died at Vicksburg June 14th, 1865. We can devote no more space to this battery except to tell a little story.

After Grant had been compelled to take the back track in con-

sequence of Van Dorn's destructive raid on Holly Springs, where the accumulated stores of his army were destroyed, Logan's division fell back to La Grange. As is well known the loss of the stores at Holly Springs brought Grant's army to short rations, and in fact for a time to *no* rations. Under such circumstances of course every one was on the look-out for something to satisfy the demands of an empty stomach, and as it often happened, the boys did not wait to be detailed before they went on a forage. When near La Grange a Dutchman in battery L—a boy of 16, in years, but a man in sharpness and grit—spied a handsome spotted cow in the bush near the place where the battery went into camp. Of course he went for her forthwith. With the ready aid of his comrades the cow was captured, slaughtered, skinned and dressed, and in due time also cooked and eaten, all *secundum artem*. Having claimed the hide as his perquisite by right of discovery, and the claim being conceded, he took it to a tannery near by. Now leather was a great want at the south, and hides brought ready money on sight, and Hans found the tanner eager to buy. Entering the shop, Hans says :

"You puy hides here?"

"Yes."

"How much you give?"

"Three dollars, for good ones."

"Vel, here pes a good one."

"Throw it down and let me see it."

Hans threw down the hide, and the man proceeded to spread it out on the floor. Suddenly he jumps up and breaks out in a towering rage—

"Thunder and lightning! You d—d Yankee thief! You have killed my old spotted cow, the last cow I had, and now you come and ask me to buy the hide! D—n you, get out of my shop, the hide's mine."

The man was proceeding to appropriate the hide without further parley, but to this Hans was not at all prepared to assent, and he says :

"Halt! halt! hans off! hans off! May pe the cow vas yours, I don't know, it make no difference, *that hide pe's mine*, and you

can't have him mitout you pay me tree dollar, and you must let him pe, or I shoots."

As Hans suited his motions to his words, and as the man thought of the fact that a division of Yankees was near to back him up, he saw that it would be both useless and dangerous to insist upon his view of the equity of the case. So he paid Hans three dollars for the hide of his last cow, the old spotted cow that less than an hour before was quietly browsing in the brush.

We must tell one more—

After the battle of Champion Hills in which this battery played a part, in pushing in toward Vicksburg the baggage and commissary wagons were left behind, and the boys were once more without rations, and after forty-eight hours' fasting got pretty faint and hungry. In such circumstances a soldier feels wolfish, and goes for whatever he can find. A raid was made by some bumner on a planter's smoke house, and a lot of bacon was secured. Of course he had to divide, and Corporal Hill getting a good slice, retired to a stump to enjoy it. Just then Gen. LOGAN happened to ride along, as hungry as a common man, and seeing Hill about to go at his "*sow-belly*," says:

"Where did you get that?"

"Pulled it, of course."

"Give me some, I'm so hungry I can't see."

Hill divided with him, and he devoured it with a keen gusto, and like Oliver Twist, sighed for more; but more was not to be had, and he rode on. Some hours after, Hill overtook Logan just as he had commenced on a chicken, which his servant had procured. As soon as Logan saw him he says, "Here, corporal, you divided your *sow-belly* with me, you shall have half of this chicken."

FIRST ARTILLERY.

In battery A we had one representative, Lemuel Nickerson, of Joliet, who died in this city from sickness brought on by exposure, August 23d, 1863.

In battery C we had two men. These were James Leddy and Wm. O. L. Jewett. Both of these young men had been enlisted in other organizations early in the war. Jewett was in Co. E, 39th,

and was discharged on account of loss of health, in June, 1863. Mr. Leddy had been a member of Co. B, 100th regiment, and was also discharged for disability. At the time of their enlistment in battery C, (Houghtaling's battery) they were both students at law in the office of Judge Parks in Joliet. Having recovered their healths they were unable to resist the impulse to join again in the work of saving the Union, and accordingly joined this battery as recruited in the fall of 1864, and shared in the march of Sherman from Atlanta to Washington. Unwilling to lose what time the exigencies of the service might give them, they took along some of their text books, and thus after marching and fighting by day, read Chitty and Blackstone at night, by the light of pine knots, through Georgia and the Carolinas.

In battery G we had one commissioned officer, 1st Lt. Donald Campbell, of Lockport, and six privates from the same place. In battery I, we had three representatives. One, James Bond, son of Mr. Samuel Bond of Joliet township, and a representative of the *Signal* office, and who, after serving out his time in the war with credit, and escaping all its casualties, was drowned a few years since in the Missouri river.

In battery M, we had five representatives. This battery was attached to the same brigade with the 100th regiment in the Atlanta campaign, and we had occasion to speak of it in the history of that regiment, as firing the shot which terminated the earthly career of the Rev. Rebel Gen. Leonidas Polk.

Magnus Tait of this township, was a sergeant in this battery who had the misfortune to get gobbled up when before Atlanta, and who was taken to Andersonville. Some of my readers will remember how he looked when he came home from that delightful southern residence, where according to Senator Hill, our boys experienced the delights of southern hospitality, how he barely escaped with life, and how for a long time he hobbled about our streets on crutches.

Charley Cope, who now works so quietly at manufacturing horse collars in the old stone block, Joliet, put in three years of his boyhood in this battery, being only nineteen when mustered out. Though brave even to recklessness, he came through with-

out a scratch, although his hat and clothing often showed the marks of rebel skill in gunnery.

George Carey of Plainfield, was an artificer in this battery, who still plies his vocation in that patriotic village, and is as plucky and patriotic as ever.

SECOND ARTILLERY.

In battery D we had one commissioned officer, Joseph Hockman, of Lockport, 2d lieutenant, and seven enlisted men.

In Coggswell battery we had one commissioned officer, Henry G. Eddy, of Lockport, of the famous 'Hawley Battery' in the three months' service, who still lives, and long may he wave. Also fifteen men and recruits.

In battery G, 2d artillery, we claim one representative, H. B. Scutt, of Joliet.

LOCKPORT ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Although this company was never mustered into the service of the United States, and therefore makes no figure in the adjutant general's report, and although it never came into actual conflict with the armed hordes of treason, yet, inasmuch as it rendered valuable service to the country, at a critical period of our history, it is entitled to honorable mention in the war record of Will county. This company was organized as an amateur battery under the State Militia law, some three or four years before the war, and was supplied by the state with one cannon.

When the crisis came in the spring of 1861, it was called upon by Gov. Yates, to go to Cairo, and assist in the armed occupation of that point, as we have related in our record of home events. The company consisting of the persons named below, and possibly of some others whose names have been forgotten, went to Cairo, April 22d, 1861, where they were joined by other men who had gathered there from various parts of the state. The battery was immediately placed on duty by Gen. Prentiss, then in command. It has the honor of placing the first gun in position for the defence of that place. They assisted in the blockade of the river, stopping all boats from that time on. Among others the

steamer Hillman bound down from St. Louis, was intercepted and found to have a cargo of contraband goods—a large lot of revolvers packed in butter firkins and marked “choice butter.” This company mounted the guns in Fort Prentiss, and was placed in command of the fort under Lieut. Eddy, by Gen. Wagner, chief of artillery. The battery remained at Cairo until the 6th of August, when it was disbanded, its term of service having more than expired. Many of the members entered other organizations in the three years’ service. Lieut. Eddy became 1st Lieutenant in Coggsell’s battery. We give below the names of the Lockport men :

Captain—N. L. Hawley; 1st. Lieut.—H. G. Eddy, entered Coggsell’s battery; 2d Lieut.—J. W. Herron; Ord. Serg’t—Wm. E. Coddington; Serg’t—Donald Campbell, entered battery G, 1st artillery, 1st lieutenant; Serg’t.—Joseph Hockman, entered battery D, 2d artillery, 2d lieutenant; Serg’t.—Sanford L. Parker, entered Mercantile Battery. Privates—John Harmon, John Shaw, Patrick McBride, Chandler Heath, George Terry, Enoch Allen; Martin Nierberg, entered battery D, 2d artillery; John Riley, James McGregor, Michael Walter, John Thorn, entered D, 2d artillery; Andrew Emery, Orrin Moon, entered Co. D 4th cavalry; Charles Josenhans, entered battery D; Florian Kenney and Samuel Cowell.

SEVENTY-SECOND OR FIRST BOARD OF TRADE REGIMENT.

Our county was represented in this regiment by twenty-seven men, at its original organization in the summer of 1862. These were mostly from the towns of DuPage and Channahon. We also furnished subsequently nine recruits. The following list of skirmishes and battles in which the regiment participated, is all we give of its history. The names of the men will be found in PART FOUR of this work: Clarkson, Mo., Horn Lake Creek, Champion Hills, Big Black, Siege of Vicksburg, St. Catherine’s Creek, Miss., Cross Bayou, La., Benton, Miss., Grand Gulf, Columbia, Tenn., Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, Spanish Fort, Ala., Blakeley. We lost eight men in this regiment. Corp. J. B. Willis, of Channahon, was discharged for promotion in a colored regiment. One man, Corp. Stephen H. L. Hurd, of Channahon, had a taste of the delights of Andersonville.

COMPANY I, FORTY-SIXTH INFANTRY.

This company was mainly raised in the town of Plainfield. The "Patriotism of Illinois" credits it entirely to another county, but it was always known as the Plainfield company, and that patriotic town must not be cheated out of its due share of the glory won by this regiment, although we cannot go into its history in detail. The regiment has a brilliant record. It commenced its active career at Donaldson, where it was in Gen. Lew. Wallace's command. It took a heroic part at Shiloh, being in Gen. Hurlburt's division, and losing in killed and wounded more than one half of the men engaged. The Plainfield company lost four men killed, from this county. One of those was Sergt. John Collins, who was the first captain of the Plainfield Battery before the war. He was a brave soldier and efficient officer. He was wounded and being carried off the field, when he was struck by a cannon ball which carried off his head—putting him beyond the help of the surgeon. W. H. H. Norris of the same company was one of the men who was carrying him off the field, and was killed by the same shot. Frank Arter and Frank P. Marcy were also killed in this battle. The regiment participated in the movement on Corinth, and was in many active campaigns and battles up to and including the seige of Vicksburg, and contributed its full share in giving to Gen. Hurlburt's division the name of the "Fighting Fourth." It shared in the battle of the Hatchie, supporting Bolton's battery. In this action it lost its colonel, John A. Davis. While on the way to Vicksburg five companies were captured while on out-post duty, the remainder shared in the seige. The remnant veteranized and recruited in January 1864, and subsequently participated in the operations of the army in the south—in Louisiana and Alabama.

I find the following, respecting the Plainfield company in a paper of the time :

"July 12th, 1864, were in the rear of Vicksburg and had a little battle, and got worsted for the first time. Commenced skirmishing with the rebels the 14th of July and kept it up till the 7th, when the enemy being reinforced gave us battle. It com-

menced in the morning and lasted until the middle of the afternoon, when the 64th was compelled to fall back to save the wagon trains. The rebels followed and made a charge to take two cannon, but the regiment met them with fixed bayonets, and drove them back, killing many and taking many prisoners. Every one of the Plainfield boys were in the fight, and not one flinched an inch. First Sergeant Henry G. Kennelly was in command of the company and was slightly wounded. Jacob Scott was taken prisoner. Three of the company were killed, but they were not from Will county."

Our county lost seventeen in this company, among them Corp'l David B. Rossiter, from one of the old Plainfield families, who died in New Orleans near the close of the war. Having gone through the entire war, including the three months' service in McAllister's Battery, he left the fruits of his toils and sufferings to be enjoyed by others. The other deaths will be learned by reference to the list of men, to be found in its proper place. We had three commissioned officers and fifty-five enlisted men in the company.

EIGHTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

In the EIGHTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT our county had three commissioned officers and twelve enlisted men. The original captain of Co. E, (Holden Guards,) was Levi P. Holden, from one of our old well-known Frankfort families, who was afterward promoted major of the regiment. Sergt. John H. Reynolds, who died in Nashville in January 1863, was also from a well-known Hickory Creek family, and brother of Gen. Reynolds, of the 64th.

The movements of this regiment were almost identical with those of the 100th, from the battle of Perryville to the close of the war. In the Atlanta campaign it was in the same corps, and so continued through.

Our county had many men scattered through various other regiments, whose names and military record, so far as we have obtained it, will be found in PART FOUR.

Some families of our county were largely represented in the

union ranks, sending from two to four men. Others sent their only sons, and in other cases the head of the family, and only male representative of sufficient age, entered the ranks. We had intended to call attention to these instances, but our limits will not admit mention of more than one or two.

Alexander Ferguson, of Channahon, had three sons in the army. Two of these were in the 113th Illinois Infantry. One of these (Daniel) lost a leg at Arkansas Post. The other (Alexander) enlisted while under the age of sixteen, and came out a captain in a colored regiment. Another son (William) was temporarily residing at Houston, Texas, at the opening of the rebellion, and was forced into the rebel ranks. Being stationed at Galveston, he with others, managed to escape in a boat, and was picked up by one of our blockading vessels and sent to New Orleans. He then enlisted in Battery D, U. S. Artillery, and served bravely, being promoted corporal. In an expedition toward Richmond, his left leg was carried away by a solid shot, which resulted in his death at Hampton, Va., Dec. 10th, 1864, at the age of twenty-two. His remains sleep at Channahon.

Mr. Mulliken, of Crete, sent three boys to the war, one of whom, (James M.) died in the rebel prison pen in Danville, Va.

We should be glad to call attention to other instances, but must leave them to be found by an examination of the muster roll.

PART THIRD.

PRISON EXPERIENCES, DEATH RECORD, AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

PRISON EXPERIENCES.

A journey to, and a peep into Libby, by Surgeon Woodruff—Who he Found, and What he Saw There—Suffering and Death of Hugh Bolton at Andersonville—Barton Smith Walters—Thomas De Line—Henry C. Noble—List of those who Died in Prison from Will county.'

WHEN our regiment went into action on the afternoon of Sept. 19th, I accompanied them to the field in charge of the ambulances of the brigade; and I had hardly time to get them into position before the brigade was engaged, and the wounded began to come back. The division hospital was near Crawfish Springs, (between one and two miles distant on our right, and I was busily engaged until a late hour at night. After dark when the firing had ceased, we made several excursions in front of the line, finding many wounded and dead. About midnight the last trip was made, and I staid at the hospital till the morning of the 20th, when I was assigned to hospital duty for that day. Soon orders came for all that could be transported to be sent into Chattanooga, and the ambulances and wagons were filled, and all wounded who were able to walk, accompanied the train. This and other orders soon satisfied us that our forces were falling back. Those remaining—who were too badly wounded for removal—were fixed up as comfortable as possible. We were quite well pro-

vided with tents and hospital stores, the medical purveyor of the corps having left a tent full near by, which we took charge of. There remained with us as hospital attendants :

O. P. Stumph, steward ; F. W. Calkins, cook ; W. Newberry, " C ;" Wm. M. King, " K ;" John Cotton, " H ;" Erastus Rudd, " K ;" George McIntyre " B ;" James F. Ladrew, " H ;" G. W. Hill, " D ;" Eugene Sly, " C ;" George Pickles, " E ;" Anson Dodge, " C ;" Wm. Peters, " C."

We had thirty one wounded men from the 100th. We concealed a good many hospital stores, putting bottles of Morphine, Quinine, etc., in the beds of the patients, and burying others, and made other preparations for capture. It is not to be denied that our feelings were a little depressed, not to say anxious, when we saw the rear guard of our cavalry pass from sight, facing towards Chattanooga. They were soon followed by the enemy. They were not very discourteous, not near as much so as we feared. They were feeling in high spirits, being highly elated at their success, and said they had us now, and would drive us north of the Tennessee, or capture the whole Yankee army. They took possession of my horse and equipments with little ceremony, including my sash, the badge of my rank, which was confiscated by a rebel surgeon. I remonstrated, claiming that the rules of war exempted myself and property from seizure. But they had the convenient plea that the northern government had first violated the rules, and that all the medical officers and hospital attendants would be held as ordinary prisoners of war. And we were so held, being at first paroled to report at Atlanta, when we should be relieved from the charge of our wounded.

It was hard parting with my horse, my faithful " old whitey " that once roamed the pastures around Joliet ; that kind, faithful, gentle old companion, that had borne me all through the weary campaigns since leaving Louisville—more than one long year before ; who shared with me the discomforts of rain, wind, snow and cold, short rations, and the perils of Stone River. I am not ashamed to own that I could not bid him good-bye without a tear ; and that the thought that henceforth he would be left to the " tender mercies of the wicked," and compelled to serve the enemies of my country, was bitter indeed.

During the afternoon a party of rebel officers came to the steward's tent and demanded whisky. I denied having any except a little that was needed for our wounded. He replied that he did not care for that. Gen. Hood was wounded, and he must have it in spite of all the "d—d yankees." One of the party then introduced him, saying, "Doctor, this is General Terry, of California." Without thought, I replied, "What! the man that murdered Broderick?" The general drew himself up and replied, "I shot Mr. Broderick in a duel." The situation was rather embarrassing, and I was willing to obtain his absence by giving him a bottle. The balance of the party staid some time, hoping to find more, but they were unsuccessful, although there was a camp kettle full in the tent, and more hid in the bushes.

Here we remained until the 1st of October. Rations were short. We received a few from the rebel quartermaster. The boys fixed up a barrel on wheels, and with a convalescent mule used to carry the water from the springs.

One of our wounded, Van H. Perkins, of Co. E, died while there. On the 1st, a train of ambulances came and took the wounded into Chattanooga, and thus was severed the last link that bound us to the old hundredth, and to the old flag.

On the 2d the rest of us reported at headquarters at the Springs, when the enlisted men were started off for Ringgold, and we saw some of them no more. They were consigned to a fate, beside which ours was a happy one.

The officers awaited transportation, which had been promised, but no transportation came, and we too fell into line, and started on the march, carrying such baggage as the rebs had left us. At Lee and Gordon's mills we hired a citizen to carry our baggage for us, paying him \$50 Confederate currency. There were forty-five medical officers in the party. We reached Ringgold about 8 p. m., and were put in a room that had been used as a hospital, but which was clean, and had bunks and straw. There we staid until about 4 p. m., of the 3d, when we were loaded in box cars and started for Atlanta. The train laid over all night at Dalton. The cars were very crowded and uncomfortable. We reached Atlanta about 10 o'clock Sunday night (14th), and were marched out to the barracks or "prison pen." Up to this time we had not

been under guard, as we were under parole, but now we realized fully that we were prisoners. The night was cold; there was no place to lie down except on the bare ground. After trying in vain to sleep for a couple of hours, I gave it up and wandered around the yard until morning. There were a half a dozen little fires of a couple of sticks each, and around them were huddled a miscellaneous collection of officers and men, "Fed." and "Confed," sick and wounded. In the enclosure were two houses principally occupied by our wounded. In one were two officers of our army, one a major and the other a lieutenant, wearing ball and chain, their offense being that they were natives of Atlanta, and had so far forgotten themselves as to be true to the Union.

Monday the sun shone so that during the day we were comfortable so far as regards temperature, but we found the enclosure filled with another class of occupants, who were very attentive and made the situation lively; *i. e.*, "graybacks," the ground was literally covered with them. It was my first *personal* experience with them, and I shall never forget the disgust I felt when, after much deferring, I finally had to join the rest, and strip off my clothing and engage in a hunt, and an indiscriminate slaughter; but I became accustomed to this kind of "skirmishing" before I saw northern soil again.

The pen was enclosed by a high, close boarded fence, surrounded by a walk, where the guards kept watch. No one was allowed to approach within ten feet of the fence, that being the "dead line," and any unfortunate prisoner who might cross it, was fair game to be shot.

We staid there another night, and on the morning of the 6th we were aroused at 4 o'clock, shivered around the scanty fires, ate our limited breakfast, and then marched down town to the depot, where we waited some time. Quite a crowd of natives gathered around us quite exultant. We tried to buy morning papers, but their newsboys would not sell us any.

We were loaded into box cars, but they had seats in them, and were quite comfortable, were attached to the regular passenger train, and made the 171 miles to Augusta in eleven hours. We passed through several fine towns. At one I asked a citizen at the depot what it was. He said "Greensboro." I told him it

was quite well known once at the North, from having been the seat of the "Bank of Greensboro" of "Wild Cat" memory. "Yes," said he, "it was a d—d Yankee concern." We halted about 3 p. m. at "Thompson's," and were permitted to leave the cars, and go to dinner at the hotel, and eat the last "square meal" we were to have for some time. One or two Confederate officers at first objected to our being allowed to eat at the same table with Southern gentlemen, but others silenced them and we remained.

We arrived at Augusta after dark, and it was found that the railroad had not the cars necessary to forward us on that night, and we were quartered in a building that had been used as a slave pen, but it was tolerably clean and sheltered us from the cold.

In the morning a wash at the pump gave us an appetite for our breakfast, after which we went into the yard to gaze, and be gazed at. We purchased a wagon-load of sweet potatoes at six dollars (Confed.) a bushel, and these were our principal diet until we reached Richmond. About 9½ we fell into line, and marched to the S. Carolina depot. In doing so we passed through several of the principal streets, which were very fine, wide and handsomely shaded. Many ladies were out, some very handsome ones, but of course they had naught but looks of scorn and hate for the "invaders of sacred soil." Occasionally an old negro "auntie" would say, "God bless you, honies."

After waiting an hour or so we were taken across the Savannah River on to the soil of South Carolina, and bivouacked on a hill, when we had an opportunity to wash up, cook and enjoy ourselves generally. Negro hucksters were permitted to come into camp, and we purchased bread, persimmons, muscadines, etc., and really passed a pleasant day.

About 4 p. m., we again started, and until dark could see swamps of Carolina Cypress, Bay, and other trees and plants, that were new to most of us. We were in ordinary freight cars without seats and pretty crowded. During the night we passed at some station two trains of soldiers going to the front. Ladies were out with torches, etc., bidding them good-bye. At daylight we were within a couple of miles of Columbia. The train stopped, and we got out and cooked our breakfast, and about seven o'clock a passenger train came out and took us into Columbia, when we

marched to the depot of the Charlotte railroad, where the officers were given passenger cars. We made the run to Charlotte, a distance of 110 miles, arriving at dark. Here we staid that night, as the railroad had no cars ready. We camped in an open field. The night was cold. The next day all the officers were crowded into one box car, and we had the hardest ride of all the trip.

At night sleep was impossible, as, if we laid down, we would be three deep. About midnight we reached Raleigh and changed cars again. This time our party was allowed box cars, and we could lie down the balance of the night. About 8 a. m., next day, (the 16th) we reached Welden, were camped in a field, and had another chance to wash, cook, etc., which we needed badly. A ration of hard-tack made from pea flour, was issued, but no one could eat it, and we found our sweet potatoes still useful. We started just before dark for Petersburg, where we arrived about 11 o'clock. We camped out doors again, the night was cold, and no one could sleep much, and we were glad to get up by early daylight, and start on the last heat, even though the goal was Libby Prison; at which place we arrived between six and seven o'clock that Sunday morning. We looked with considerable interest at the building which had gained such an unenviable reputation, and which was to be our abiding place for an uncertain time.

Every window was filled with heads, looking eagerly at the new arrivals. We were marched into one of the lower rooms, registered our names, had our baggage searched, and our greenbacks taken from us. They promised to keep the same and to exchange them for confederate money, and to return any balance that might be left on our departure, *in kind*; which promise they did not keep very well. The promise to *keep* they kept very well, but the balance very poorly.

These preliminaries over, we were conducted to the door of the prison proper and ushered in, and what a place! and what a welcome! All the prisoners were crowded around the door, shouting at the top of their voices "fresh fish!" (that being the prison slang for new arrivals), and asking a multitude of questions, "Where do you belong?" "Where were you captured?" etc., etc. I crowded my way through, and soon found to my sur-

prise, not to say delight, Col. Bartleson and Lts. Kenaston and Koach, of the 100th, and we were soon busy comparing notes. I could give them but little news about the regiment, and they were equally ignorant. After talking for a time I began to look around at our quarters and accommodations for living. These were limited. As much of the floor as one could lie down on, with the privilege of being covered with such blankets as we had succeeded in bringing with us. No bunks or chairs, except in the case of some old stager, who had been able to manufacture a chair from a flour barrel. Such happy ones were looked upon as "bloat-aristocrats."

The building was made historic under the title of Libby Prison, was an old tobacco factory, three stories in height, and extending over the width of three stores, giving nine long rooms, forty by sixty, very low, and lighted at each end by windows. On the ground floor, the first room was occupied by the officers in charge, the next were the dining and cook rooms, and the third the officer's hospital. Over the office were the "Straight" and "Milroy" rooms; over the kitchen the two "Chickamauga;" and over the hospital, the two "Potomac" rooms. Doors and stairs communicated with all the 2d and 3d stories and the kitchen, so that the inmates could go from one to another freely.

That day we had no opportunity to try the fare, as rations were issued early in the morning to last twenty-four hours. They did not get any "extra meals" at the Hotel Libby, and we had to subsist on what we might have in our haversacks. Our party was divided into messes Nos. 21 and 22. The first afternoon was occupied in these arrangements and in writing letters, as a mail was to go out the next day, and in making out a requisition on the office, asking them to convert our greenbacks then on deposit, for the legal confed. currency. At night we were ready to rest, which I did quite comfortably, despite the novelty and inconveniences of the situation.

The next day we had our first taste of prison soup. At that time a certain amount of beef was issued per man, which we made into soup for the whole mess, ekeing it out with vegetables, of which we could procure a limited amount at very high prices, through the commissary. A cup of this soup and part of our

loaf of bread was dinner, and the meat after being used for soup was hashed up the next morning for breakfast. At the very first, also, we could purchase coffee.

As the weeks passed on the fare grew worse. Meat would be omitted altogether some days, and sometimes poor bacon substituted for the fresh meat. Corn bread took the place of wheat, and sometimes cold rice was the sum total of our breakfast.

At this time there were over one thousand officers confined in Libby, and a queer crowd they were. Every calling and profession was represented: Artists, poets and scholars; lawyers, judges and preachers. Every rank in the army also had its representatives, from 2d lieutenant to general. Niel Dow, better known perhaps as a Temperance Reformer than as a military man, was the representative of the rank of general.

A stroll around the rooms would be an interesting, if not amusing one. Here might be seen a class burnishing up their Greek or Latin; another studying French, Geometry, &c. Another near by as busily engaged in playing *euclere*, seven up, dominoes, checkers, and almost every known game. Others would be found reading, while all, or almost all, would be found smoking. Tobacco was one of the main stays and comforts of prison life, and as we were permitted to buy it, a constant cloud of smoke was kept up. George Trask would have found but little encouragement here.

One of the common employments was the manufacturing of rings, crosses, &c., from the beef bones obtained in the kitchen. This resource was known as the "bone fever," and it was sure to attack a "fresh fish" about the third day after his arrival. The first, last, and most oft-repeated duty of the day, was the stripping and examination of clothing for that most disagreeable animal—the "grayback." They were the greatest pests, and made life almost unbearable from their great numbers and activity.

Roll-call was held early in the morning, the inmates of a room arranging themselves in files four deep, on the approach of the officer, who simply counted us, and if the number was correct, we broke ranks and then to breakfast.

We were permitted to purchase the daily Richmond papers, but they had but little news, and the reading was not very agreea-

ble to Yankees. A portion of the inmates, chaplains and surgeons, being non-combatants were not rightfully held as prisoners, and their early release was among the probabilities. There was not an hour in the day that some rumor was not afloat relating to their release, or on the subject of general exchange. "Grape vines" was the prison name for such reports. When the arrival of a flag of truce boat at the City Point was noticed in the papers, the excitement would be great.

On Saturday morning, 17th of October, just after the cry "four o'clock, and all is well" had gone the rounds of the prison guard, a sergeant came into the rooms, and ordered the chaplains to "fall in," and we knew that their time had come, and ours was postponed at least a week.

The literary members had a paper called the "*Libby Chronicle*," which was read about once a week. There was also a minstrel troupe which gave occasional performances in the dining room. Some of their burlesques I remember, as "Roll Call," "Fresh Fish," etc., were excellent. Gen. Neil Dow gave us several temperance lectures.

While I was there, there was no punishment of officers by the authorities, except that one day rations were cut off, excepting bread, because some of our officers had passed some victuals down into the officers' hospital; but before and after my stay there, officers were punished by being sent to the dungeon.

About the first of November, some stores sent by the U. S. sanitary commission were received and distributed, which were very acceptable. Boxes of goods sent by our friends were delivered to us after examination, and elimination; I received my first one Nov. 13th. As our boxes had to pass rebel inspection it would of course be useless to send anything in them, except such articles as the authorities would allow. And much as they despised yankees and the yankee government, they had a great regard for yankee greenbacks, confessing that they were worth seven times as much as their own money. They did not therefore allow any to pass through their hands. Hence it became a question with our friends outside, how to get them into our possession. While I was there Col. Bartleson received a box from Joliet, and found on the top of it a fresh copy of Harper's magazine,

the leaves still uncut. He handed it to a fellow prisoner to look over, while he was examining his box. The officer took it and at once commenced to cut the leaves. While doing so he came upon a slip of paper which had been pasted between the uncut leaves, on which was written, "*Be sure you cook your sausage.*" He handed it to the colonel who at once suspected that this was not intended as a warning against "*Trichina*," but that the emphasis should be placed on the word *you*. He therefore lost no time in examining the can of sausage meat which he found in the box, and in probing it he found a small homeopathic vial, uncorking this he pulled out a little paper tightly rolled up, and unfolding it, found himself the happy possessor of a ten dollar greenback.

We were permitted to write short letters home, but as they were all read by prison officials before mailing, we had to write accordingly. I had written home, and had also smuggled out word by writing a memorandum in a book belonging to Chaplain Ashmore, of the 25th Ill., and he on his release had written home to my father, stating the facts of the case.

Later, I smuggled a letter out in this wise: there was an officer of our army who had been captured while exchanging papers with a confed. officer, under a temporary truce, and he had been ordered released. I prepared a letter and concealed it under a pair of shoulder straps which I sewed on his coat, and he mailed it to the address as soon as he was in our lines. In this letter I told the real condition of things, and also told my friends to hold my subsequent letters to a strong heat. This was done to bring out the *invisible* ink which we had used, made from onion juice. This made a capital invisible ink, and by its use we were able to make considerable additions to our limited correspondence.

As the month of November came on, the weather grew quite cold, so that we suffered considerably at night, and some days it was about impossible to keep warm.

Rumors of the possible exchange of surgeons thickened, and many nights we lay down feeling sure that the next morning would bring our release. But it did not come until the 22d of November, when the call—often given by our fellow prisoners in jest—but this time in good and welcome earnest—came—"Sur-

geon's fall in"—and we "fell in" lively! A hurried good-bye to those we must leave behind, and we were gathered in the hall below. It seemed almost cruel to go and leave the companions of so many hardships and dangers, "still in durance vile."

The authorities balanced cash accounts by tendering us Confederate funds, for our greenbacks at the rate of seven for one, but as they had no value where we were going, most declined them. Some of us who had but little there, had it passed to the credit of some friends left behind. At City Point we met a United States steamer, to which we were transferred, and which took us to Baltimore. The feelings with which we stepped upon its deck, and saluted the dear old flag, cannot be expressed, and can only be imagined by those who have had a similar experience."

To this narrative we add the statement that Lieut. Kenniston and Koach, after remaining some seven months in Libby, were taken to Macon, Ga., where they remained some two months, and were then taken to Charleston, with six hundred others, and placed under the fire of our forces, who were then bombarding the city. Subsequently they were released at Columbia. Of Col. Bartleson's release we have spoken elsewhere.

But these experiences of our officers in Libby, unpleasant and disagreeable as they were, and needlessly so, and in striking contrast to that accorded rebel prisoners by the Union authorities, were yet a comfort itself, compared with the sufferings of privates in

ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER SOUTHERN PRISONS

This subject has been pretty well ventilated lately, and we shall therefore omit much which we had written in relation to it. Our county furnished at least 28 victims to Andersonville and other prisons, as will be seen by a list below. The number of those who suffered imprisonment and yet survived, we cannot state definitely; probably not less than fifty more—and perhaps the number would reach seventy-five. We shall now give some extracts from letters written by a fellow prisoner, which communicated to Mr. Bolton, of Plainfield, the tidings of the death and sufferings of his son, RUFUS H. BOLTON, of Co. D, 100th Ill., taken prisoner at Chickamauga, with Col. Bartleson. This must suffice as

a sample. The material is abundant to make a long chapter on this subject, and to convince the most skeptical that in systematic barbarous cruelty, *Nenah Sahib* was out-done by the rebel authorities, and that the tragedies of Cawnpore sink into insignificance beside those of Salisbury and Andersonville. Let those who doubt it interview F. M. Calkins, of Peotone, or read the narrative lately published in our city papers, of Mr. Nattinger, of the *Sun*, or read the report published by order of Congress on this subject—1200 pages of horrors!

On the first of January, 1865, Mr. Bolton received the following letter containing the intelligence of the death of his son Rufus:

“NEW YORK, Dec. 22d, 1864.

SIR:—I am sorry that it becomes my painful duty to inform you of the sad death of your son Rufus, who died on or about the 3d of last November, in the 13th ward of the hospital at Andersonville prison, in Georgia. Poor Rufus suffered long and badly, yet bore all with christian patience and fortitude. As he and I shared the same tent and slept under the same blanket, I had occasion to know his many good and excellent qualities, and when he died I felt as if I had lost my best and dearest friend. A few days before his death he dictated a letter to you, which I have sent by the steward of the hospital who lives within some 30 or 40 miles of you. * * * * * Poor fellow! He died the next second day. He suffered intensely from scurvy and chronic diarrhoea, which were the two fatal maladies that killed so many of our prisoners. If I had time and space to detail some of the horrors of that terrible, that horrible, that abominable, that truly indescribable stockade prison, it would make you weep. In fact, no tongue however eloquent could describe it, no imagination however prolific could conceive it. It baffles description and conception. Misery and privation in their most horrible and terrible forms predominated, and no man was sure of his life a single day. We had not a quarter enough of food, and that was of the worst, the dirtiest and the meanest that could be imagined. They died at the rate of about one hundred per day during the summer months. Here and there you might see several unfortunate fellows in the last agonies of death, with worms and other vermin crawling in abundance over them. There was no one to pity or help them. * * * * * It would take volumes to give you a proper description of that awful place. You can judge for yourself when I tell you that during the space of eight months, upwards of 14,000 of our men died there, the most horrible kind of death.”

As might naturally be expected, this letter led to further correspondence and inquiry, and several other letters were subsequently received from the same young man, from which I make the following extracts:

“NEW YORK CITY, January 16th, 1865.

DEAR SIR :—Owing to my being absent from the city for some time past, I did not receive your letters till this morning. I now hasten to answer them. I am sorry, sorry indeed, that New Year's day, which should be a day of rejoicing for all, should be one of sadness for you and yours; and whilst I sincerely sympathize and condole with you in your bereavement, I must remind you at the same time that in this transitory world, nothing is lasting or permanent, life and death are strangely blended, joy and sorrow walk hand in hand. Miss Bolton wishes to know how Rufus and I first became acquainted, “how he looked toward the last, and what was done with his body.” We first became acquainted in that awful stockade prison at Andersonville, Ga.—that prison whose very gates seem to have borne that motto which Dante saw over the gates of the Inferno—“All hope abandon ye who enter here!” In this den of misery we suffered months of privation and hardship together. Rufus got ill alike from scurvy and diarrhœa, and was sent to that wretched place called the hospital which was at best but a living libel on the name. He was sent into this place early in July last. As it was utterly impossible for any person in the stockade to get to see a friend in this would be hospital, I saw nothing more of Rufus till I was sent there myself in September, in consequence of a wound which I received when captured, and, which though it had temporarily healed, owing to bad treatment broke out anew, causing me for a time great pain and misery. When I entered the hospital I found Rufus in a low condition, and though he could walk about a little, yet he was indeed very weak, and staggered as he walked. The scurvy had by this time made sad havoc on his system—especially his mouth and limbs—the places where scurvy chiefly afflicts all its victims. But this was not all. The poor fellow was sorely tormented with that worst of all disease—the chronic diarrhœa—that disease which killed thousands of fine fellows in that cruel prison. I must here remark—*en parenthese*, that some six weeks or so before I entered the hospital, Rufus was quite convalescent, and deeming himself fit for work, and in order to get double rations he got detailed for duty. His work was in conjunction with others, to bring water, (in two buckets suspended from the shoulders) from a stream about a quarter of a mile distant. But as this was hard work, and he was yet somewhat feeble, it broke him down again, so that when I entered the hospital, I found him sickly and downcast. * * * * * Our shelter was very poor—an old condemned tent that let the rain in upon us whenever it came on. Our raiment was poor and getting worse every day. We had between us two old blankets which helped to keep us from freezing at night—for the nights in Georgia—especially in the fall and winter seasons are very cold. Many a time we had to huddle together as close as possible, pull the blankets over our heads, and puff our breath beneath to keep us warm. Our rations too were truly miserable. We received every morning less than a half pint of stuff which went by the name of rice soup, and at noon about three mouthfuls of corn bread, (the cob being ground with the kernel) and, now and then two small biscuits, about a mouthful in each, so sour and ill-baked, that it was more hurt than good to use them. In the evening we got about half a pint of very badly cooked rice. A very robust, hungry man could hardly stomach it at all. Rufus at length began to grow weaker, and though his face seemed full, yet his body and limbs were reduced very

much, and as he began to grow worse, he eat less, till hour by hour, he seemed to be passing away. At length he grew so sick and weak, that he was unable to stand or hardly sit up, and the doctor ordered him with others in his position to be sent to the 13th *ward*—known as the sick ward. I strove to be transferred with him but failed. I spent the most of each day with him however, striving to rally him as well as I could, but after about ten days in this condition, he felt his end approaching, and said to me in a sorrowful tone—"Ah, John! it's of no use—I feel that the hand of death is upon me, in a few days I shall be no more!" He then asked me to procure, if possible, some paper and a pencil, (such things were wonderfully scarce there) so that I might write his last wishes to you. This I did as stated in my first letter. Two days after writing that letter poor Rufus was in Heaven; and as I gazed upon his honest dead face, I felt my situation very bitter, but of this anon. He was taken to the burial ground that day, I think the 3d of November. This burial ground was without the hospital some distance, to which none were admitted save men detailed for the purpose of bringing out the dead. The dead were usually taken on stretchers to the south west end of the hospital, and then placed on a cart and drawn to their last home. In a limping condition I followed Rufus as far as the dead cart, but there halted, not being allowed to go any farther.

* * * * * 'Tis sad, very sad to see death in any shape or mood—whether on the battle field, or on the bed at home, surrounded by friends and relatives; but there is nothing so sad, so crushing, so intensely painful as to see death caused by martyrdom,—martyrdom caused by the foulest, deepest, damning, systematic cruelty that was ever witnessed, such as was practiced—to the eternal disgrace of civilization and christianity—in the rebel prisons. * * * * * That was the most saddening sight, the most bitter, galling, withering hour of my life. But though the day was a very bitter gloomy one—though misery seemed in everything, and in every place around me, yet on the face of the dead soldier before me, there was a calm, happy contented expression which seemed to say more eloquently than words ever could, that the spirit that animated it was at last free and happy. I only trust that when I die, I may die with his faith and fortitude; and that the contented, happy expression of his dead face may be seen on mine. Had he lived he would have made an excellent man. He had a fine taste, was well informed, had nothing low or groveling in his nature; but on the contrary was generous, open-hearted, forgiving and just. He was one of those straightforward, clean-spirited, honest, manly fellows, whom to know is to love and admire. * * * * * That no other calamity may befall you, but that peace and prosperity may attend you all, is the sincere prayer of, dear sir,

Yours very truly and sincerely,

JOHN ENGLAND, Co. E, 2d N. Y. Cav."

We close this melancholy record with the last letter of Rufus to his father and friends, to which reference is made in the first letter of England's, and which came to hand soon after that letter.

"DEAR PARENTS, SISTERS, AND BROTHERS:—I am sorry to say these few lines will contain but sad intelligence for you. I am afraid that before

they reach you, I will be no more. It is needless for me to say that since my imprisonment my sufferings have been intense, but my constitution has borne up the while till I came here. Shortly after my arrival at Andersonville, I was attacked with scurvy, and after suffering this about two months, I was attacked with diarrhoea which has become chronic. The hospital fare has been and still is very poor, so much so that it is almost impossible to recover, for there is an entire absence of everything requisite to nourish and sustain life. I have had a hope that there might have been a general exchange of prisoners, at least a special exchange for the sick and wounded, but everything now seems to the contrary. The glorious hope of seeing you all face to face has borne me up to this adverse hour, but, alas! my hopes are blasted. It is a sad thing for me to think about dying here, but thank God, death has no terror for me. I have no doubt that through the merit of our Savior, if I have to die, I will be in happiness. Dear sister and brother, I wish you to be as kind to our parents as you possibly can be, and obey them cheerfully and do all in your power to help them. My dear parents, it is my wish that what little money of mine you have saved, be used to adorn the old homestead. And now, dear parents, adieu, I expect to pass to my Savior, and I trust we will all meet hereafter in happiness and glory.

From your affectionate son,

RUFUS H. BOLTON."

No words are needed to draw attention to the pathos of this letter. The words that touch me most are these,—“It is my wish that the little money I have saved be used to adorn the old homestead.” I fancy I see the poor boy as he lay there upon that wretched cot, so far, far away from home and friends, and in a spot so unlike home, bringing back to his mind pictures of that old homestead in Plainfield, recalling every room and door and chimney, every nook and angle of the house, and every tree and shrub and fence and gate in its surroundings; and then fancying how the money he had saved from the poor pittance given him by the government as a compensation for all his sufferings and sacrifices, how that might be expended in touching up with new beauty that home of his youth—that spot hallowed by so many associations—in adding perhaps a bay window, or a balcony, or a veranda; or in planting here and there a tree or shrub; or in repapering or painting, kitchen or parlor, or mother’s room; how his poor earnings should be so expended as to make more attractive that dear old home, to the brothers and sisters who could yet look upon its beauty, and enjoy its delights, although for him, alas! there could be no such long desired and earnestly prayed for boon. And then, as the gathering tears shut out the vision of that earthly

home, I seem to see him turning his thoughts for compensation to that other and better home, which he knew that his Savior was preparing for him among the many mansions.

BARTON SMITH WALTERS

was another victim to the atrocities of Andersonville. If the reader will take a walk up Bluff street, he will see just above Whittier's lime kiln an old stone building, bearing on its weather-beaten front the name of Wm. Walters. This name was placed there forty years ago. It must have been an honest painter that did that work, as the letters are still very distinct. In this building the subject of the present sketch was born. It was built by his father in 1835 or 6. The mother of young Walters was a daughter of Barton Smith, Esq., an old and well remembered resident of Joliet, for whom he was named. In this building his father kept a grocery store, residing at the same time in the upper story, and here he lived and traded until his removal to Channahon. Barton Smith Walters enlisted in the 39th regiment at the age of 21, re-enlisted and served faithfully and bravely without any casualty until in May, 1863, when he was taken prisoner. He with two others had been detailed to go upon the battle field and bring in an officer who had been wounded. He was captured with two others, David Hanson and Andrew Sybert, of the same regiment, and they were taken to Andersonville. Hanson and Sybert fell victims to their treatment and were buried in that locality. Young Walters was released before death, but he only lived to reach Anapolis, where he died April 1st, 1865. His remains were brought home and repose in the Channahon cemetery.

THOMAS DELINE

of the same regiment, also from Channahon, captured in Virginia, was also another victim of the atrocities of Andersonville, although not buried there. He was exchanged in the winter of 1864-5, and was able to get home, and to drag out a miserable existence for two years. He had the fatal diseases of that prison, and was a mere skeleton when exchanged. Indeed he owed his release to that fact, as the principle of selection was that of sending

out those most thoroughly disabled. When his name was called, the officer looked at him and said, "Let him go, he can never do us any harm."

HENRY C. NOBLE.

It will be remembered that in my history of home matters during the war, I spoke of a Mrs. Noble giving two sons to the 100th regiment. These two sons, Warren S. and Henry C., were both taken prisoners at Chickamauga on the 20th of September. They were taken to Richmond, Va., where they arrived Oct. 1st, and were consigned to the Pemberton prison across the street from Libby. Here they remained until the 20th of November, when they were removed to Danville, where they remained until May 1864, when they were removed to Andersonville. In this they remained until September 1864, when they were removed to Florence, S. C., where, on the 13th of December, Warren S. was released on parole, leaving his brother Henry in prison, where he subsequently in February, 1865, took what was called by the way of courtesy, "camp fever," but which was nothing more nor less than starvation—starvation of both body and soul. He was removed to Wilmington, S. C., where he died the 5th day of March, 1865. The surviving brother, Warren S., is now a resident of Wilmington, in this county. I should be glad to have any who are skeptical in respect to the barbarities practiced on our boys in rebel prisons interview him.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO DIED IN ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER PRISONS—ANDERSONVILLE, EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED.

Augustine, John J., Co. I, 100th Reg't, died Sept. 7th, 1864, No. of grave 8049.
 Adrian, Frederick, Co. D, 9th Cav., died Sept. 9th, 1864, No. of grave 8249.
 Bolton, Rufus H., Co. D, 100th Reg't, died Nov. 3d, 1864, No. of grave 11,795.
 Colton, John S., Co. H, 100th Ill., died Aug. 18th, 1864, No. of grave 6091.
 Crosby, John, Co. C, 90th Ill., died June 11th, 1865, No. of grave, 12,443.
 Casper, John, Corp. Co. D, 90th Ill., died Oct. 3d, 1864, No. of grave 11,257.
 Dake, George W., Co. D, 100th Ill., died July 31st, 1864, No. of grave 8,626.
 Fink, John P., Co. F, 53d Reg't, died Sept. 30th, 1864, No. of grave 10,990.
 Felter, Walter H., Mer. Bat., died at Tyler Texas, while prisoner of war.
 Gaines, Charles, Co. B, 20th Reg't, died Sept. 27th, 1865, No. of grave 9,925.

- Hansom, David W., Co. E, 39th Reg't, died Oct. 22d, 1864, No. of grave 11,188.
Hay, John, Co. A, 100th Ill, died Oct. 26th, 1864, No. of grave, 11,506.
Haley, Mathew, Corp. Co. D, 90th Reg't, died at Belle Isle, Rich., Ap'l 8, '64.
Joyce, Austin, Co. D, 90th Reg't, died June 20th, 1864, No. of grave 11,506.
Johnston, Sam'l F., Co. B, 100th Reg't, died Aug. 12th, '64, No. of grave 5395.
Lyman J., Co. D, 100th Reg't, died Sept. 8th, 1864, No. of grave 8,196.
Ladieu, James F., Co. H, 100th Reg't, died Aug. 30th, 1864, No. of grave 7,299.
Marshall, George N., 4th Michigan Cavalry. Date unknown.
Noble, Henry C., Co. A, 100th Reg't, died at Wilmington, S. C., Mar. 5th, '65.
Parker, Israel, Co. G, 6th Reg't, died August 2d, 1864.
Rudd, Erastus, Co. K, 100th Reg't, Sept. 2d, 1864, No. of grave 306.
Temple, Ira, Co. H, 100th, died June 10th, 1864, No. of grave 1,826.
Seibert, Andrew, Co. A, 39th Reg't, died Aug. 11th, 1864, No. of grave 5,350.
Vaughn, James, Co. I, 16th Cav., died June 3d, 1864, No. of grave 1,078.
Wimmer, John, Co. I, 16th Cav., died May 15th, 1864, No. of grave 1,130.
Walters, Barton S., Co. A., 39th Reg't, died at Annapolis after release from
Andersonville
Francis, Thos. F., Co. I, 2d Art., died in Joliet after release.
Mulliken, James M., Co. K, 89th Ind., died at Danville prison, Feb. 28th, 1864.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER II.

OUR DEATH RECORD.

WILL County lost over 500 men in the late war. In respect to most of these we must of course be content with a record of their names, and the time, place and manner of their death. Even if we had the space and the information necessary to give an extended biography of each, we could, after all, say nothing higher, nobler of them, than the supreme fact which we record—*They gave their lives to save the Union.* We shall, however, follow this list with a few sketches, regretting that we have not the space and the information which would allow and enable us to give many others.

Angel, Wm., of Co. G, 39th Reg't, died since discharge, of disease contracted in the service.

Arter, Frank, Co. I, 46th Reg't, killed at Shiloh.

Allen, Merrick, Co. E, 64th Reg't, died of wounds at Farmington, Miss., May 14th, 1862.

Adams, LaFayette, Co. I, 64th Inf., died at Marietta, Ga., Aug. 20th, 1864.

Althouse, Wm. K., Corp. Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Tenn., January 13th, 1863, at age of 18, brain fever of concussion of shell.

Abel, Robert, Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 6th, 1863.

Abbott, Benoni L., Co. C, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, '63.

Austin, Edwin S., Co. C, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Nov. 29th, 1863.

Andres, George F., Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, June 5th, 1863.

Aspinwall, Sam'l, Co. I, 100th Inf., killed before Kenesaw, June 20th, 1863.

Augustine, John J., Co. I, 100th Inf., died in Andersonville, Sept. 6th, 1864.

Atkins, Geo. H., Co. K, 100th Inf., killed at Stone River, Jan. 2d, 1863.

Ahr, Wm., Co. B, 9th Cav., died at Gainesville, Ala., Sept. 21st, 1865.

Aulsbrook, Henry R. F., 13th Cavalry, accident, killed, premature discharge of cannon at Ironton, Mo., May 4th, 1862.

Anderson, Albert A., Cogswell's Bat., died at Memphis, July 10th, 1862.

Alford, Harry S., McAllister Bat., died in the three months' service at Cairo.

BERNIER, GIDEON, Capt. Co. B, 20th Ill., died since discharge, from health impaired in service.

Bruce, James E., Corp. Co. B, 20th Ill., died at Cairo, Jan. 6th, 1862.

Bentz, Phillip, Co. B, 20th Ill., killed at Shiloh, April 6th, 1862.

Bedda, Henry, Co. D, 20th Ill., killed at Donaldson, Feb. 14th, 1861.

Baker, Albert E., Co. F, 20th Ill., died at Mound City.

Bowman, John A., Co. F, 20th Ill., killed at Donaldson, Feb. 15th, 1862.

Bartlett, Henry W., Co. F, 20th Ill., died of wounds received at Britton's Lane, Tenn.

Bassett, James A., Co. F, 20th Ill., killed at Donaldson, Feb. 15th, 1862.

Butterfield, Wm. A., 39th Ill., killed at Deep Run, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

Berden, John, Co. A, 39th Ill., same.

Benton, Silas, Co. A, 39th Ill., killed at Drury's Bluff's, May 14th, 1864.

Burton, George W., Serg't, Co. E, 39th Ill., killed at Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865.

Bogert, Walter V., Co. E, 39th Ill., killed near Fort Gregg, Oct. 12th, 1863.

Bates, John, Co. L, 46th Ill., died at Natchez, Dec. 16th, 1863.

Brown, Peter, Co. E, 64th Ill., killed at Corinth, Oct. 4th, 1862.

Barbour, James, Co. G, 64th Inf., died at Midships, Ga., July 23d, 1864, of wounds.

Baird, Lymn, Co. K, 10th Reg't, died at Cario in three months' service.

Blossom, Wm., Co. G, 64th Inf., died at Marietta, Ga., August 14th, 1864.

Bollin, Oscar, Co. G, 64th Inf., killed near Atlanta, July 22d, 1864.

Bishop, Francis W., Co. I, 64th Inf., died at Rome, Ga., August, 1864.

Bumont, Geo. H., Co. F, 64th Inf., died after discharge from loss of health.

Bankerson, Peter, Co. I, 64th Inf., died at Newburn, N. C., May 10th, 1865.

Buchanan, Arthur, Co. B, 66th Inf., died at Hannibal, Mo., Nov. 30th, 1864.

Borland, Jerome, Co. E, 72d Inf., died at Columbus, Ky., Oct. 24th, 1862.

Bruce, Wm., Co. D, 90th Inf., died at Chattanooga, of wounds, Nov. 28, '63.

BARTLESON, FRED'K A., Col., 100th Inf., killed before Kenesaw, June 23, '64.

BOWEN, RODNEY S., Major, 100th Inf., died Dec. 3d, 1866, of wounds received in battle of Franklin.

BURRELL, JOHN A., Cap., Co. D, 100th Inf., killed before Kenesaw, May 30, '64.

Birdenstein Wm., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Nov. 28th, 1862.

Birdenstein, Martin, Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 19th, 1862.

Butler, Wm. D., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 5th, 1862.

Baker, Walter J., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 21st, 1863.

Baker, James B., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Nov. 23d, 1862.

Billings, Wm., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, May 24th, 1865.

Barrett, John, Co. B, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1863.

Burr, Wm. E., Co. B, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1863.

Bez, John, Corp., Co. C, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1863.

Bever, Benj., Co. C, 100th Inf., died Nov. 7th, 1863, of wounds received at Chickamauga.

Brinkenhoff, Martin C., Co. C, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 7th, 1863.

Bassett, Elisha, Co. C, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 1st, 1863.

Bolton, Rufus H., Co. D, 100th Inf., died in prison, Andersonville, Sept. 4th, 1864. No. of grave, 11,764.

Boyd, Henry E., Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Chattanooga, Aug. 2d, 1864.

Blount, James G., Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 12th, 1862.

Bouton, Wm., Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Glasgow, Ky., Nov. 11th, 1862.

- Bartie, John, Co. F, 100th Inf., died Nov. 28, '63, at Chattanooga, of wounds received at Mission Ridge.
- Brodie, Robert, Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, April 20th, 1863.
- Brandeau, Paul Co., F, 100th Inf., died at Franklin, Dec. 4, '64, wounded in battle.
- Brown, Robert, P. C., Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, April 18, '63.
- Butcher, Joseph, Co. F, 100th Inf. died of wounds at Nashville, Jan. 9th, 1865, wounded in last battle.
- Bleber, Thomas, Co. G, 100th Inf., killed in charge on Kenesaw Mountain, June 27th, 1864.
- Bush, Mathew C., Co. G, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1864.
- Burson, Henry, Co. H, 100th Reg't, died at Chattanooga, Nov. 27th, 1863, of wounds at Mission Ridge.
- Bolander, Philip, Co. K, 100th Reg't, died at Quincy, March 29th, 1865.
- Blanchard, John D., Co. K, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Feb. 21st, 1863.
- Barr, Richard L., Co. K, 100th Reg't, died at Bowling Green, Nov. 13th, '62.
- Beckman, Heinrich, Co. G, 138th Reg't, died at Fort Leavenworth, Sept. 1st, 1864.
- Berger, Charles, Co. H, 3d Cav., died at Fort Snelling, June 23d, 1865.
- Burns, John S., Co. C, 4th Cav., died at Mound City, March 10th, 1862.
- Baker, George A., Co. F, 8th Cav., died at Whitehouse, Va., June 18th, 1862.
- Bump, Albert, Co. L, 8th Cav., died at Giesbro Point, D. C., April 20th, 1864.
- Bailey, Damon, Musician, Co. F, 13th Cav., died at Joliet, Nov. 1862.
- Bailey, Oscar J., Co. F, 13th Cav., died at Helena, Ark., Aug. 5th, 1862.
- Brown, James D., Co. F, 13th Cav., died at Arcadia, Mo., Oct. 29th, 1862.
- Bement, Porter W., Co. D, 1st Art., died at Vicksburg, Aug. 5th, 1863.
- Bailey, Irvin, Co. K, 1st Art., died at Camp Yates, April 1st, 1864.
- Baer, Franklin, Co. I, 2d Art., died at Nashville, July 27th, 1864.
- Bailey, William, Co. K, 190th Inf., died at Joliet, April 4th, 1863, after discharge of disease contracted in the service.
- BLISS, E. L., Ass't Surgeon, U. S. A., died in service as Ass't Surgeon.
- Connor, Timothy, Co. B, 20th Reg't, killed before Atlanta.
- Cuppy, Sam'l, Co. F, 20th Reg't, died at Bird's Point, Jan. 1st, 1862.
- Connor, Richard, Co. K, 20th Reg't, died at Mound City, Dec. 23d, 1861.
- Carter, Joseph, Co. A, 39th Reg't, died of wounds Aug. 26th, 1862.
- Calhoun, W. W., Co. A, 39th Reg't, died at Patterson's Creek, Va., Feb. 23, 1862.
- Carrigan, Hugh, Co. A, 39th Reg't, died of wounds June 3d, 1864.
- Clark, James H., Co. E, 39th Reg't, killed at Deep Run, Aug. 16th, 1864.
- Collins, John, Serg't. Co. I, 46th Reg't, killed at Shiloh, April 6th, 1862.
- Carter, Russell, Corp., Co. I, 46th Reg't, died at Pittsburgh Landing, April 5th, 1862.
- Cooper, George H., Co. I, 46th Reg't, died at Louisville, June 19th, 1862.
- Curtis, Charles, Co. I, 46th Reg't, died at Henderson, Ky., June 2d, '62.
- Clark, Henry S., Sergeant, Co. I, 64th Reg't, killed at Corinth, Oct. 4, '62.
- Carroll, Michael, Major, Co. A, 64th Reg't, died at Rome, Ga., August '64.
- Clark, John, Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Atlanta, July 22d, '64.
- Cook, Isaiah, Co. G, 64th Reg't, died of wounds received at Atlanta, July, 22d, '64.
- Carnifex, John, Co. I, 64th Reg't, died at Marietta, Ga., Oct. 12th, '64.

- Cramer, Jesse, Co. F, 64th Reg't, killed at Atlanta, July 22d, '64.
- Clark, Charles B., Co. E, 72d Reg't, died at Vicksburg, April 26, '64.
- Chapin, Kimball, Co. E, 72d Reg't, died at Columbus, Ky., Nov. 11, '62.
- Crosby, John, Co. C, 90th Reg't, died in prison, Andersonville, June 11th, 1865. No. of grave 12,433.
- Clayton, Thos., C. Co. C, 90th Reg't, died at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 4th, '64.
- Casper, John, Co. D, 90th Reg't, died in prison at Andersonville, Oct. 3d, '64. No. of grave 12,257.
- Conchlin, Simon, Co. D, 90th Reg't, killed by torpedoes at Fort McAllister, Ga., Dec. 31, '64.
- Canna, John, Co. D, 90th Reg't, died at LaGrange, T., March 15th, '63.
- Carney, James, Co. D, 90th Reg't, died at Memphis, Nov. 17th, '63.
- Chamberlain, Albert S., Co. C, 100th Reg't, missing at Chickamauga, supposed killed and in hands of rebels.
- Connor, John H., Co. C, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Jan. 27, '63.
- Carter, Alfred J., Co. D, 100th Reg't, died of wounds received at Stone River, at Nashville, March 15th, '63.
- Chapman, James, Co. G, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Feb. 2d, '63.
- Chapman, Ira H., Co. G, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, June 2d, '65.
- Cotton, John S., Corp. Co. H, 100th Reg't, died in prison, Andersonville, Aug. 30, '64, grave 6,091.
- Coons, Peter, Corp. Co. I, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, July 12th, '63.
- Churchill, Orson, Co. K, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, April 5, '64.
- Caffray, Thos., Co. G, 127th Reg't, died on S. B., R. C. Wood, Aug. 13, '63.
- Clark, Arthur F., Co. F, 8th Cav., died at Washington, Jan. 28, '65.
- Cole, John W., Co. F, 8th Cav., died of wounds at Boonsboro, July 15th, '63.
- Cave, Robert, Co. F, 8th Cav., died of wounds at Washington, Aug. 20, '63.
- Cook, Myron H., Co. F, 8th Cav., died at Stafford's C. H., Va., March 20, '63.
- Conskay, Wm., Co. D, 9th Cav., died at Helena, Ark., Oct. 1st, '62.
- CoE, ALONZO W., 1st Lieut., Bat. I, 2d Art., killed in battle Dec. 9, '64, on the march to the sea, 15 miles from Savannah.
- Carr, Henry, Bat. I 2d Art., died at Savannah, Ga., Feb. 3d, '65.
- Danser, Frank, Co. F, B, 20th Reg't, killed at Shiloh, 4, '62.
- Dewey, Lucius, E., Co. F, 20th Reg't, died at Cape Girardeau, Sept. 24th, '61.
- Dolkey, Jacob, Co. F, 20th Reg't, killed at Donaldson, Feb. 15th, '62.
- DeLancy, John, Co. F, 20th Reg't, killed at Shiloh, April 6, '62.
- Dailey, Daniel, Co. A, 39th Reg't, died March 28th, '65, prisoner of war.
- Dugan, Patrick, Co. E, 39th Reg't, supposed killed in the charge on the enemy's works near Richmond, Oct. 13th, '64.
- Drosler, Thomas, Co. F, 53d Reg't, died at St. Louis, May 4th, '62.
- Dolan, Patrick, Co. G, 64th Reg't, died at Joliet, Aug. 21st, '64.
- DeLine, Thomas, Co. A, 39th Reg't, died after discharge, of disease contracted in rebel prison.
- DePuy, John, Co. I, 64th Reg't, died at Cincinnati, April 2d, '62.
- Drordler, Philip, Co. D, 90th Reg't, died Oct. 17, '63.
- Devine, Patrick, Co. H, 90th Reg't, shot at Snyder's Bluff, by a soldier, Jan. 20th, '64.
- Davis, Wm., Co. B, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Feb. 15, '63.
- Dorkendoff, Theo., Co. D, 100th Reg't, killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, '63.
- Dake, George W., Corp. Co. D, 100th Reg't, died in prison, Andersonville, July 31st, '64, No. of grave 8,626.

- Dundore, Wm., Co. D, 100th Reg't, killed near Atlanta, July 22, '64.
 Dixon, Giles N., Co. E, 100th Reg't, killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th '63.
 Durres, Felix, Co. F, 100th Reg't. same.
 Deal, Albert, Co. G, 100th Reg't. same.
 DeTheille, Henry, Co. H, 100th Reg't, died at Murfreesboro, June 14th, '63.
 Doncaster, Henry H., killed at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25th, 1863.
 Docey, Peter H., Co. H, 100th Reg't, died at Chattanooga, Aug. 13th, '64, of wounds received June 12th.
 Decker, John I, Co. I, 100th Reg't, died at Crawford Springs, Ga., Sept. 3d, '63.
 Devereux, Albert E., Corp. Co. K, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, June, 19, '63.
 Davis Minden, W., Co. K, 100th Reg't, accident, killed Jan. 28, '63.
 Davis, Amos B., Co. K, 100th, killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
 Dodge, Enos, P., Co. D, 4th Cav., died of wounds at Bolivar, Tenn.
 Dykman, Alonzo S., Co. I, 2d Art., accident, killed at Joliet, Jan. 23d, '64,
 Downs, Jeremiah L., Co. I, 2d Art., died at Vicksburg, Oct. 18, '64.
 DYER, GEO., Captain, Co. C, 29th Mo., Cav., died after discharge from loss of health in service.
 ERWIN, WM., Lt. Col., 20th Ill., killed at Fort Donaldson, Feb. 15th, 1862.
 Emory, Wm. S., Co. B, 20th Ill., died at Mound City, Nov. 1st, '61.
 Ernest, Arthur, Co. E, 66th Ill., died at Rome, Ga., Sept. 6th, '64.
 Elderkin, Fred'k, Co. I, 15th Cav., died a parolled prisoner at St. Louis.
 Fuller, Philo, Musician, Co. B, 20th Inf., killed at Columbus, Ky., Sept. 21, '61.
 Franklin, John L., Co. G, 20th Inf., died at Birds Point, Oct. 15, '61.
 Fink, John P., Co. F, 53d Inf., died prisoner at Andersonville, Sept. 30, '64.
 No. of grave 10,097.
 Fellows, Hubert, Co. I, 58th Inf., died at Memphis.
 Ford, Samuel, Co. G, 64th Inf., killed at Decatur, Ga. July 19th. '64.
 Ferguson, James H., Co. E, 64th Inf., died at Corinth, Nov. 7th, '63.
 Frey, Urias, Co. K, 64th Inf., died at Camp Butler, March 26th, '64.
 Freeman, James R., Co. E, 72d Inf., died of wounds, June 13, '63.
 Fisher, Francis J., Serg't Co. A, 100th Inf., died of wounds at Franklin, while prisoner, Dec. 12, '64.
 Fentryman, Sam'l, Co. D, 100th Inf., same.
 Fellows, Jacob, Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 13, '63.
 Flanders, Geo. R., Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 27, '62.
 Fitzpatrick, John, Co. K, 100th Inf., accident, killed, falling of tree, Jan. 28th, '63, at Murfreesboro.
 Farley, Peter, Co. K, 8th Cav., accident, killed at Bealton's Station, Sept. 5, '63, by fall from horse—concussion of brain.
 Francis, Thos. Fred'k, Co. I, 2d Art., died of loss of health at Andersonville, after release or escape.
 Fentiman, Francis, Co. L, 2d Art., died at Vicksburg, Jan. 14, '65.
 Felter, Walter H., Chicago Mer. Bat., died at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, a prisoner.
 Freason, Sam'l J., 1st Art., died Dec. 3d, '64, recruit.
 Felker, John O., died in service.
 Fergusson, William D., Corp. U. S. Reg't Art., died at Hampton, Va., from wounds, Dec. 10th, '64.
 Griffin, Joseph B., 20th Reg't, died at Vicksburg, April 15, '63.
 Glascock, Thos. H., Co. B, 20th Reg't, died at Cape Girardeau, Sept. 25, '61.
 Gaines, Chas., Co. B, 20th Reg't, died in Andersonville, Sept. 28, '65, grave 9,925, wounded and captured July 22d, '64.

- Goss, Andrew, Co. A, 39th Reg't, died in Chicago.
- Gronigal, T. D., Serg't, Co. A, 39th Reg't, wounded, mortally, and left in hand of the enemy. May 16, '64.
- Gray, Alex., Co. E, 39th Reg't, died of wounds Sept. 10th, '64.
- Gillett, James, died of wounds, Aug. 17th, '64.
- Gillett, Henry, Co. E, 39th Inf., died at Columbus, Md., Feb. '62.
- Gorman, John, Co. I, 60th Inf., killed in skirmish at Triune, Tenn.
- GROVER, DAVID G., Cap. Co. D, 64th Reg't, killed in battle of Corinth, Oct. 4th, '62.
- Griffin, Charles S., Co. E, 64th Reg't, killed at Ruff's Mills, Ga., Aug. 4, '64.
- Goodwin, George, Serg't. Co. F, 64th Reg't, died April 17, '64.
- Gilfalian, James H., Co. F, 64th Reg't, killed near Dallas May, 27, '64.
- Grimes, Geo., Co. G, 64th Reg't, died of wounds at Marietta, Ga., Sept. 26, '64, of wounds July 22, '64.
- Goodenow, Corinthus, Co. A, 65th, Reg't, died at Marietta, Ga., Aug. 14, '64.
- Garrity, Patrick, Co. D, 90th Reg't, died at Joliet, Sept. 13, '64.
- Geer, Wm. W., Co. A, 100th Reg't, died at Lebanon, Ky.
- Grass, James, Corp. Co. D, 100th Reg't, died at Lebanon, Ky., Nov. 7, '62.
- Geist, Franklin H., Co. D, 100th Reg't, died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 24, '62.
- Gridley, Benj. F., Serg't Co. G, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Nov. 26, '62.
- Greenlee, Joseph, Co. G, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Dec. 15, '62.
- Ganthrop, James, Co. H, 100th Reg't, died at Gallatin, Jan. 23d, '63.
- Ganthrop, Amos, Co. H, died near Nashville, Nov. 27, '62.
- Grudging's Wm., Co. I, 100th Reg't, died near Nashville, Dec. 15, '62.
- Greenman, Giles, L., Co. K, 100th Reg't, killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, '62.
- Geyer, Christian G., Co. I, 2d Art., died of wounds at Chattanooga, Sept. 18, '64.
- Goss, Frank J., Co. I, 100th Reg't, died at Wesley, May 3d, '64.
- Garrett, Cyrus J., Co. L, 6th Cav., died at Nashville, July 9, '65.
- Gardner, Louis B., Lockport, V. R. C., died, '62.
- Holden, Hiram, Co. B, 20th Inf., died at LaGrange, Tenn., Jan. 28, '63.
- Hodge, Geo. H., Co. B, 20th Inf., died at Vicksburg, Sept. 24, '63.
- Houstine, Conrad, Co. F, 20th Inf., killed at Britton's Lane, Sept. 1, 1862.
- Hiller, John, Co. F, 20th Inf., died of wounds received at Donaldson, May, 22, '63.
- Harris, W. J., Corp. Co. A, 39th Reg't, died of wounds, June 17, '64.
- Humphrey, Thos., Co. G, 39th Reg't, killed May 20, '64, Wier Bottom, Va.
- Hanson, David M., Co. E, 39th Reg't, died in Andersonville prison, Oct. 22, '64. No. of grave 1,664.
- Hopkins, Benj., Co. F, 39th Reg't, killed at Deep Run, Va., Aug. 16, '64.
- Hills, Joseph, Co. I, 46th Reg't, died at Evansville, Ind., June 10, '62.
- Harris, Geo., Co. I, 46th Reg't, died on the field, June 9th, '62.
- Harrison, Michael, Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- Harrenden, Dan., Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Atlanta, July 22d, '64.
- Haffer, Benedict, Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Kenesaw, June 27th, '64.
- Horner, Thos. P., Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Atlanta, July 22d, '64.
- Hosier, Andrew, Co. I, 64th Reg't, died at Dartmouth, R. J., May 12, '65.
- Hoffman, Henry, Co. B, 66th Reg't, mortally wounded, Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- Hostler, George W., Co. H, 66th Reg't, died at Rome, Ga., July 15th, '64.
- Haley, Mathew, Corp., Co. D, 90th Reg't, died a prisoner at Belle Isle, Richmond, Va, April 8th, '64.

- Hoy, John, Co. A, 100th Reg't, died in Andersonville prison, Oct. 26, '64. No. of grave, 11,506.
- Haines, John S., Co. A, 100th Reg't, died Jan. 6th, 1863, of wounds received at Stone River.
- Haughn, Robert E., Co. A, 100th Reg't, died at Crab Orchard, Ky., Oct. 21st, '62.
- Harter, Hiram, Serg't, Co. B, 100th Reg't, killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Harper, Jeremiah, Co. C, 100th Reg't, died at Columbus, Ky., Oct. 30, '62.
- Hopkins, John, Co. C, 100th Reg't, killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, '62.
- Hill, Lorenzo R., Musician, Co. D, 100th Reg't, died at Lebanon, Ky., Nov. 5, '62.
- Hartong, Rosewell, Co. D, 100th Reg't, died at Chattanooga, Oct. 29, '63.
- Hess, Geo. W., Co. D, 100th Reg't, killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, '62.
- Harrington, Jeff. Co. F, 100th Reg't, died at Palos, April 4, '63.
- Holmes, Geo. W., Co. G, 100th Reg't, killed at Rocky Face, Ga., May 10, '64.
- Harley, Jas. J., Corp. Co. G, 100th Reg't, missing at Chickamauga, no doubt killed on the field, in hands of rebels.
- Hoyt, Alvah, Co. H, 100th Reg't, missing at Franklin, supposed killed and left in hands of the enemy.
- Hicks, Wm., Co. I, 100th Reg't, died at Jeffersonville, Ind., Feb. 16, '65.
- Hurley, Chas., Serg't, Co. I, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, July 2, '63.
- Hayes, John, Corp., Co. I, 100th Reg't, died of wounds, July 24, '64.
- Harrenden, Albert, Co. K, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Jan. 1, '63.
- Heart, J. W., Co. K, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Jan. 10, '63.
- Hartwell, Wm. E., Co. K, 3d Cav., died at Eastport, Miss., May 5, '65.
- Hewes, Geo. C., Co. F, 8th Cav., died at Philadelphia, Penn., March 6, '63.
- Hewes, Orlando, Co. F, 8th Cavalry, killed in battle Nov. 1, '63.
- Hubbard, Lysander, Co. K, 8th Cav., died at Alexandria, Va. March 9, '62.
- Howard, Charles, Bat. I, 2d Art., killed at island No. 10.
- Hartromft, Ezra, Co. E, 72d Reg't, died at Holly Spring, Dec. 26, '62.
- Ingersoll, James H., Co. G, 100th Reg't, died at Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 19, '63.
- Irish, George, Co. I, 100th Reg't, killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Inkleking, Conrad, Co. D, 9th Cav., died April 19, '62.
- Jacobs, Wade H., McAllister's Bat., died at Cairo, in three months' service.
- JOHNSON, ALLEN, B., 1st Lieut., Co. A, 39th Reg't, died Sept. 8, '64.
- Johnson, Wm., Co. F, 64th Reg't, killed before Corinth.
- Johnson, James Co. B, 66th Reg't, died at Nashville, Oct. 30, '64.
- Joyce, Austin, Co. D, 90th Reg't, died in Andersonville Prison, June 20, '64. No. of grave 2,241.
- Jewett, LeRoy, Co. A, 100th Reg't, killed at Dallas, Ga., May 30, '64.
- Jones, Alonzo N., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Johnston, Samuel F., Co. B, 100th Reg't, died in Andersonville, Aug. 2, '64. No. of grave 5,395.
- Jones, W. R., Co. I, 100th Reg't, died in prison Danville, Va., Feb. 6, '64.
- Jones, Robert N., Co. I, 100th Reg't, died at Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 2, '63.
- Johnson, Geo. F, Co. G, 3d Cav., drowned Aug. 11, '65.
- Jay, Freeman S., Co. L, 2d Art., died at Beuf River, La., Aug. 30, '63.
- Johnson, Robert, Co. G, 65th Reg't, died at Martinsburg, Va., July 26, '62.
- Kendall, Michael I., Co. B, 20th Inf., died at Vicksburg, Sept. 21, '63.
- Kidder, Wm., Co. D, 20th Inf., killed at Shiloh, April 6, '62.

- Kelly, John M., Co. F, 39th Reg't, died of wounds at Hampton, Va., Oct. 31, '64.
- Kresin, Ferdinand, Co. E, 44th Inf., died at Rolla, Mo., Dec. 5, '61.
- Kennelly, Morris, Co. I, 46th Inf., died at Cincinnati, May 10, '62.
- Kahler, Norman P., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Chattanooga, Dec. 16, '63, of wounds received at Mission Ridge.
- Kelly, Robert, Serg't, Co. D, 90th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 26, '64.
- Kenny, John C., Corp. Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 1, '63.
- Karrigar, Fred'k, Co. B, 100th Inf., died at Bowling Green, Nov. 20, '92.
- King, Martin B., Co. B, 100th Inf., died of wounds received in battle of Franklin, Dec. 12, '64.
- Kine, Wm., Co. C, 100th Inf., died at Wild Cat, Ky., Oct. 20, '62.
- Karch, Henry, Co. A, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Kennedy, Otis, W., Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, Jan. 3d, '63.
- Kenny, Stephen, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, July 7, '63.
- Kenney, Andrew J., Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Gallatin, Dec. 25, '62.
- Kelly, Francis P., Co. I, killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Klegner, John, Co. I, 100th Inf., died at Wilmington, Ill., Nov. 3, '68.
- Kundt, Fred'k, Co. B, 129th Inf., died at Chattanooga, Sept. 10, '64.
- Katsa, Henry, Co. D, 9th Cav., died at Memphis, Oct. 20, '64.
- Kay, Nicholas, Co. C, 13th Cav., died at Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 20, '64, of wounds.
- Kirton, Wm., Co. H, 17 Cav., died at Glasgow, Mo., Aug. 16, '64.
- Kidston, John, Co. B, 124th Inf., died of wounds at Champion Hills, May 18, '63.
- Kennepp, Thos. J., Co. L, 6th Cavalry, died at Demopolis, Ala., Sept. 19, '64.
- Kraft, Henry, Co. D, 4th Cav., died after discharge, of disease contracted in service.
- Lepp, John, Co. F, 20th Ill., died at Jackson, Tenn., Sept. 4, '62.
- Lehmann, Frank, Co. K, 20th Ill., died at Birds Point, Jan. 11, '62.
- Lyons, Geo., Co. A, 39th Ill., died at Hilton Head, Feb. 21, '63.
- Lulin, James, Co. G, 64th Ill., died at Midship, G., Jan. 13, '64.
- Linch, Barnard, Co. G, 64th, Ill., died since discharge, from disease contracted in service.
- Leffer, Geo., Corp. Co. E, 88th Ill., died at Stephenson, Ala., Sept. 27, '63.
- Loughrea, Co. D, 90th Ill., died at Atlanta, Aug. 2, '64, of wounds.
- Lyman, John, Co. D, 100th Inf., died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 8, '64. No. of grave 8,196.
- Linebarger, David, Co. E, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Leonard, Alvin, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Silver Springs, Nov. 17, '62.
- Leazure, Chester, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 23, '62.
- Legg, Aaron, Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, Feb. 23, '63.
- Labumbard, Edward, Co. G, 100th Inf., died at Gallatin, Jan. 19, '63.
- Ladieu, James T., Co. H, 100th Inf., died in Andersonville, August 18, '64.
- Lyon, Leverett M., Corp. Co. H, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Laird, Jmes, Co. I, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Nov. 29, '62.
- Long, Benj. F., Corp. Co. K, 100th Inf., died at Louisville, Jan. 23, '63.
- Ledyard, Thos. C., Co. K, 113th Ill., died at Vicksburg, July 25, '63.
- Lish, A., Co. D, 4th Cav., died at Vicksburg, Feb. 11th, 1864.
- Lull, Franklin R., Co. F, 8th Cav., died after discharge, of wounds received near Richmond

- Marsh, Wm. Henry, Co. K, Inf., died since discharge, of wounds received at Chickasaw Bluffs.
- Miles, Milo W., McAllister's Bat., died at Cairo in three months' service.
- Marshall, Edward W., Co. A, 20th Inf., died at Mokena, on furlough.
- Milam, Lindsay, Co. B, 20th Inf., died at Marietta, of wounds received at Peach Tree Creek.
- Millar, John F., Co. D, 20th Inf., killed at Shiloh April 6, '62.
- Mahan, Thos., Co. F, 20th Inf., killed at Donaldson, Feb. 15, '62.
- Mitchell, Henry, Co. K, 20th Inf., killed at Raymond, Miss., May, 12, '63.
- Mott, George, Co. A, 39th Inf., died at Cumberland, Md., Feb. 2, 1862.
- McCartie, Peter, Co. A, 39th Inf., died at Alex., Va. Jan. 1, 1862.
- Maher, John, 39th Inf., died of wounds, Jan. 16, 1862.
- Merrill, Almon, Co. E, 39th Inf., died of wounds, July 23, '64.
- McMaster, James, Co. E, 39th Inf., died at Williamsport, Md., Dec. 9, 1861.
- McLaren, Charles, Co. I, 46th Inf., died at Memphis, Jan. 4, 1865.
- Mooray, Henry C., Co. I, 46th Inf., died at Memphis, Dec. 18, 1862.
- Marcy, Frank P., Co. I, 46th Inf., killed at Shiloh in action.
- McDaniel, John H., Co. I, 49th Inf., died Sept. 1st, 1865.
- McGalligut, Michael, Co. E, 64th Inf., killed in battle of Corinth, Oct. 4, 1862.
- Males, James, Co. E, 64th Inf., died at Quincy, Feb. 17, 1862.
- McCoy, Michael, Co. G, 64th Inf., killed before Atlanta, July 22, 1864.
- McLaughlin, Pat., Co. G, 64th Inf., same.
- McCourtie, James F., 64th Inf., died at Quincy.
- Mulliken, James M., Serg't. Co. K, 89th Inf., died in rebel hospital prison at Danville, Va., Feb. 28, 1864.
- McGuire, Chas., Co. H, 90th Inf., died of wounds at Marietta, Ga., Oct. 4, '64.
- MITCHELL, CHAS. F., Lieut. Co. A, 100th Inf., died of wounds at Stone River, Jan. 4, '63.
- Martin, Thos. P., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, June 17, 1863.
- McCorkle, Joseph, Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 10, 1863.
- Milliard, Nelson, Co. B, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 19, 1863.
- Marshall, George, Co. B, 100th Inf., died at Gallatin, Feb. 17, 1863.
- McFadden, Wade H., Ser. Co. C, 100th Inf., died of wounds at Stone River Jan. 4, 1864.
- Murphy, Michael, Serg't. Co. C, 100th Inf., killed at Franklin Nov. 30, 1864.
- Martin, Pat., Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Shell Mound, Sept. 9, 1863.
- McCune, James, Co. E, 100th Inf., died of wounds received at battle of Chickamauga, at Chattanooga.
- Merwin, Thos. E., Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, July 3, 1863.
- Miller, Richard, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Nashville Dec. 21, 1862.
- Martin, Joseph, Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 12, 1862.
- McHaffey, Wm., Co. F, 100th Inf., did at Murfreesboro, Feb. 9, 1863.
- Meyer, August, Co. D, 9th Cav., died at Memphis, July 29, 1862.
- Mather, George, Battery I, 2d Art., died from the sting of a scorpion near Athens, Ga.,
- McIntosh, John, Co. I, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 26, 63.
- Mason, Lorenzo D., Co. L, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 2d, 1862.
- Mitchell, Edgar H., Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Evansville, Ind., Nov. 13, 1862.
- Mitchell, Ellery B., Co. G, 100th Inf., died at Nashville Dec. 3, 1862.
- Moore, Deratus T., Co. H, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 17, 1863.

- Miner, Edw. S., Serg't. Co. K, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
 Morfort, Henry, W., Corp. same same.
 Morey, John B., same. same.
 Morse, Adams P., Co. K, 100th Inf., died soon after discharge, April 3, 1863.
 Melvin, Edgar, Co. D, 4th Cav., died at Savannah, Tenn., March 21, 1862.
 Mather, Reuben, Co. D, 4th Cav., died at Vicksburg, Aug. 29, 1862.
 Milam, Daniel, Co. F, 13th Cav., died at Helena, Aug. 9, 1862.
 Mason, Geo. H., Co. C, 14th Cav., killed at Roddy Station, Dec. 14, 1864.
 Marshall, George N., 4th Michigan, died in Andersonville Prison.
 Neff, Martin, Co. B, 20th Reg't, died at Cairo, Sept. 2, 1863.
 Norris, Wm. H., Co. I, 46th Reg't, killed in battle of Shiloh.
 Needham, Austin, Co. D, 90th Reg't, killed at Atlanta, Aug. 13, 1864.
 Nobles, Henry C., Co. I, 100th Reg't, imprisoned at Andersonville, died at
 Wilmington, N. C.,
 Nickerson, Lemuel, Bat. A, 1st Art., died at Joliet Aug. 23, 1863.
 Osgood, Thos. J., Co. A, 39th Inf., died of wounds at Phila., Sept. 20, 1864.
 Olhues, Henry, Co. E, 39th Inf., killed near Petersburg, April 2, 1865.
 O'Brian, Daniel, Co. E, 55th Inf., died at Memphis, Dec. 16, 1862.
 Orr, Wm., Co. G, 64th Inf., killed at Kenesaw, June 27, 1864.
 O'Reiley, Daniel, Co. G, 64th Inf., mortally wounded June 27th, 1864, at
 Kenesaw.
 Parr, David, Co. I, 46th Inf., died soon after discharge.
 Patterson, Wayne, Co. B, 20th Inf., died of wounds, May 14, 1863.
 Paxon, Aaron P., Co. K, 20th Inf., died at Newark, Ill., May 4, 1862.
 Perkins, James A., 39th Inf., died at Chicago, Sept. 7, 1861.
 Proud, Sam'l F., 39th Inf., killed at Fort Gregg, April 2, '65.
 Potter, Sam'l F., Co. A, 53d Inf., died at St. Louis, May 21, '62.
 Price, Arthur, Co. A, 58th Inf., died of wounds April 9th, '64.
 Paul, William, Corp'l Co. E, 64th Inf., died in Georgia, June 30, '64.
 Parks, John O., Corp. Co. F, 64th Inf., died of wounds received, May 27, '64.
 Parker, Israel, Co. G, 64th Inf., died in Andersonville prison, Aug. 2, '64.
 Powlis Isaac, Co. G, 64th Inf., killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
 Peterson, Caray A., Co. G, 64th Inf., killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
 Pierce, George W., Co. G, killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
 Parker, Edgar, Co. D, 72d Inf., died at Quincy, Sept. 7, '63.
 Parks, Wm. G., Co. B, 100th Inf., killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
 Parker, Thos. P., Co. C, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
 Poor, Wm. L., Corp. Co. C, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, June 27, '63.
 Prosser, Lewis A., Co. C, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, '63.
 Platts, Nelson, Corp., Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Chattanooga, of wounds re-
 ceived before Atlanta, Sept. 16, '64.
 Platt, Joseph, Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, May 1, '63.
 Perkins, Van L., Co. E, 100th Inf., died in hospital at Crawfish Springs,
 Sept. 30, '63, of wounds received at Chickamauga, Sept. 19.
 Pettijohn, Mark, Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 16, '63.
 Price, George, Co. G, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
 Pickard, Wm., Co. G, 100th Inf., died at Bowling Green, Nov. 24, '62.
 Pierson, John J., Co. G, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, May 19, '63.
 Purcell, Edward, Co. H, 10th Cav., died at Little Rock, April 10, '63.
 Pierson, Wm. A., Co. M, 10th Cav., died at Springfield, Ill., Feb. 20, '64.
 Perkins, Albert, Sub., 39th Inf., died at Camp Butler, Feb. 11, '64.
 Petteugill, Seward, H., Co. D, 4th Cav., died in 1st Miss. Cav.,

Patchett, Frank, Co. H, 12th Cav., killed at Alexandria, Va., April 28, 1864.
 Quackenbush, Alfred, Co. F, 8th Cav., died at Alexandria, Va., Feb. 27, '62.
 Quick, Sidney, Co. C, 100th Inf., died at Chicago, April 17, '64.
 Rose, Leonard, died at Mound City, Nov. 5, '61.
 Rath, Wm. Co. D, 14th Inf., killed at Shiloh, April 1862.
 Reynolds, Isaac B., Corp. 20th Reg't, killed at Shiloh.
 Reynolds, George, Co. B, 20th Reg't, died at Mound City, Oct. 16, '61.
 Randall, Albert S., Co. F, 20th Reg't, died at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.
 April 30, 1862.
 Rose, Alonzo, Co. I, 20th Reg't, died of wounds received at Donaldson.
 RICHARDSON, JOSEPH W., 1st Lieut. Co. A, 39th Reg't, died Nov. 21, '61 of
 typhoid fever at Williamsport, Md.
 Ruppenthal, Henry, Co. A, 39th Inf., died of wounds, June '64.
 Rowley, Charles, Co. E, 39th Inf., died at Cumberland, Md., Feb. 20, '62.
 Rourke, Hugh, Co. A, 39th Inf., killed at Fort Gregg.
 Robinson, Dan. A., Co. G, 42d Inf., died at Smithton Mo., Jan. 22, '62.
 Rossiter, David B., Corp. Co. I, 46th Inf., died at New Orleans, May 27, 1864.
 Robbins, W. H., Co. I, 46th Inf., died at Pittsburg Landing, March 24, '62.
 Roland, Thos., Co. I, 46th Inf., died at Memphis, Jan. 10, '62.
 Rouse, Geo. H., Co. E, 64th Inf., killed at Corinth, Oct. 4, '62.
 Reynolds, Henry I., Serg't. Co. E, 88th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 20, '63.
 Rouse, Geo. W., Adj't, 100th Inf., died Aug. 3, '64, of wounds received July
 29th, before Atlanta.
 Rogers, Samuel, Co. B, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '62.
 Rahn, Frederick, Co. C, 100th Inf., killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, '62.
 Rathbun, Hiram, Co. C, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 9, '63.
 Reed, William, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Bridgeport, Ala., Dec. 22, 1863, of
 wounds received at Chickamauga.
 Ritchey, Riley, Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Cave City, Nov. 5, '62.
 Rowley, Fred'k, Co. G, 100th Inf., died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 26, '62.
 Robbins, Joseph, Co. H, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 16, '62.
 Rice, Levi C., Co. I, 100th Inf., died of wounds at Chickamauga.
 Robson, Thos., Co. I, 100th Inf., died Aug. 23, '64.
 Rudd, Erastus, Co. K, 100th Inf., died in Andersonville Prison, April 2, '64.
 No. of grave 306.
 Richards, Ed. C., Co. K, 113 Inf., died at Young's Point, March 15, '63.
 Ratcliff, Wm. M., Co. F, 13th Cav., died at St. Louis, Oct. 30, '62.
 Rice, Alphonso, Co. H, 124th Inf., killed at Champion Hills, May 16, 1863.
 Sweetwood, Isaac, McAllister's Bat., 3 months' service, died.
 Sleight, Theodore, Co. B, 20th Inf., died at Birds Point, Sept. 19, '61.
 Sperry, Henry A., Co. B, 20th Inf., died of wounds at Britton's Lane, May
 16, '63.
 Supplee, William, Co. B, 20th Reg't, died at Memphis, Feb. 27, '63.
 Scanlan, James, Co. F, 20th Inf. died at Joliet, April 23d, '62.
 Shultz, August, Co. G, 20th Inf., killed at Donaldson, Feb. 15, '62.
 Stiller, Robert, Co. G, 20th Inf., died at Nashville, Sept. 18, '64.
 Smith, Wm. W., Co. K, 20th Inf., died at Paducah, Aug. 23, '63.
 Shugar, Wm., Co. K, 20th Inf., killed at Raymond, Miss., May 12, '63.
 Starkweather, Henry A., 39th Inf., died at Folly Island, July 12, '63.
 Sibert, Andrew, Co. A, 39th Inf., died in Andersonville, Sept. 16, '64.

- Stewart, Thos., Co. E, 39th Inf., died Oct. 30, '64, at Annapolis, of wounds received in front of Petersburg.
- Spencer, George A., Co. F, 64th Inf., killed before Atlanta, July 22, '64.
- Small, Cushman, Co. G, 64th Inf., died of wounds at Mound City, Sept. 29, '64.
- Stroud, Henry, Co. G, 100th Inf., killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- Schorn, Harvey, Co. G, 64th Inf., mortally wounded July 22, '64.
- Sweringen, Frank, Serg't Co. G, 64th Inf., died Sept. 2, '64, of wounds received July 22d.
- Smith, Arnold, Co. D, 90th Inf., died at Chicago, March 14, '63.
- Smith, Martin, Co. D, 90th Inf., died at Camp Sherman, August 22, '62.
- SCHOONMAKER, GEO. C., 1st Lieut. Co. I, 100th Inf., killed in action Aug. 5, '64.
- Sutton, Wm. H., Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Silver Springs, Nov. 17, '62.
- Stewart, George, Co. A, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Stuck, William, Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 3d, '63.
- Steinmetz, Justus B., Corp. 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Sampson, Chas. C., Co. B, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Schegg, Geo., Co. B, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 15, '63.
- Snyder, Mathias, Co. C, 100th Inf., missing, supposed killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, '63.
- Spafford, Stephen M., Serg't Co. E, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
- Spencer, Chas. P., Corp. Co. E, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Styles, Charles, Co. E, 100th Inf., killed at Lovejoy Station, Sept. 5, '64.
- Smith, Milton J., Co. E, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Stolder, Henry, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Murfreesboro, Jan. 22, '63.
- Scanlan, Patrick, Co. F, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
- Sutphen, Anson, Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 3, '63.
- Shoemaker, John, Serg't Co. G, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 14, '63.
- Sarver, John, Co. H, 100th Inf., killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- Schneider, David, Co. D, 147th Inf., died at Nashville, May 31, '65.
- Saylor, Wm. L., Co. E, 147th Inf., died at Resacca, June 8, '65.
- Sullivan, Daniel, Co. K, 147th Inf., died at Dalton, Ga., May 30, '65.
- Sulson, Joseph A., Co. G, 3d Cav., died at Eastport, Miss., May 6, '65.
- Stem, Wm. A., Co. K, 8th Cav., died at Camp Relief, D. C., June 20, '64.
- Salter, John F., Co. G, 9th Cav., died at Camp Douglass, Feb. 7, '62.
- Staley, Paul, Co. D, 4th Cav., died in naval service from wounds.
- STEINBERG, PHILIP, Capt., Co. F, 64th Inf., killed when captain of 1st Ala. Cav., at Vincents X Roads, Oct. 26, 1863.
- Smith, Melvin, Co. I, 2d Art., died at Hamburg.
- Stebbins, Robert, Co. H, 12th Cav., died at Donaldville, La., Aug. 1, '64.
- THOMPSON, JOHN E., Adj't. 20th Reg't, killed in action at Shiloh.
- Tice, Henry, Musician, Co. B, 20th Reg't died at Cape Girardeau, Aug. 20, '61.
- Train, Artemus, Co. B, 20th Reg't, died at Wilmington, Ill., Dec. 21, '61.
- Turner, Wm., Co. B, 20th Reg't, died at St. Louis, July 17, '63.
- Trove, Rudolph, Co. B, 20th Reg't, killed at Shiloh, April 6, '62.
- Taylor, Bluford E., Co. A, 39th Inf., died at Richmond, Va., May 12, '65.
- Thompson, Thomas, Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- Teeters, Geo., Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- Tracey, Wm., Co. A, 100th Reg't died at Murfreesboro, March 5, '63.
- Troblee, John, Co. G, 64th Reg't, killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- Theille, Andrew, Co. B, 100th Reg't, killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, '62.

- Taylor, Marcus, Co. C, 100th Reg't, died at Nashville, Dec. 8, '62.
 Taylor, James, Musician, Co. D, 100th Reg't, died Feb. 12, '63.
 Tyler, Hubbard A., Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 22, '62.
 Townsend, Edward, Co. F, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 16, '62.
 Temple, Ira, Co. H, 100th Inf., died in Andersonville prison, Jan. 1, '64.
 Turner, Festus G., Co. K, 8th Cav., died since discharge, of disease contracted in service.
 Unruh, Henry, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Bowling Green, Nov. 16, '62.
 Unruh, Sylvester, Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 11, '62.
 Vail, Wm. S., Co. B, 20th Inf., killed at Britton's Lane.
 Vigron, Oliver H., Co. F, 20th Inf., died at Mound City, Nov. 28, '61.
 Vandevoort, Geo. W., Co. D, 100th Inf., died at Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 20, '63.
 Vinson, Richard C., Co. K, 8th Cav., killed at Falling Water, Md., July 6, '63.
 Vimpeny, Charles, Co. E, 12th Cav., died Nov. 19th, '63.
 Vaughn, James, Co. I, 16th Cav., died in Andersonville prison, June 3, '64.
 No. of grave, 1,078.
 Weist, John, Co. B, 20th Reg't, killed at Donaldson, Feb. 15, '62.
 Wright, Nelson W., Co. B, 20th Inf., died of wounds received at Donaldson, Feb. 18, '62.
 Warren, John, Co. B, 20th Inf., died at Memphis, July 8, '63.
 Waters, Israel, Jr., Musician Co. K, 20th Inf., killed at Raymond, May 12, '63.
 Woodruff, John, Co. K, 20th Inf., died of wounds June 7, '63.
 Wilson, Andrew J., Co. K, 20th Inf., killed at Donaldson, Feb. 16, '62.
 WALKER, JOSEPH D., Adj't 39th Ill., killed in battle May 16, '62.
 Walters, Barton S., Co. A, 39th Inf., died at Annapolis, April 1, '65, after release from rebel prison,—result of sufferings.
 Wright, Burgess, Co. I, 46th Inf., died at Pittsburg Landing, April 19, '62.
 Wadhams, Mortimer, Co. E, 39th Inf., died at Bermuda H., Feb. 24, '65.
 Wagner, Abram, Co. F, 64th Inf., killed at Dallas, Ga., May 27, '64.
 Watson, Robert, Serg't Co. G, 64th Inf., killed at Decatur, July 19, '64.
 Wheeler, Thos. J., Co. K, 64th Inf., died at Louisville, April 8, '64.
 Ward, William, Co. E, 66th Inf., died July 15, '64.
 West, Manasseh, Co. D, 72d Inf., died March 7, '65.
 Wells, Joseph, Co. C, 90th Inf., died at Nashville, Dec. 11, '63.
 Welch, Edward, Co. C, 90th Inf., died of wounds received Aug. 3, '64.
 Waterhouse, John W., Co. E, 72d Inf., died at Columbus, Ky., Nov. 14, '62.
 Wicker, Nelson, S., Co. C, 90th Inf., died of wounds Dec. 4, '63.
 Worthingham, Morrison, 2d Lieut. Co. K, 100th Inf., killed at Stone River,
 Warner, Foster, Corp. Co. A, 100th Inf., died at Louisville, Ky., April 12, '63.
 White, Philip, Co. A, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
 Weise, John, Co. B, 100th Inf., died at Chattanooga, Oct. 29, '62.
 Wagner, Peter, Corp. Co. C, 100th Ill., killed at Stone River, Jan. 2, '63.
 Webster, Horace, Co. E, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Jan. 26, '63.
 White, Edwin J., Co. G, 100th Inf., died at Gallatin, Feb. 1, '63.
 Weidemer, Gotleib, Co. G, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
 World, Newton, Co. K, 100th Inf., died at Nashville, Feb. 24, '63.
 Wimmer, John, Co. I, 16th Cav., died in Andersonville prison, May 15, '64.
 No. of grave 1,130.
 Wharton, Geo. W., Co. C, 2nd Art., died at Fort Donaldson, Feb. 5, '64.
 White, James P., Co. I, 2d Art., died at Nashville, April 27, '64.

Weaver, John, Co. C, 4th Cav., died a prisoner near Richmond, Va., Dec. '62.

Young, Nelson, Co. B, 20th Inf., died at Vicksburg, Aug. 29, '63.

Yates, Geo. W., Serg't Co. A, 39th Inf., died Oct. 28, '64, of wounds received in charging the rebel works, Oct. 13.

Young, Alex., Co. G, 64th Inf., died at Mound City, Sept. 28, '64.

Young, Ahaz, Co. H, 100th Inf., killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.

Zimmerman, Albert, Co. B, 100th Inf., died at Chattanooga, Aug. 31, '64.

Zweifle, Albert, Co. F, died at Nashville, Feb. 28, '63.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER III.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Col. F. A. Bartleson—Lieut. Col. Wm. Erwin—Major Rodney S. Bowen—Capt. David G. Grover—Adjutant George W. Rouse, Adjutant Joseph D. Walker, Capt. Gideon Bernier—Serg't Henry S. Clark—Lieut. Morrison Worthingham—Serg't Albert S. Randall—Serg't Holmes—Lieut. Charles F. Mitchell—Wm. Henry Marsh—Charles Parker Spencer—John Burden—Captain George Dyer—Henry A. Sperry—Rev. Joel Grant.

FREDERICK A. BARTLESON. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 10th, 1833, and was in the 31st year of his age at the time of his death. While very young, his parents removed to Wheeling, where his father was engaged in the publication of a newspaper. Subsequently his father removed to Brooklyn, and again to Freehold, N. J., at which latter place he was engaged in the publication of the "*Monmouth Enquirer*." Frederick was given the advantages of a good education, and graduated with honor at Alleghany College, Meadville, Penn., after which he entered the office of Hon. P. Vredenberg, at Freehold, for the study of law. After completing his legal course, and being admitted to the bar, he struck out for the west, and in 1855, being then 22 years of age, he came to our city and located. The writer well remembers his youthful and prepossessing appearance when he came, and how quickly and surely he secured to himself friends and patrons among those who had hitherto been strangers. His personal manners and his modesty of deportment also soon made him generally popular, not only with the members of his own profession, but with all classes; while his sterling qualities of mind and heart secured their confidence and respect, and he was

soon entrusted with the responsible office of district attorney, by the almost unanimous choice of the profession and the people. Soon after his election to this office he was united in marriage with Miss Kate Murray, who still survives him, beloved and honored, both for her own sake and for his. In the memorable spring of 1861, when the first call was made for volunteers to defend the insulted flag of our Union—a public meeting was held April 17th, as has been elsewhere related, for the purpose of taking into consideration the exigencies of the hour, and also for taking steps to raise a company of volunteers. Although fifteen years have elapsed since that memorable day, many will remember that scene. Many will recall the doubts, the fears, the anxieties, that pervaded the public mind. Almost without warning, certainly without any adequate apprehension of the imminence of such a crisis, the question of war, or a dissolution of the Union, had been sprung upon a peace loving north, and as it were, in a moment we had to decide upon the choice. It was at this first meeting in this crisis, that after several patriotic speeches had been made, urging upon those present in the most impassioned strains, the duty of responding to the call of the government, that a young man of slight physique, but with flashing eye, and countenance all aglow, but with steady and determined accents, spoke briefly, but most eloquently, in the same strain with those who had preceded him, and then walking up to the table on which lay the blank enlistment roll, said,—“I will not urge you to do what I am unwilling to do myself,—I propose to head that list.”—He then put down the name of the first volunteer in Will county, amid the cheers and huzzahs of an excited crowd. The act was more eloquent than words, and the example more effective than eloquence.

The results which followed this act have been given elsewhere and need not be here repeated. I will, however, relate one circumstance, not a public one, connected with this scene, which shows the feelings which prompted the act. Next morning, seeing my young friend and neighbor in the adjoining yard, I playfully alluded to the act of the night previous, when he quoted to me with evident solemnity of feeling, and with a sober realization of all that was involved in the action he had taken, and with

what seems now, an almost prophetic vision, the words of Horace,—" *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

How Bartleson exerted himself in the organization of his company, and being chosen its captain, busied himself at once in studying the duties of his new profession, will be well remembered. His history is thenceforth identified with that of the 20th regiment, (elsewhere given,) until his appointment as colonel of the 100th. At Fredericktown he led his company in their first serious encounter with the enemy, most gallantly and bravely. At Donaldson he won further laurels, and was promoted major of the regiment. Coming home from that hard fought field as escort to the remains of Col. Erwin, he returned in time to take a heroic part in the two days' engagement at Shiloh, where he received a severe wound, resulting in the loss of his left arm. Coming home to recover from this sad casualty, he was often urged while here, by his many friends to retire from the service. But his determined answer was—"No! I have still an arm left for my country, and she shall have that too if need be." When in 1862 the 100th regiment was organized, there was but one man talked of, or thought of, as its commander, and in due time he was elected and his promotion secured from the authorities. He led this regiment through the weary campaigns which terminated in the bloody, hard fought field of Stone River, and through the subsequent one which culminated on the Chickamauga. Here, while heroically holding an advanced position with a mere squad of men, he was surrounded by a charge of the enemy, and with others he was taken prisoner. For six months following the disastrous field of Chickamauga, he was an inmate of the crowded apartments of Libby. As expressive of his feelings during his imprisonment, I enrich these pages with lines written by him in the album of a fellow prisoner, and which were too good to be kept there, and found their way into the public prints. A reception was given him on his return from Libby prison, in the spring of 1864,—a reception which has never been equalled in heartiness and enthusiasm in Will county.

He was again and often urged upon his return to retire from the service. One fact I will give in this connection, which has never been made public, but which is related to me by one who

knew the fact, and is one of the many circumstances which evinced his unselfish patriotism. Among those who urged upon Col. Bartleson the duty of now retiring from the service, were several leading politicians of the democratic party. They assured him if he would now retire, as he might honorably do, and accept from his own party, the nomination to congress, he might rest assured that the democratic party in the district would not bring out a candidate in opposition. To this proposition—generous and patriotic on the part of those who made it, and flattering, and I may add *tempting* to Col. Bartleson, he turned a deaf ear. “Gentlemen,” he said, “the question is still unsettled whether we are to have another congress, or a country, and it can only be settled by the success of our armies; and until it is settled, I want no nomination, and no office but the one I now hold, and I shall return to my post and give my life if need be, to secure to us a free government.” As is well known, Bartleson returned to his command as soon as he could do so by the terms of his exchange. The last thirty miles of the journey he made the march on foot, beneath a Georgia’s summer sun, and (only a few weeks after his return) he sealed his devotion to his country, by the surrender of his life. The circumstances of his death are given in our history of the 100th regiment, and need not be repeated here.

The city of Joliet, and the county of Will, mourned deeply his “untimely taking off,” and found poor consolation in paying all possible honors to his remains. Never before or since has there been such a funeral in Joliet. Rev. Mr. Kidd of the congregational church, paid an eloquent tribute to his memory on the funeral occasion, and Judge Parks and others at the next meeting of the court. His remains rest in a well-known spot in Oakwood, beneath a beautiful monument erected by his widow. I will only say in conclusion, that Col. Bartleson, although never connected with any church, was a christian in his convictions, and always a man of pure morals, and there is much reason to believe, that during his confinement in Libby, he was the subject of an inward religious experience, which, had his life been spared, would have become more pronounced.

The following lines were written by Col. Bartleson, in the album of a fellow prisoner, while in Libby. They were too good

to be kept there, and have found their way into print, and we transcribe them here :

"'Tis twelve o'clock ! within my prison dreary,
My head upon my hand, sitting so weary,
Scanning the future, musing upon the past !
Pondering the fate that here my lot has cast !
The hoarse cry of the sentry, pacing his beat,
Wakens the echos of the silent street :

"All is well."

Ah ! is it so ? my fellow captive sleeping,
Where the barred window strictest watch is keeping,
Dreaming of home and wife and prattling child,
Of the sequestered vale and mountain wild,
Tell me when cruel morn shall break again,
Wilt thou repeat the sentinel's refrain ?

"All is well."

And thou, my country ! wounded, pale and bleeding,
Thy children deaf to a fond mother's pleading—
Stabbing, with cruel hate, the nurturing breast
To which their infancy in love was pressed—
Recount thy wrongs, thy many sorrows name;
Then to the nation—if thou canst—proclaim

"All is well."

But through the clouds the sun is slowly breaking,
Hope, from her long deep sleep, is waking.
Speed the time, Father ! when the bow of peace
Spanning the gulf, shall bid the tempest cease :
When men, clasping each other by the hand,
Shall shout together in a united land,

"All is well !"

LIEUT. COL. WM. ERWIN, OF THE 20TH.

was of Irish parentage, and came to Illinois when a mere lad, with his parents, who settled somewhere in the vicinity of Chicago. When the Mexican war broke out, he enlisted in the first regiment of Illinois volunteers, Col. Hardin, and was made 2d lieutenant of his company, and soon after promoted 1st lieutenant. He also held for some time the position of quartermaster to the regiment. At the battle of Buena Vista, he was in command of his company, and behaved with great bravery, and won distinction. After the close of the war he settled in Ottawa, and went into business in that place, where he also married a most estimable lady, who still

survives him with two children. In 1858 he removed with his family to Joliet, and was in the employ of the Alton & St. Louis R. R. at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion. As we have elsewhere mentioned, Col. Erwin was a Douglas democrat in his political preferences, and during the then recent campaign had commanded a company of the "Invincibles." But no sooner had it become evident that war was meant by the south, than he commenced to enlist a company under the first call. We have given an account of his efforts in this respect, and of his connection with the 20th Illinois elsewhere, and need not repeat it here. He followed the fortunes of that regiment up to the time of his death. Having had previous experience in military matters, he knew what to do, and how, and when to do it, which rendered him an invaluable officer at a time when most others were entirely inexperienced. When Gen. Grant visited Cape Girardeau, while the 20th regiment was stationed there, he had occasion to make a requisition on the Q. M. of the reg't, which was so methodically and quickly filled, that Gen. Grant expressed his surprise and commendation to Q. M. Shields. To this Shields replied, that if there was any credit due it belonged to Col. Erwin, who had instructed him in his duties. This led to the formation of an acquaintance between Gen. Grant and Col. Erwin, and between their families, which became quite friendly, and Gen. Grant always regarded Erwin as one of his most reliable officers. He offered to give Erwin the permanent command of the post at Girardeau, but he (Erwin) preferred to follow the fortunes of the regiment.

Col. Erwin was a man of great urbanity and kindness of heart, and did not think it necessary that an officer should be a rough or a tyrant, to command obedience. He was in the habit of visiting the hospitals daily, looking after the welfare of the men; and always treated them with great kindness and respect, giving furloughs to those who were sick, believing that a short furlough was better than medicine. While at Bird's Point, in the winter of 1861—too many were sick in hospital, and Erwin being in command of the regiment (during the temporary absence of Col. Marsh), gave out furloughs so freely, as to subject himself to the criticisms of his colonel on his return. But when the men all came back well,

in time for the advance on Fort Henry, he confessed that Erwin's prescription was the best.

Col. Erwin was also a fine example to his command in the matter of his personal habits. He made no use either of whisky or tobacco, and was never known to utter an oath. In short, Col. Erwin has left behind him a record as a citizen, a soldier and a man, of which his children and friends may well be proud. As to his tenderness and fidelity as a husband, father and friend, there is no need to speak. His last interview with his family was at Fort Henry the 11th of Feb., when he saw them for a few moments and for the last time, just before the advance to Donaldson. On the field of Donaldson, the day before he was killed, he hastily wrote his last letter to his wife and children.

Next day, as we have elsewhere related, he was struck by a solid shot while leading on his men, and instantly killed. The body was brought home in charge of Capt. Bartleson, and was received with all due and fitting respect and honor at Joliet, and also at Ottawa, where it was buried.

Col. Erwin was a splendid horseman, and at a grand review which Grant held of the troops at Bird's Point before the advance on Fort Henry, he was pronounced by many, the finest looking officer on the ground.

The following extract from a letter from Col. Marsh, written after Col. Erwin's death, pays but a just tribute to the fallen hero, and is creditable to the writer :

"A large delegation from Illinois is here to-day, but I cannot bring my feelings up to the pitch of exultation that they exhibit. My heart is sad, and all the splendor of our great victory cannot drive from my mind, the loss of my dear friend and brave boys. You know the close intimacy that existed between Col. E. and myself. He was my right hand man, my confidant and counselor. I am indeed stricken to the death. Never, from the first moment of our acquaintance, to its close, did anything occur to mar our friendship. And I am glad to acknowledge that much of the efficiency of the 20th is due to his skill and energy as an officer."

MAJOR RODNEY S. BOWEN,

was another of the costly sacrifices made by our county in the late war of the rebellion. He was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., in the year 1832. In the year 1834, his parents, Dr. A. W. Bowen and wife, removed to Joliet, being among the very earliest settlers,—coming here when Joliet existed only in name and prophecy. It was here that Major Bowen grew up from infancy—his own infancy and that of this city as well,—and here he remained until the removal of his parents to Wilmington, in the year 1849. Major Bowen was an only son, and at the time of his death the only child of his parents. He received a good English education, and was a young man of fine abilities, extended information, pure morals, and cultivated tastes. In the year 1855, he was united in marriage with Miss Fannie Todd, a daughter of Dr. Todd, of Rockville, one of the earliest and most respected settlers on the Kankakee River. Mrs. Bowen still survives her husband with two children. Major Bowen was very happily situated, and prosperously engaged in business, at the breaking out of the rebellion, and seemingly had every inducement to remain at home and enjoy his ease and happy surroundings. But he was not willing to remain an idle spectator of the fierce conflict, in which our country was engaged. When the call was made for “300,000 more,” in July 1862, Major Bowen felt that it was his duty to take an active part in the struggle, and he at once set about enlisting a company in the town of Wilmington, and with the assistance of Stewart, Gano, Mitchell and others, he soon had the volunteers requisite to organize a company. Of this company he was chosen captain, and it was mustered in as Co. A, of the 100th Illinois Infantry. He served in this position with great acceptance to his men and superior officers, and honor to himself, being constantly at his post, and sharing in all the weary campaigns and fierce encounters of the regiment, and escaping unharmed, until the battles in front of Chattanooga, in the latter part of November, when Grant raised the blockade of that post. Here he received on the 23d, a severe flesh wound in the calf of his leg. But although the wound was a severe one, he did not leave the field. A lieutenant of an Ohio regiment, just then off

duty, bound up the wounded leg with his handkerchief, caught a stray horse for him and assisted him to mount, and thus Captain Bowen kept the field with his company until the battle of Mission Ridge was so triumphantly won. After the battle he was relieved for a time from active duty, and during his recovery from the wound he paid a visit to his home and friends in Wilmington. He rejoined his regiment in February 1864, while it was in winter quarters at Loudon. In his first letter home, after rejoining his regiment, he speaks of the homesick feelings which came over him on his journey away from the home whose delights he had been permitted once more to enjoy for a little while, and how hard it was for him to do so, saying, that "for a time he felt like throwing up his commission and returning to the ease and comfort of a life of peace." But says he, "better thoughts soon resumed possession of my mind, and I thought of my companions in arms, cheerfully enduring unto death if need be,—of my bleeding country torn by a gigantic rebellion,—of the necessity that every man should put his shoulder to the wheel to raise the car of state, from the slough of despond into which it had fallen, but from which it was beginning to emerge,—of the thanks of a grateful people, that would be given to those who kept on until the foe had laid down his arms,—and of the obscurity that awaited those who should falter in the strife. I gathered my wandering resolutions, and set out once more cheerfully and willingly for the front." Such was the spirit that animated Major Bowen, and which breathes through all his letters home, and which, of course were written for no eyes except those of his family. Major Bowen continued in command of Co. A until it reached the vicinity of Atlanta, sharing in the exposures and engagements of that active campaign, but escaping unharmed. On the 17th of July he was obliged to leave the front, and was ordered to the officers' hospital at Chattanooga, on account of a severe attack of inflammation in one of his eyes. He remained in hospital until the 6th or 8th of September, when, having recovered, he rejoined his regiment before Atlanta. Meanwhile, the death of Col. Bartleson, and the resignation of Lieut. Col. Waterman had brought about the promotion of Major Hammond, and Captain Bowen was made major. While laid up in hospital in Chattanooga he had seriously enter-

tained the idea of resigning his post, and retiring from the service, but as his eye soon began to get better, he gave up the thought, and determined to continue to share the dangers and labors of the regiment while the country should need him. He accordingly shared the subsequent campaigns and exposures of the regiment until the battle of Franklin, near the close of the war in the west. Here, he was with his regiment in the thickest of that bloody fight, one of the most severe in which the regiment was engaged, and in the course of which he was again wounded, this time in the thigh ; and, alas ! with such severity as to terminate in his death at Nashville, three days after. The exposure of the removal from Franklin to Nashville, during the falling back of the army, was so great as to disappoint the hopes of his recovery, and thus add one more to the number of valuable lives sacrificed to the accursed rebellion. His remains were brought home to Wilmington, and received all the honor and respect which it was possible to give them. Judge Harris, holding court at the time, adjourned the same, attending with a large delegation of citizens from this place, (Joliet), the funeral, which took place at Wilmington. The loss of Major Bowen was deeply felt by the community, and great sympathy was felt with his honored parents, who were thus called upon to sacrifice, not only their choicest, but their only gift upon the altar of their country.

Major Bowen was a member of the Episcopal church, having been baptized in infancy ; and the age of twenty-two, on his own deliberate and hearty choice, received the rite of confirmation,—consecrating himself for life to God's worship and service ; an act which was supplemented by a pure and noble christain life.

DAVID G. GROVER, CAPTAIN CO. E 64TH ILLS. INFANTRY.

There are still left of the early settlers of this city a few—a very few—who remember that in 1835 or 6, a family of the name of Grover, located in Joliet, and lived in a house on the edge of the bluff, or the lot now occupied with the residence of Mrs. Strong. The family then, or subsequently, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Grover, two sons and one girl, all three quite young. One of these boys, the subject of this sketch, was then but two years of

age, and was born in Milford, Penn. Two years after coming here Mr. Grover died, and two years subsequently Mrs. Grover also died, thus leaving the children to an early orphanage.

David was taken by his grandfather Grover who resided at West Dryden, N. Y., and by him cared for during his childhood. At the age of eighteen he returned to Joliet. He found employment for a time with James T. McDougall, who was then merchant and post master. Subsequently young Grover entered the office of S. W. Bowen, Esq., and engaged in the study of law, completing his course at the law school in Cincinnati.

After his graduation he went into partnership with his former instructor, and was engaged in the successful prosecution of his profession when the war broke out. In the summer of 1859, he had been united in marriage with Miss Eliza S. McGinnis, who still survives him with two daughters. But although thus happily situated in respect to his business and domestic relations,—although his young family seemed to demand his care, and engage his affections, and although he had been politically opposed to the party in charge of the government,—the country's need and the country's danger seemed to call him with a voice which he could not resist. He immediately set about raising and organizing a company for the "Yates Sharp Shooters," the 64th, and was commissioned captain of the same (Co. E) in Dec. 1861. The history of Captain Grover was thenceforth identified with the 64th, until his death, and we refer to that history for his military record. From that record it will be seen that Capt. Grover was killed in the second battle of Corinth, October 4th, 1862. The 64th was on the skirmish line, and lay between both armies, and the fire of their artillery. Capt. Grover was struck while cheering on his men. He was struck twice by fragments of shell, about 4 o'clock p. m. He was picked up and carried out of the reach of the fire by Michael Fuller, of Co. F, and there remained until night, under the burning sun, and in hearing of the fierce combat.

Capt. Grover was at the time in command of the skirmish line, consisting of companies B, C and E. The battalion lost heavily, and Capt. Grover's company most of all, losing twenty-one killed and wounded.

It was at first hoped that Capt. Grover would recover. He was taken to the hospital in the evening. But the shock was so severe that on the evening of the 10th he died about 9 o'clock. He lived however, to know that the victory was ours, and that his life had not been sacrificed in vain. Before going into the fight he seemed to have a foreboding of his fate, and so expressed himself to a brother officer, telling him that if he fell to tell his wife that he "died at the head of his company, fighting for his country." His brother officer advised him not to go into the fight if he felt thus. But the idea of shirking duty or avoiding exposure was spurned, and he fell while cheering on his command. He was buried by his men. One of them writes home next day, "I helped to bury our gallant little captain. I may well call him gallant, for a braver man never drew a sword."

A few days after, his business partner, S. W. Bowen, Esq., reached the front, and the body was exhumed and brought to Joliet, arriving here the 20th. Funeral services were had the next day at the Congregational church. The services were conducted by Mr. Kidd, assisted by the pastor of the Methodist and Baptist churches, at which there was a large attendance of our citizens, who deeply sympathized with his family and friends, while they also mourned the loss to the cause of so brave and accomplished an officer. The Will county bar at its next meeting passed resolutions of respect, and Judge Parks pronounced an eloquent and just eulogy. The body was taken in charge by the masonic fraternity, and it was deposited in our beautiful Oakwood with masonic and military honors.

A tasteful monument of Joliet marble erected by the loving hands of Messrs. Odell & Jamison, marks the spot where sleep the ashes of the gallant Capt. D. G. Grover.

GEORGE W. ROUSE.

Among the many sacrifices that our county was called upon to make during the long years of the rebellion, none were more deeply felt outside the family circle, than that of Adjutant Rouse. He was the son of Collins Rouse, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Jefferson county, New York, and was born at Clayton in that county, March 21st, 1834. From his earliest

years he was the marked child of the family, around whom gathered the warmest affections, and the fondest hopes of parents and friends. He early manifested those qualities of mind and disposition which characterized his subsequent career, and so won the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He received a good common school and academic education, and thoroughly qualified himself for an active business life. He was always noted as a scholar, and in his home life, for quiet and gentlemanly behavior, and at the same time for exactness and thoroughness in everything he undertook.

At the age of sixteen, he connected himself with the Free Will Baptist church, and always honored his profession with a pure and consistent life. When twenty-two years old, he came west, and although an entire stranger, he found employment in a Chicago Banking House, the day after his arrival in that city. His business qualifications soon secured him an increase of salary. After remaining in Chicago a year or so, he came to Joliet and entered the banking house of Woodruff & Cagwin, and subsequently entered into the grain trade in company with O. H. Woodruff. In this business he was successfully engaged when he felt it his duty to enter the ranks of the defenders of an imperiled country. He enlisted as private in the 100th regiment in August 1862, and on the full organization of the regiment, he was selected by Col. Bartleson as his adjutant, a choice which gave universal satisfaction. This step was taken after calm deliberation, and from a deep sense of duty, and his letters home and to his friends in Joliet during his army life, always breathed the spirit of a true patriot, ready to sacrifice life, if need be, for the salvation of the country. He shared the varying fortunes of the regiment, until after the battle of Chickamauga, when he was selected as inspector, on the staff of the brigade commander, and it was in the discharge of his duty while inspecting the picket line before Atlanta, that he received the wound which proved mortal a few days after. He was struck by a solid shot below the knee, which nearly severed the limb, and he seemed to bear the shock, of the wound and the amputation, so well, that it was confidently expected that he would recover. But these hopes were doomed to disappointment. He died at 12 o'clock, on the night of August 4th.

The particulars of his dying moments are described by Lieut. Williams who watched with him during the night. He informed George that he probably would not live longer than until morning. He replied, "Do you really think so?—well, I am ready. God has been very good in sparing me so long, and I feel that he will for Christ's sake save me at last." He then asked Lieut. Williams to pray with him, after which he sank into a serene sleep. After resting thus for a little time, he aroused once more, and with eyes beaming with the light of the coming glory, he said, "It is all right, Christ can save me, and my country needed me. I have no regrets that my life has thus ended. God bless my dear parents and friends." In a few moments, the gentle grasp by which he held the hand of his friend, relaxed, and at the same time he let go his hold on earthly life, and entered upon the reward of a christian hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Adjutant Rouse was one of the best of our young men,—prepossessing in personal appearance and manners, affable and courteous to all—affectionate and faithful to his intimate friends, and of pure morals, and blameless life. Without being anything of a fop, he was remarkable for neatness and good taste in dress, and all matters of personal appearance, and for his orderly and methodical business habits; and these qualities he carried with him into the service, and maintained under the most adverse circumstances. And he was as clean of soul as of person. General Newton, commanding the brigade, said at the time of his death that he had lost his best officer: Truly—

"The good die first,
Whilst we whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket."

JOSEPH D. WALKER, ADJUTANT OF THE 39TH REGIMENT.

At the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, two young men, both of great promise, were pursuing the study of law in the office of E. C. Fellows, Esq., in Lockport. Both entered the three years' service in the fall of 1861—both fell on the field of battle; one in the east, and one in the west. One, is the subject of the

present sketch. The other, was Henry S. Clarke, of the 64th, of whom we shall have something to say presently.

The parents of Adjutant Walker resided in Lockport, and came originally from the north of Ireland.

Young Walker first entered the three months' service at Cairo, where, by his energy and enthusiasm, he organized a company of men from those who had gathered there, which was known as the "Prentiss Guards." After the expiration of the three months' service he enlisted for three years in the Yates Phalanx, of which regiment he was chosen sergeant major, and subsequently promoted adjutant.

He shared in all the vicissitudes of the regiment up to the day of his death. He was the first man to plant the stars and stripes on Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, and distinguished himself in every action in which the regiment was engaged.

In the battle of May 16th, 1864, about one and a half miles from Fort Darling, he received the wound which terminated his career a few hours after. He was wounded by a musket ball in the bowels, while exposing himself upon our entrenchments, enthusiastically encouraging his men, and holding them steady against the terrible assault of the enemy under Beauregard, who was trying to drive them from their entrenchments. He was carried back to his own tent, where he expired during the night. To a brother officer, who stood by his bed-side in the sad hour of his death he said: "Warner, I am fatally wounded, and know that I must die, but I have nothing to regret, I have done my duty." Lieut. Warner, to whom these words were addressed, says of him: "Of all the men I ever met in army life, Walker was the most enthusiastic in conduct and spirit, and I know that he looked forward with about equal pleasure to the prospect of death in the line of duty as a soldier, and the professional honors awaiting him, should he live to see peace restored."

Adjutant Walker was home on furlough in October, 1863, at which time he addressed a large meeting of the citizens of Wilmington at the M. E. Church, in reference to the war, giving a graphic description of the operations on Morris Island, and the siege of Charleston, &c., and also telling the people what the "boys at the front," thought of the "fire in the rear," and of the "peace

men." He was a ready and eloquent speaker, and during the presidential campaign preceding the war, had taken an active part in addressing political meetings in Will and other counties, advocating the republican cause with great zeal and eloquence.

The remains of Adjutant Walker were brought to Lockport, where funeral services were held, the ex-chaplain of the regiment officiating, assisted by the ministers of the place. The remains were then taken to Wilmington for burial, at the request of the family of the young lady to whom young Walker was affianced, and were received by the citizens *en masse*, with bands of music, and borne to their final resting place, on the banks of the Kan-
kakee.

CAPTAIN GIDEON BERNIER.

was a native of Canada, of French parentage. He came to this place when eleven years of age, a mere boy, but with the energy and purpose of making his way in the world. But the war cloud over-shadowed his adopted country, when but eighteen years of age, and he at once determined to join the ranks of its defenders. He enlisted as private in Co. B, of the 20th regiment, re-enlisted as veteran, and followed its various fortunes all through its history. He was promoted on his own merits, to 2d, and then 1st lieutenant, and in June, 1865, to the captaincy of his company, and was mustered out with the regiment. He was however disabled in the service, and died from impaired health, consequent upon his many exposures in the service, February 5, 1871, at the age of twenty-seven, leaving a widow with three children. An instance of Bernier's characteristic bravery has been related in the history of McAllister's Battery. He was taken prisoner on that same day. At the time of his death, he was keeping a shoe store on Jefferson street.

SERGEANT HENRY S. CLARK,

was another young student who laid aside Chitty and Blackstone, and took up the musket at the call of his country, and was also called to lay down his life. He was the only son of Henry

M. Clark, of Lockport, and was born at Steventown, New York, on the 12th day of February 1869, and was therefore but twenty-two years of age at the time of his enlistment in Co. E, of the Yates Sharp Shooters, afterwards known as the Sixty-Fourth regiment. He had received a classical education at M'Granville College, in the State of New York, and subsequently entered the office of E. C. Fellows, Esq., of Lockport, for the study of law. He had nearly completed his legal course at the time of his enlistment. He was an only son, the hope and stay of doting parents, and the pride of loving sisters—the life of the little family circle which used to gather in such happy union in one of the modest homes of Lockport. But strong and silken as were the ties which bound him to that home, the call of the country was so imperative upon her sons, that he could not resist, and in October of 1861, a month after his fellow-student, Walker, had joined the 39th, young Clark joined the company of Captain Grover. Going with his company to Springfield, where the organization of the battalion was completed, he received the same appointment in the “Yates Sharp Shooters” which Walker had received in the “Yates Phalanx.” But for his early death, his military record would have also been like that of his fellow student, in his being promoted adjutant.

He proved a most useful officer of the company. Having studied tactics, and practiced drill, he was to some extent qualified for the duties of his new position. But it was the fate of young Clark, to close his career sooner than did Walker. He followed the fortunes of the 64th until the battle of Corinth, on the second day of which he fell, receiving a mortal wound in the bowels which he survived but a few hours. His death occurred but a few days short of one year after his enlistment. He had visited his home in August, gladdening the hearts of his friends, and gratifying his own warm and impulsive affections with the sight of home, parents, sisters and friends, for the last time.

When wounded, he knew at once that it was mortal. The enemy were driving our forces at the time, and soon had possession of the ground. Feeling that his life was fast ebbing away, he took from his pocket an envelope, and on it wrote these words :

“Dear father and mother and sisters, I am dying and a prisoner, my last thoughts are of you.
H. S. CLARK.”

His failing strength hardly sufficed to write his name legibly, and as may be conjectured, the brief words were not written in his usually fine chirography ;—but the loved ones to whom it was addressed, could read the message but too well, and their busy fancy would picture the dear boy as he lay dying upon the bloody field of battle, and of victory—though he knew it not,—having spent his last modicum of physical strength in writing this tender message, taking a last look at earth and sky, and then without a murmur, yielding up his life for his country, to him who gave it. This soiled and blood-stained envelope, being the last message of the young hero, was carefully preserved by the rebel sergeant to whom he gave it, and who, being himself taken prisoner a little after, gave it into the hands of a lieutenant in a Wisconsin regiment, who transmitted it to his friends, who still preserve it as a most precious relic. A few days after, Rev. Joel Grant, of Lockport, who was at Corinth, as chaplain of the 12th Illinois regiment, wrote thus to the afflicted father :

“ H. S. CLARK—DEAR SIR :—Your son rests—not only as a soldier, but I think also as a Christian. I have had several conversations with him during the past summer, in which he expressed a state of mind which interested me greatly. He admitted himself more thoughtful of spiritual matters since he came into the army—*not less so*—as is usually the case. He lived three hours after his wound, nearly all the time fully conscious that he could not live. Yet he contemplated his future calmly—spent much time in prayer—and I have no doubt found the mercy he needed.”

To this I would add that a perusal of Sergeant Clark's letters to his family, has given the writer a high estimate of his moral, social and intellectual qualities, and led him to feel that in his early death, our county lost one of its most valuable young men. To his intelligent letters I have been partly indebted for the history of the 64th, in the first year of its career.

LIEUT. MORRISON WORTHINGHAM,

was one of the early settlers of Joliet. Coming here a young man in 1836. He was a cabinet maker by trade, and carried on that business here many years. When the 100th regiment was raised he took an active part in enlisting Co. K, and was chosen 2d Lieut. He had already sent two sons into the war in the 20th regi-

ment, the oldest of whom had been crippled at Shiloh. But although he might justly feel that he had contributed his full share to the cause, and might also claim exemption on the score of years—he determined to hazard his own life also. This he was called to surrender in the first serious engagement of the Will county regiment at Stone River.

Lieut. Worthingham was for many years a constant, active and official member of the Methodist church, of Joliet. Before enlisting he had been brought forward by his friends as a candidate for the office of sheriff of the county, but he preferred to serve his country in the war for its preservation. He was forty-eight years old at the time of his death.

ALBERT S. RANDALL

died at Pittsburg Landing, April 3rd, 1862, from sickness, consequent upon exposure at the battle of Donaldson. He was the son of Hon. S. W. Randall, of Joliet, and was born in Erie, Pa., on Aug. 29, 1841, and was therefore but 20 years of age at the time of his enlistment in Co. F, of the Twentieth regiment of infantry. Enlisting June 13th, 1861, as a private, he was promoted corporal and afterward sergeant. At the time of his death he had been appointed Division Post Master.

Young Randall was but a child when his father removed to Joliet, and was consequently one of our Joliet boys, brought up amongst us, and beloved and respected by all as a young man of much promise, being a good scholar and a fine speaker and well informed for his years. When on a visit home he wrote these words upon a fly leaf of one of his fathers books: "Should anything prevent my return to this kind home again, let none but my good deeds be remembered; while my country was in danger, I could have no peace unless I shared her perils." ALBERT.

SERGT. GEO. W. HOLMES.

Sergeant Geo. W. Holmes, of Company G, 100th regiment, was born in the town of Gaines, Orleans county, N. Y., May 2nd, 1842, and came to this county with his parents, in 1852. At the time of his enlistment he resided in the town of Green Garden.

He first entered the service as a private of Co. K, Farnsworth's cavalry, (8th) of which company Eben J. Farnsworth of St. Charles, was captain. He enlisted in Sept., 1861, being at that time only 19 years of age. He accompanied his regiment to Washington city, reaching camp at Meridian Hill on the 17th day of October,

Holmes served with the regiment until the ensuing spring, when (March 20,) he was taken prisoner. His regiment, with other troops, had been making a reconnoissance in force, to the Rappahannock, and on the return, Holmes's horse became very lame, and could not keep up with the rapid march of the regiment. Being unwilling to abandon his horse and equipments, he fell behind the rear guard, and was "gobbled up" by the rebel cavalry and parolled.

This misfortune resulted in his coming home to his friends. He subsequently got his release from parole, and his discharge from the 8th cavalry to enlist in the 100th Illinois Infantry, at that time being organized in Will county. Entering company G, (Capt. Munger's) he was made corporal, and was subsequently promoted 1st sergeant.

After the battle of Stone River he was put upon the "Roll of Honor," instituted by Gen. Rosecrans. Just before starting out on the Atlanta campaign he was examined at Chattanooga for promotion as lieutenant in a colored regiment, and but for his untimely death, would no doubt have received a commission.

LIEUT. CHARLES F. MITCHELL

of Co. A, 100th regiment, was the son of Franklin Mitchell, one of the early settlers of Joliet, who subsequently removed to Wilmington, where Charles was born, Nov. 12, 1861. He had therefore attained his majority but little more than a month, when he received the wound which terminated his life.

At the time of his enlistment he was in the employ of R. N. Waterman, a merchant of Wilmington. He had but recently finished a three years' course at Racine college, and stood, as it were, just at the entrance of a long life of usefulness, for which he was well fitted, both by natural endowments and education. But

with all the ardor of youthful enthusiasm and self-forgetfulness, he joined the Will county regiment, to contribute his share in the struggle for national preservation. He was wounded in the first serious battle in which the regiment was engaged—that of Stone River. He received the wound on the last day of 1862, and died on the third day of 1863.

On hearing of the battle, and of the casualty to his son, Mr. Mitchell left at once for the front, but did not arrive until after his death and burial, in the spot selected for a cemetery by the Union authorities. There his remains were allowed to rest in one of our Union "sleeping places," it being utterly impossible at that time to procure a burial case at Nashville, so great had been the demand.

His superior officers speak of young Mitchell as having been one of the most promising officers of the regiment, and the community in which he was born, and grew up to manhood, was deeply grieved at his early death.

WILLIAM HENRY MARSH,

was the oldest son of our well-known citizen, H. N. Marsh, Esq., was born in Joliet, August 15th, 1840. He was therefore one of the early sons of Joliet. When of sufficient age, he learned the art of printing in the office of the *Republican*, of which his father was for some time editor and proprietor.

At the breaking out of the war, he at once determined to join the ranks of the defenders of the Union. He enlisted in Co. K, of the 13th regiment, the first regiment organized under the first call for the three years' service, of which the lamented J. B. Wyman was colonel. This regiment was actively engaged in the state of Missouri in the early part of the war. Young Marsh shared with his regiment all its vicissitudes, including that terrible march from Western Missouri across the country to Helena, in which they endured such intense sufferings from heat, and thirst, and short rations, up to the attack made under Sherman on the rebel works at Chickasaw Bayou.

The 13th regiment had the post of honor in that ill-starred attack—a position which was considered equivalent to a death-

warrant by Colonel Wyman, and which, indeed, it proved itself to be to him, and many a brave man.

In this heroic but fruitless attack, Wm. Henry was left severely wounded upon the field, and fell into the hands of the enemy, and was taken to a hospital in Vicksburg. It was his good fortune to fall into the hands of persons who treated him kindly, but his life hung by a slender thread, as he was most desperately wounded. He remained in their care about five months of great suffering, his friends meanwhile ignorant of his fate, although his father visited the vicinity, and made all possible inquiry respecting him. When our army, in their operations around Vicksburg, came into possession of the city of Jackson, Miss., young Marsh was found there in a rebel hospital, whither he had been removed just previous. He was found by his fellow townsman of the 20th regiment, who took him to his own regiment. He was then sent by our authorities to St. Louis, and thence to the hospital in Quincy, where he fell under the care of an old friend and neighbor, Dr. F. K. Bailey. He was but the mere wreck of his former self—a living skeleton, yet he now improved very much in health, and was ultimately able to return home; and for some time he moved slowly about our streets, and his friends hoped for a full recovery.

But his wounds broke out afresh, and a speedy decline followed, and after suffering uncomplainingly for a time, his sufferings were terminated by death, July 6th, 1865. During his last hours his mind wandered, and he seemed to be living over again that terrible scene at Chickasaw Bluffs. His last words were, "take me from the field!" God heard the prayer of the dying martyr, and took him—took him from the field of earthly strife and suffering, to a soldier's rest in heaven.

CHARLES PARKER SPENCER.

A feeling of mingled grief, sympathy and indignation wells up from the heart as we write this name—grief that so noble a young man should be sacrificed, sympathy with the friends who yet mourn his loss—and indignation against the originators of that rebellion which made such costly sacrifices necessary. Charles Parker Spencer was born August 12th, 1838, at ——, and was a

little over twenty-five years of age at the time of his death. The last four years before his enlistment were spent in Oberlin College, and he was about ready to graduate, when he felt it his duty to join the ranks of those who were fighting for the defense of freedom and the Union.

Coming home from college in the summer of 1862, while the 100th regiment was being organized, he enlisted as a private in Co. E, and was at once elected corporal, which rank he held at the time of his death, although he was doing the duty of a sergeant. He participated in all the varied fortunes of his regiment, always to be found at the post of duty, until that fatal day, the 18th of September, when he fell upon the field. One of his comrades, J. W. Goodenow, writing to his friends a few days after his fall, says, "There was not a man in the company who was better beloved, or who will be so sadly missed." His captain, W. W. Bartlett, writing to his bereaved friends, says,—“Your noble boy was killed in the desperate charge we made on the enemy Sept. 19th. He was in the front rank fighting bravely, and was hit by a musket ball in the forehead, and died instantly. We were ordered soon after, to fall back, and never recovered the ground, and consequently had no chance to bury the dead.”

Thus in common with many others, he was buried, if at all, by the hands of the enemy, and the place where his ashes rest no one knows. But it is an unspeakable comfort to his friends to know that although death was so sudden, it did not find him unprepared; although his remains did not receive christian burial, they await a glorious resurrection. For Charles Spencer was not only a patriot, but he was an intelligent and sincere christian. His letters which have been kindly submitted to my perusal, breathe not only of his love to his country, and to his friends, but to his Savior as well.

Writing home from Murfreesboro, he says :

“Mother! I am seeking the path which leads to bliss, where there shall be no more war. Remember me in your prayers. It is very hard under the present surroundings to fulfil a christian's duty, but I am truly thankful to God for his many mercies, and with the prayers of a good, kind, mother and grand parents, I trust I shall never grow unmindful of them. God grant I may grow in christian excellence. I endeavor to read my testament daily.

Better than fame,—better than rank,—better than

“Storied urn, or animated bust,”

is the precious assurance, which all who knew him feel, that while his bones may still,

“By dark Chickamauga lie bleaching and cold,”

his immortal part flew from that scene, where he did a patriot's duty, and met a hero's death, to that world where there shall be no more war!

CAPTAIN GEORGE DYER,

was the son of Captain George R. Dyer, a well-known, and long time citizen of Will county, and was born in the town of Plainfield. When his father received the appointment of quartermaster, and was stationed at Pilot Knob, Mo., young Dyer accompanied him. While there he organized a cavalry company from the Union refugees of Missouri and Arkansas, and was chosen their captain, although less than eighteen years of age, and commanded his company until taken sick and compelled to resign. He was in that fatal charge of Sherman, at Chickasaw Bayou. Notwithstanding his youth, he commanded the respect and confidence of his company, and his early death, the result of his exposure in the service, was greatly regretted by all who knew him. He was a young man of good character and much promise.

HENRY A. SPERRY,

son of Merritt Sperry, of Manhattan, was a member of Co. B, 20th regiment. After being wounded at Shiloh and Britton's Lane, and following the ragged and blood stained flag of the 20th, through eight battles, he received wounds at the battle of Champion Hills, which resulted in his death near Vicksburg, the 18th of May, 1863, in the 21st year of his age, greatly mourned by his friends and acquaintance, but leaving behind him a proud record.

JOHN BURDEN,

private in Co. A, 39th regiment, was from Channahon, and was killed at Deep Run, Va., while charging the enemy's works, at

the age of 24. He was the son of Wm. and Elizabeth Burden, who came to America in 1850, and settled in Channahon in 1852, and was born in Scotland. He was a brave and faithful soldier, always fearless and ready for duty. He died on the field and was buried by the enemy, and his body never recovered. A monument was however erected to his memory in the cemetery at Channahon, when an address was given by the ex-chaplain of the regiment. He was always brave, prompt and faithful, and we rejoice to add, a warm-hearted and conscientious christian.

REV. JOEL GRANT, CHAPLAIN OF THE 12TH ILL. VOL.

It was the intention of the writer to confine the biographical sketches to those who died in the service, or in consequence thereof. But inasmuch as we have found no occasion in the preceding regimental histories to mention the worthy chaplain, whose name is at the head of this article, we depart from this prescribed limit, feeling that we should make an unpardonable omission if we did not say something of one who was for many years a respected and efficient pastor of the Congregational church, at Lockport, and who served the country nobly and well for four years and a half as chaplain, and government commissioner.

Rev. Joel Grant was born in Colbrook, Conn., Jan. 24, 1816, of respectable and religious parents, under whose influence and training he became pious while yet a youth. Being determined to gain an education, and to consecrate his life to the work of the ministry, he set himself while still young to the work, which he accomplished mainly through his own efforts. He entered Yale college in the sophomore class at age of 19.

Graduating in 1838, he taught school for one year in the State of Maryland, and was then appointed professor of mathematics in the U. S. navy. In this capacity he served the country about three years, on board the ship "Potomac," cruising about South America. This service was very valuable in aiding him to acquire a knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, as well as providing him with funds for the prosecution of his chosen profession. He then spent one year at Andover, from which he went to Yale and graduated, after two years further study, in 1845. In

the same year he was married to Miss Abigail F. Cowles, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke seminary.

Being thus fully equipped for a life of usefulness, he came west at once, under a commission from the American Home Mission Society, and commenced his labors in Lockport, Oct. 26, 1845. He remained in charge of Congregational church there two years, making many friends, and securing the confidence and respect of the community. This was thirty years ago. It is hard to realize now, the rough and unsettled state of society at that time. Work had just been resumed upon the canal, and many of the inhabitants of Lockport and other canal towns were but temporary residents. Chicago at that time, had a population of but 6,000. A church had been erected at Lockport, but it had been left in an unfinished state. It was completed and furnished during the administration of Mr. Grant.

But Mr. Grant met at Lockport an enemy, from whose repeated attacks he was obliged to retire discomfited. Those were the days of bilious fever and fever and ague—the sickly seasons on the line of the canal, and all through the west generally, which will be well remembered by all old settlers. After suffering nine attacks of bilious fever, preceded by sharp skirmishes with the “shakes,” Mr. Grant felt it his duty to strike his colors to the foe and retire from the unequal combat. He returned to the east, and remained for five years in charge of a church, at Avon, Conn.

But, unhappy as had been his experience (physically) at the west, his heart was still there, and with the little church at Lockport, and he returned to it once more, and resumed charge of the church, continuing with it, except for a brief interval, until the breaking out of the civil war, when his patriotic impulses led him to enter the service as chaplain of the 12th Ill. infantry in August, 1861, which position he held until July 12, 1865, when the regiment was mustered out. During this time, he was present at the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, siege of Corinth, Lay’s Ferry, Ga., Rome Cross Roads, Dallas, Kenesaw, Nickajack Creek, Bald Hill, Atlanta, Jonesboro and Altoona. He was detailed during part of the time as assistant commissioner of freedmen, being stationed at various places in Tennessee and Arkansas. He also served as government commissioner of education in Arkansas.

Dec. 20th, 1865, he was commissioned chaplain of the 113th U. S. colored regiment, in which he remained until muster-out of regiment, April 9th, 1866. In all the positions in which he was placed, Mr. Grant was kind, faithful, and efficient.

After leaving the army, he resumed the ministry, first retiring to his native place, where he remained a year, attending upon the last days of his father, and after whose decease he came west once more, and preached at Bristol, Cambridge, and Downer's Grove.

In December, 1873, he left the latter place to spend the holidays with his family, his wife being then (as now) superintendent of the Home of the Friendless. While there, he was taken sick, but on the morning of the day of his death (the 30th), he was apparently convalescent. He had risen, dressed himself, and talked about his return to Downer's Grove. While his wife was absent for a few moments he expired, being found on her return lifeless upon the bed. He died of rheumatism of the heart.

His Master had kindly permitted him to spend Christmas with his family on earth, but the New Year found him entering upon a new life in heaven !

Mr. Grant was buried in Lockport, his old friends and neighbors in great numbers meeting the train, and conveying his remains to the cemetery, placing them beside his deceased children.

PART FOURTH.

A FULL

ROSTER AND MUSTER ROLL

OF

WILL COUNTY SOLDIERS.

A name is given but once. Where a man was promoted, his name will be found under his last promotion.

Except in a few instances, the list is confined to Will county men. It is probable, however, that some others have been included by mistake. It is also probable that some have been omitted who went from Will county. Various circumstances have rendered it difficult to arrive at absolute correctness.

The author would be glad to receive notice of any errors or omissions, and anything of importance will be corrected on a supplementary page.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Vet.—veteran or veteranized.

Dis.—discharged.

Dis. for dis.—discharged for disability.

M. O.—mustered out.

Prom.—promoted.

Others will be sufficiently obvious.

McALLISTER'S BATTERY.

Mustered in as Company K, and part of Company I, of the 10th Inf. Regt.
Three Months' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Captain. EDWARD McALLISTER	Plainfield	1861 May 15	The Co. was mustered out July 25, 1861. M. O. Entered 3 ys. service as Capt. Bat'y D [1st Art.
1st Lieutenant. GEORGE J. WOOD	"	"	M. O., same record as 1st Lieut.
2d Lieutenant. WM. C. CHAPMAN	"	"	M. O.
Sergeants. ALONZO W. COE, 1st.	Joliet	April 19	M. O. Entered Bat. I, 2d Art.
JOHN W. KERCHEVAL	"	"	" " " " " " as Lieut.
CHARLES M. BARNETT	Joliet	"	" " " D, 1st "
JAMES A. BORLAND	Joliet	"	" " " L, 2d "
Corporals. JULIUS D. ROBERTS	Plainfield	"	" " " " 100th regt. inf.
LEVI B. WIGHTMAN	Joliet	"	" " " " "
JOSIAH BURDICK	Plainfield	"	" " " " "
JOHN FELLOWS	"	"	" " " " "
Musician. MATTHEW W. BORLAND	Joliet	"	" " Bat. D, 1st Art.
PRIVATES. Apthorp, George H.	Plainfield	"	M. O.
Alford, Harry L.	"	"	Died in the service at Cairo.
Bond, George F.	Wheatland	"	M. O. Entered Bat. L, 2d Art.
Baird, Lyman	Plainfield	"	Died in the service at Cairo.
Boyd, Nelson	"	"	M. O.
Boyd, Frederick W.	"	"	"
Brown, Elisha	"	"	"
Buell, Fitzroy	Channahon	"	"
Colegrove Larius F.	Plainfield	"	"
Clay, Edward C.	"	"	"
Corbin, Oliver G.	"	"	Entered Bat. I, 2d Art.
Countryman, Jos. C.	"	"	" " D, 1st "
Cooper, Edgar H.	"	"	"
Carter, Russell	"	"	"
Cook, Amos	"	"	"
Dudley, James H.	"	"	"
Freelove, George A.	Wheatland	"	Entered Bat. L, 2d Art.
Freelove Sylvester B.	"	"	"
Hill, Edward F.	Plainfield	"	Entered Bat. D, 1st Art.
Hyland, Luke	"	"	"
Horsely, Edward J.	Joliet	"	"
Hills, Lorenzo R.	Plainfield	"	"
Houghton, Henry	"	"	"
Hubbard, John B.	"	"	"
Jacobs Wade H.	"	"	Died in service at Cairo.
Jacobs, Londen C.	"	"	M. O.
Lacey, Fayette	"	"	"
Landers, Martin V.	"	"	"
Lutter, William H.	"	"	"
Lukentery, Christian	"	"	"
Lord, Alonzo R.	"	"	"
Miles, Milo W.	"	"	"
McChester, George R.	"	"	"
Mills, Wm. H. H.	"	"	"
Norris, Edwin J.	"	"	"
Pierce, Daniel H.	"	"	Entered Bat. L, 2d Art.
Platt, George H.	"	"	"
Platt, Septimus J.	"	"	"
Potter, Andrew G.	"	"	"
Pardy, Francis	"	"	"
Platts, Nelson	"	"	Entered 100th infantry.
Palmer, Wm. H.	"	"	"
Price Henry S.	"	"	"
Paxson, Robert	"	"	"
Rose, A. G. S.	"	"	"
Reynolds, Moses S.	"	"	"
Rossiter, David B.	"	"	Entered 46th infantry.

McALLISTER'S BATTERY.— *Concluded*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
		1861.	
Riddle James H.	Plainfield	April 19	M. O.
Randall, Joseph R.	"	"	"
Royce, Orland W.	"	"	"
Rogers, Alphens W.	"	"	"
Shenille, Henry	"	"	"
Saltsgiver, Henry	"	"	"
Spangler, Samuel	"	"	"
Spangler, Peter W.	"	"	"
Spangler, Adam S.	"	"	"
Sheffler, Daniel H.	"	"	"
Sellers, James	"	"	"
Shirick Wells C.	"	"	"
Sweetwood, Isaac	"	"	Died after discharge.
Steward, George	"	"	"
Tedrow, Daniel	"	"	"
Tunnecliff, George C.	"	"	"
Thompson, Jonathan E.	"	"	"
Thaller, Wm.	"	"	"
Wood, George W.	"	"	"
Woods, Edwin S.	"	"	"
Wight, Robert B.	"	"	"
Warten, George H.	"	"	"
Waters, Edmund	"	"	"
Wood, Milton R.	"	"	"

There being more men in the battery than could be mustered into one company, the following were mustered into Co. I:

PRIVATES.			
Bowers, Amos	Plainfield	April 19	M. O.
Bowers, George,	"	"	"
Bass, Hugh	"	"	"
Edmunds, John W.	"	"	"
Funk, John W.	"	"	"
Hays, Wm.	Wheatland	"	"
Johnson, George W.	Plainfield	"	"
Marvin George H.	"	"	"
Moore, Wm.	"	"	"
McCauley, Patrick	"	"	"
Pratt, Charles L.	"	"	Entered Bat. D, 1st Art. 3 yrs.
Tedrow, Wm. L.	"	"	"
White, Edward H.	"	"	"
West, Charles	"	"	"

COMPANY K, TWELFTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Three Months' Service.

PRIVATES.			
Miner, Edwin S.	Joliet	1861, April 23	M. O. July, '61. Entered 100th regt.
Edbrook, Francis	"	"	" " "
Palmer, Elbridge	"	"	" " "

SEVENTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Companies C and D Consolidated. Three Years' Service.

PRIVATES.			
Flisher, Wm. H.	Wheatland	Dec. 22, '63	M. O. July 9, '65. Entered Co. C Jly 18, '61.
Mitchell, Wm.	Plainfield	Nov 20, '61	" " " "
Mayer, James L.	"	March, '64	" " " "
Steafbold, Charles	Wheatland	Feb. 1, '64	" " " "

TWELFTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Chaplain. JOEL GRANT	Lockport	1861. Aug. 1st	On detached service at M. O.
PRIVATES.			
Butler, Joseph, Co. H	"	Sept. 20,	Dis. for dis., July 20, 1862.
Brown Ed. S. Rec't Co. D	"	Oct. 22, '64	M. O. July 3d, 1865.
Sergeant Co. K.			
NEUBURG, MARTIN	Will Co.	Jan., '64	Vet. recruit from Co. F. M. O. July, 1865.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Three Years' Service.

PRIVATES CO. K.		1861.	
Crugs, Charles	Joliet	June 25	Detached as bugler to 6th Missouri cavalry.
Marsh, Wm. H.	"	June 25	Wounded and left in hands of enemy Dec. 29, '62. Died after discharge.
McKnight, Michael	"	June 25	M. O. June 18, 1864.
Teeple, Issachar	"	June 25	Trans. Oct. 1, '61, to 10th Mo. cavalry.
Fulligan, Albert W., Co. F	Lockport	May 24	M. O. June 18, 1864.

FOURTEENTH INFANTRY REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

PRIVATE CO. D.			
Rath, William	Joliet	May 25, '61	Killed at Shiloh, April, 1862.

FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH REGIMENTS CONSOLIDATED.

RECRUIT.			
Alport, Edward	Lockport,	Ap 5, '65	Absent at muster out.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT REORGANIZED.

PRIVATE.			
Brown, Henry G.	Joliet	Mar. 4, '65	
RECRUITS.			
Robinson, Wm.	Crete	Mar. 31, '65	
Brown, James W.	Wilton	Mar. 10, '65	M. O. July 31, 1865.
Fasher, David	"	Mar. 10, '65	

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT.—ORIGINAL.

Captain Co. C.			
H. S. COTTLE	Wilmington	May 24, '61	Enlisted as sergeant, and was promoted 2d lieutenant, then 1st lieutenant, then captain. M. O. at Consol., July, 1864.

NINETEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

PRIVATE CO. G.			
Weaver, James B.	Homer	Oct. 19, '61	Trans. to Bridge's battery. Dis. at expiration of term.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Colonel. HARRY KING	Joliet	1861. May 14	Chosen 2d lieutenant, at organization of Co. B.; promoted 1st lieutenant, Feb. 15, '62, captain, July 1st, '62, lieutenant colonel, May 19, '63, colonel, July 15, '65. M. O. as lieutenant colonel. Wounded at Vicksburg, and also before Atlanta, July 22, '64.
Lieut. Colonel. WM. ERWIN	"	April 21	Chosen captain, at organization of Co. F, promoted lieutenant colonel, June 13, '61. Killed in battle at Fort Donaldson, Feb. 15, 1862.
Major. JOHN W. GOODWIN	"	April 22	Chosen 1st lieutenant, of Co. B at organization. Prom. Major, May 14, 1861. Resigned Dec. 17, 1861.
Major. FRED'K A. BATTLESON	"	April 22	Chosen captain, of Co. B at organization, promoted major, Feb. 15, 1861. Lost left arm at Shiloh. M. O. Aug. 20, 1862, for promotion in 100th regiment, which see.
Assistant Surgeon. FRED'K K. BAILEY	"	May 14	Resigned Aug. 31, 1862. Afterwards hospital surgeon at Quincy.
Chaplain. CHARLES BUTTON	"	May 14	Resigned March 24, 1863.
Adjutant. JOHN E. THOMPSON	"	June 13	As private in Co. F. Prom. adjutant, Nov. 10, '61. Killed in battle at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
Captain Co. B. GIDEON BERNIER	"	June 13	As private, chosen corporal, promoted 2d lieutenant, Feb. 16, '62, 1st lieutenant, July 1, 1863, and captain, June 22, 1865. Captured, taken to Savannah, then to Charleston, and placed under fire. M. O. July 16, 1865. Since deceased.
Captain Co. B. JOHN F. CLEGHORN	"	April 22	Chosen 2d lieutenant, at organization, promoted 1st lieutenant, May 14, '61, and captain, Feb. 15, 1862. Resigned July 1st, 1863, was severely wounded at Shiloh, and again at Vicksburg.
Captain Co. F. THOS. Q. HILDEBRANT	"	May 14	As 1st lieutenant, at organization, promoted captain, was dismissed Oct. 1, '62. Restored and honorably discharged. See list of regt.
Captain Co. F. DAVID D. WADSWORTH	"	June 13	Entered as sergeant, promoted 1st lieutenant, Sept. 1, '61, and captain, Oct. 1, 1862. Resigned. Was wounded at Vicksburg. Taken prisoner July 22, 1864.
Captain Co. F. MILTON WHIMSEY	"	June 13	As corporal, promoted 1st sergeant, promoted captain, April 20, 1865. M. O. July 16, 1865.
1st Lieut. Co. B. MICHAEL L. FANINGER	"	June 13	As sergeant. Vet. Prom. 1st lieutenant, June 22, '65. Wounded at Britton's Lane. Wounded before Atlanta, July 22.
2d Lieut. Co. B. FRED. L. BARKER	"	June 13	As private. Vet. Prom. Q. M. sergeant. Prom. 2d lieutenant. M. O. July 16, 1865.
1st Lieut. Co. F. JAMES E. SHIELDS	"	April 24	Chosen 2d lieutenant, at organization. Prom. 1st lieutenant, May 14, 1861. Acting Q. M. Resigned Feb. 26, 1862.
1st Lieut. Co. F. JEREMIAH B. BAILEY	"	May 14	Chosen 2d lieutenant, at organization. Prom. 1st lieutenant, Oct. 1st, 1862. Resigned Nov., 1864. Taken prisoner July 22.
1st Lieut. Co. F. JOHN W. COOMBS	"	June 13	As private. Vet. Prom. 1st lieutenant, April 20, 1865. M. O. July 16, '65. Slightly wounded at Donaldson, also before Atlanta.
2d Lieut. Co. F. JAMES F. BRANCH	"	June 13	As sergeant. Prom. 2d lieutenant, Oct. 12, '62. Term expired June 22, '64. Wounded at Donaldson.
2d Lieut. Co. F. JOHN J. QUACKENBUSH	Wilma'ngt'n	June 13	As private. Vet. Prom. 2d lieutenant, July 16th, 1865. M. O. July 16, 1865, as sergeant. Slightly wounded at Donaldson.
Captain Co. G. EDWARD P. BOAS	Joliet	June 13	As private. Prom. Q. M. sergeant, June 13, '61. Prom. 1st lieutenant, Oct. 4, '61. Prom. captain, Nov. 16, 1862. Hon. dis. Mar. 12, '65. Captured at Raymond.
1st Lieut. of new Co. A. RALPH W. MARSHALL	Frankfort	1864 Oct. 11	As private in new Co. A. Prom. 1st lieutenant, March 2d, 1865. M. O. July 16, 1865.
2d Lieut. of new Co. A. HENRY VAN DORN	"	Oct. 7	As private. Prom. March 2d, 1865. M. O. July 16, 1865.
Hospital Steward. ELLIS P. FRAZIER	Joliet.	1861. June 13	M. O. June 15, 1864.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.— *Continued.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Principal Musician WM. D. RUDGERS	Wilm'ngt'n	1861 June 13	M. O. June 13th, 1864. Slightly wounded at Donaldson.
COMPANY B.			
Sergeants.			
ELIAS M. TYLER, 1st	Joliet	"	Dis. for dis. May 1, 1863.
LEWIS PAYFAIR	"	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 2, 1861.
HENRY CASE	"	"	
CHARLES GORDON	"	"	Dis. for dis. April 12, 1862.
Corporals.			
JAMES HOAG	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864. Wounded at Shiloh.
REUBEN ATKINS	"	"	Dis. June 13, '64. Sevl'y wounded at Shiloh.
JOHN WIEST	"	"	Killed at Fort Donaldson Feb. 15, '62.
JOHN B. WELLS	"	"	Trans. to invalid corps March 15, '64. W'nd'd at Donaldson.
FRANK ACKER	"	"	Vet. M. O. as sergt. July 16, '65. Slightly wounded at Raymond.
ISAAC B. REYNOLDS	"	"	Killed at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
JAMES E. BRUCE	Jackson	"	Died at Cairo Jan. 6, 1862.
Musicians.			
HENRY TICE	Joliet	"	Died at Cape Girardeau, April 20, 1861.
PHILO FULLER	"	"	Killed at Columbus, Ky. Taken prisoner, paroled, and killed on railroad by bush-whackers Sept. 21, 1862.
Wagoner.			
WILLARD MORFORD	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864.
PRIVATES.			
Abrams, August	Wilm'ngton	"	Dis. for dis. Jan. 1st, '63. Severely wounded at Britton's Lane.
Adams, Benj. F.	Joliet	"	Dis. June 18, 1864. Term expired.
Bentz, Philip	"	"	Killed at Shiloh April 6, 1862.
Bentz, George	"	"	Dis. Oct. 25, 1862. Wounded at Donaldson.
Carrier, Eugene R.	"	"	Vet. M. O. as corporal. Wounded at Fort Donaldson and Shiloh.
Cane, Frederick	Mokena	"	Dis. June 13, '64, term expired.
Caswell, John	Joliet	"	Dis. for dis. June 21, '62.
Cassady, Henry C.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 2, 1861.
Carson, James	"	"	Dis. June 13, '64. Wounded in thigh at Donaldson.
Carr, George D.	Wilm'ngton	"	Vet. M. O. as corp. Captured July 22, '64.
Connor, James H.	Joliet	"	Vet. M. O. as corp. Captured July 22, '64.
Danser, Francis	"	"	Killed at Shiloh April 6, '62.
Davis, Julius	Frankfort	"	
Dewey, Lucius E.	Joliet	"	Died at Cape Girardeau Sept. 24, 1861.
Davis, General	Frankfort	"	Dis. for dis. Nov. 14, '61.
Decker, Charles	Wilmington	"	
Dykeman, Joshua A.	Mokena	"	
Emory, Wilbur S.	"	"	Died at Mound City, Nov. 1, 1861.
Eckels, James C.	Joliet	"	
Flought, George W.	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 16, '65. Served as hospital steward divn.
Glass, Albert J.	"	"	M. O. Captured July 22, 1864.
Gehrich, Heinrich	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1874, time out. Butcher. Old soldier in Germany. Wounded at Donaldson.
Glasscock, Thos. H.	"	"	Died at Cape Girardeau Sept. 25, 1861.
Galligher, James	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 16, '65. Wounded at Shiloh
Griffin, Joseph	"	"	Wounded at Donaldson. Died at Vicksburg Aug. 15, 1863.
Hoffman, Max	"	"	
Hattis, Augustus	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864. Wounded.
Holden, Hiram	Mokena	"	Died at Lagrange, Tenn., Jan. 25, '63.
Hobbs, John F.	Joliet	"	Dis. June 13, '64.
Hadley, Horace H.	Wilm'ngt'n	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 1st, 1861.
Hodge, George H.	Joliet	"	Died at Vicksburg, Sept. 21, '63. Wounded.
Howel, Wm.	"	"	
Kendall, Michael J.	Channahon	"	Died at Vicksburg, Sept. 21, '63. Wounded.
Kennedy, Thomas	Joliet	"	Vet. Taken prisoner.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATEs.			
Lee, George	Joliet	1861. June 13	Dis. June 13th, 1864, time exp. Wounded at Shiloh, Donaldson and Thompson's Hill.
McConchie, John	"	"	Vet. M. O. as sergt. Captured July 22, '64. Wounded.
Mortman, William	"	"	Dis. for dis. June 5th, 1863.
Myers, Samuel S.	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864. Wounded at Shiloh.
Morse, John S.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Nov. 15, 1864.
Milan, Lindsey W.	"	"	Wounded at Peach Tree Creek and died in hospital at Marietta.
Nase, Henry W.	"	"	Dis. April 21, 1864.
Near, John H.	Mokena	"	Dis. June 13th, 1864, term exp.
Osterman, Henry	"	"	Dis. for dis. June 1, 1862.
Patterson, Wayne	Joliet	"	Died of wounds May 14, '63. Raymond.
Putnam, Hiram B.	Wilmington	"	Dis. Dec. 26, 1862.
Reynolds, George	"	"	Died at Mound City, Oct. 16, 1861.
Root, Francis M.	Frankfort	"	Vet. Wounded at Donaldson, Britton's Lane, and before Atlanta. M. O. July 16, 1865.
Stevens, Henry	Joliet	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, time exp.
Smith, George F.	"	"	Vet. Wounded at Donaldson. M. O. July 16, 1865. Captured July 22, 1864.
Sleight, Theodore,	Wilmington	"	Died at Birds Point Sept. 19, '61.
Sampson, Henry	Joliet	"	Dis. June 14, '64, as corp. Wounded at Donaldson.
Smith, George	Frankfort	"	Vet. M. O. as corp. Wounded at Vicksb'g. Taken prisoner at Britton's Lane.
Train, Artemus	Wilmington	"	Died at Wilmington, Ill., Dec. 21, 1861.
Turner Wm.,	Joliet	"	Died at St. Louis, July 17, 1863. Prisoner at Britton's Lane.
Troove, Rudolph,	"	"	Killed at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
Vail, Wm. S.	"	"	Sergt. Wounded at Shiloh. Killed at Britton's Lane Sept. 1, 1862.
Wilson, Wm. H.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 7, 1863.
Worthingham, W. B.	"	"	Died Feb. 18, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Donaldson.
Wright, Wilson W.	Plainfield	"	Vet. M. O. July 16, 1865. Wounded. Captured July 22, '64.
Whitlake, Frederick	Joliet	"	Died at Memphis July 8, 1863.
Warren, John	"	"	M. O. June 24, 1864.
Webler, Jeromè	Wilmington	"	
RECRUITS.			
Connor, Timothy	Joliet	Dec. 30, '63	Killed before Atlanta July 21, '64.
Connor, Edwin S.	"	Jun. 19, '61	Corporal.
Connor, Edward B.	"	"	Dis. June 13, '64. Wounded at Shiloh.
Carlton, Wm. H.	"	Jun. 28, '61	Died at Dover, Tenn., Feb. 6, '62, of exposure.
Carlton, Andrew J.	"	"	Killed at Alton, Aug. 27, '63.
Collins, Charles E.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 2, 1861.
Carew, George A.	"	Apr. 3, '65	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Decker, Moses N.	Wilmington	Jun. 14, '61	Dis. for dis. Feb. 2, 1862.
George, John	"	Jun. 13, '61	Dis. June 13, '64. Wounded at Thompson's Hill.
Gaines, Charles	Channahon	Dec. 22, '63	Died in Andersonville Sept. 28, 1864. Captured July 22, '64. Grave No. 9922. Wounded.
Hobbs, Joseph	Joliet	Aug. 18, '62	M. O. June 15, 1865.
Hobbs, William	"	"	M. O. June 15, '65. Captured before Atlanta July 22, '64.
Hamlin, Garrett	"	Jun. 10, '61	Dis. for dis. Nov. 14, 1861.
Myers, Wm. H.	"	Aug. 9, '61	Vet. M. O. Sergeant.
Miller, George B.	"	Dec. 1, '63	Vet. M. O. July 16, 1863.
Nase, John H.	"	Apr. 22, '61	"
Neff, Martin,	"	Oct. 14, '61	Died at Cairo Sept. 2, 1863.
Putnam, Pliney F.	Wilmington	Jun. 10, '61	Dis. for dis. May 16, 1862.
Payfair, Charles E.	Joliet	Aug. 9, '61	"
Russell, Charles H.	Frankfort	"	Dis. for dis. June 21, 1862.
Rose, Moses	Homer	"	M. O. Captured before Atlanta July 22, '64.
Sarver, James	Joliet	Apr. 22, '61	"
Sperry, Henry A.	Jackson	Jun. 18, '61	Died of wounds rec'd at Champion Hills, May 18, 1863. Wounded at Shiloh, prisoner at Britton's Lane.
Smith, John,	Joliet	Jun. 13, '61	Vet. M. O. as corp. Wounded. Captured July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Supplee, William	Joliet	Jun.13,'61	Died at Memphis Feb. 27, 1863.
VanAllen, John D.	"	Apr.22,'61	Dis. June 13, 1864.
Worthingham, Jacob B.	"	Aug. 9,'61	Dis. for dis. May 27, '62. Severely wounded at Shiloh.
COMPANY C.			
Elliott, Thomas	"	Jun.13,'61	Dis. for dis. Aug. 26, '62. Wounded at Donaldson.
COMPANY D.			
Herbert, Benedict	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 16, 1865.
RECRUITS.			
Brown, Henry W.	"	Aug. 11,'61	Dis. for dis. March 25, 1862.
Bedda, Henry	"	Jun.16,'61	Killed at Fort Donaldson Feb. 14, 1862.
Kidder, William	"	Jun.16,'61	Killed at Shiloh April 6, 1862.
Pickrell, James K.	"	Aug.11,'61	Dis. for dis. Dec. 27, 1861.
Walker, George	Wilton	Mar.10,'65	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Williams, Ebenezer	Joliet	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 30, 1861.
COMPANY E.			
Bolton, John G.	Plainfield	Jun.13,'61	Dis. June 13, 1864, term exp.
RECRUIT.			
Miller, John F.	Joliet	Jun.18,'61	Killed at Shiloh April 6, 1862.
COMPANY F.			
Sergeants.			
LEVI P. HOLDEN	Frankfort	Jun.13,'61	Dis. Aug. 6, 1862, for prom. in 88th regt.
WM. C. MITCHELL	Joliet	"	Dis. August 5, 1862.
ELLIS BRIGGS	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864.
Corporals.			
JAMES C. PORTER	"	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 26, 1861. Wounded at Donaldson.
ROBERT H. WALKER	"	"	Dis. June 18, 1862, for wounds.
ALBERT H. CARPENTER	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864.
CYRUS A. MARCY	Frankfort	"	Dis. for dis. June 12, 1862.
GEORGE R. THORBRIDGE	"	"	Dis. for dis.
ALBERT E. BAKER	Joliet	"	Died at Mound City.
RUDOLF BUSH	"	"	Dis. for wounds rec'd at Shiloh.
Wagoner.			
ALBERT S. RANDALL	"	"	Died at Pittsburg Landing April 30, 1862, of typhoid fever.
PRIVATES.			
Anderson, Charles	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, time expired.
Adams, Wm. H.	"	"	Dis. April 1, 1862, wounds, accidental shot.
Burroughs, Ariel W.	Wilmington	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, time exp. Wounded at Donaldson.
Berd, John W.	Joliet	"	"
Beardsley, Lindell A.	Frankfort	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, time exp.
Bowman, John A.	"	"	Killed at Fort Donaldson Feb. 13, 1862.
Borton, Wm. F.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Sept. 30, 1862.
Brown, August	Joliet	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, time exp.
Bock, Henry	Frankfort	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, time exp.
Coburn, Martin V.	"	"	Dis. for dis. April 13, 1862.
Cuppy, Samuel	Joliet	"	Died at Birds Point, Jan. 1, 1862, of congest. lungs.
Curtis, Charles L.	Frankfort	"	"
Covert, William	Joliet	"	Dis. June 13th, 1864, time exp. Wounded at Donaldson.
Clark, George R.	Reed	"	M. O. June 12, 1864, time exp.
Clark, James	Lockport	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, time exp.
Dolkey, Jacob	Joliet	"	Killed at Donaldson, Feb. 13, 1862.
Dewey, Wm. H.	"	"	Reported missing at Shiloh.
Delancy, John	Reed	"	Killed at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
Duncan, Wm. H.	"	"	"
Ferge, Charles	Joliet	"	Dis. for wounds rec'd at Shiloh.
Folkers, Johnson	Frankfort	"	Dis. for dis. June 12, 1862.
Folke, Charles	Joliet	"	Vet. M. O. sergt. Wounded before Atlanta. July 22, 1864.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Stevens, Joseph S.	Frankfort	Apr. 24, '61	Dis. for dis. March 27, 1862.
Spade, David		July 6, '61	Dis. for wounds rec'd at Donaldson.
Urede, Henry		July 4, '61	
Webber, Michael	Princeton	Apr. 24, '61	Dis. June 13, 1864.
Wheaton, William E.	"	Jan. 16, '61	Died April 25, 1862.
Woodworth, Luther E.	"		Dis. for dis. April 29, 1862.
James E. Shiffer	Jackson	Jan. 9, '65	M. O. July 16, 1865.
COMPANY G.			
PRIVATE.			
Franklin, John L.	Wilmi'gton	Jun. 13, '61	Died at Birds Point, Oct. 15, 1861.
RECRUITS.			
Bowers, David A.	Joliet		Vet. Absent sick at M. O.
Christians, Christian	"		Vet. M. O. July 16, '65.
Christley, Robert	Troy	Mar. 29, '65	M. O. July 16, '65.
Fenner, Peter	Joliet	Jan. 5, '62	
Hand, Joseph	"	Apr. 24, '61	Dis. Oct. 14, 1862, for wounds.
Lamb, Morris	"	Jan. 17, '61	Vet. M. O. July 16, 1865.
Lewis, Charles	"		
Myer, Alexander	"	Apr. 24, '61	Dis. June 13, 1864.
Stammis, Christian	"	June 9, '61	
Shultz, August	Will Co.	Jan. 1, '62	Killed at Fort Donaldson Feb. 15, 1862.
Stiller, Robert	"	Feb. 24, '64	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 18, '64.
Treibel, John D.	"	Jan. 1, '62	
Underhill, Myron H.	Joliet	June 9, '61	
COMPANY H.			
Brown, Nelson C.	"	Dec. 16, '63	Vet. M. O. July 16, 1865.
RECRUIT.			
Riordan, John	"		Dis. Jan. 19, 1863, for wounds.
COMPANY I.			
PRIVATES.			
Blake, Alfred J.	Homer	Jun. 13, '61	Vet. M. O. as sergt.
Eberhart, George	New Lenox		Dis. June 14, 1864, time exp.
Schleiforth, Karles	Lockport,	"	
Lentz, Geo. F.	Homer	"	Dis. for dis. Nov. 26, 1861.
Lake, George E.	"		
Rose, Leonard	"	Sep. 23, '61	Died at Mound City Nov. 5, 1861.
RECRUITS.			
Hopping, Thomas L.	"	"	Dis. June 14, 1864, time exp.
Marshall, John	"	Sept. 12, '61	Dis. 1864.
West, Wm. H.	"	Jun. 13, '61	" "
Rose, Alonzo	"	Sept. 23, '61	Died of wounds rec'd at Donaldson.
COMPANY K.			
Corporal.			
BERDETT SPENCER	Joliet	Jun. 13, '61	Dis. June 13, 1864, time exp. Severely w'n'd at Donaldson.
Musicians.			
ISRAEL J. R. WATERS	"	"	Killed at Raymond, Miss., May 12, '63.
RUDOLPH FOREAY	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864.
PRIVATES.			
Bissell, Martin F.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Oct. 13, 1862. Wounded at Brit-ton's Lane.
Connor, Anderson	"	"	Vet. M. O.
Connor, Richard	"	"	Died at Mound City Dec. 23, 1861.
Connolly, George	"	"	Dis. for dis. Sept. 8, '62. Wounded at Shiloh.
Coyle, James	"	"	Vet. M. O. Captured July 22, 1864.
Dann, Jerome B.	"	"	" "
Hagerman, Samuel	"	"	Vet. M. O. as corporal. Wounded at Ray-mond, Miss.
Lord, James A.	"	"	Dis. for dis. as 1st sergt. March 5, 1863.
Lawton, Robert	"	"	Dis. for dis. August 17, 1862.
Lehman, Frank	"	"	Died at Birds Point Jan. 11, 1862.
Mitchell, Henry	"	"	Killed at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863.
Pierson, Alfred F.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Oct. 31, 1862.
Paxon, Aaron P.	"	"	Died at Nework, Ill., May 4, 1862.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Smith, Wm. M.	Joliet	June 13 1861.	Died at Paducah August 23, 1862.
Shugar, Wm.	"	"	Killed at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863.
Vreeland, Wm. H.	"	"	Dis. June 13, 1864, as corporal.
Woodruff, John	"	"	Died June 7, 1863, of wounds.
Wilson, Dewit	"	"	Dis. June 13, '64, time expired.
Wilsay, Andrew	"	"	Dis. for dis. June 9, 1863.
White, Alonzo P.	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 16, 1865
Wright, Josiah	"	"	Dis. for dis. Aug. 9, '62, corporal.
RECRUIT.			
Dayton, Nelson	"	Apr. 24, '61	Dis. for dis. Nov. 27, 1861.
Gay, Augustus	Lockport	Apr. 9, '62	Dis., term exp. Captured July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.
Hutton, Wm. H. H.	Joliet	Jun. 17, '61	Dis. for dis. August 17, 1862.
Littlewood, James B.	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 22, 1865.
Taylor, John I.	"	Aug. 17, '61	Dis. for dis. Dec. 16, 1862.
Wilson, Andrew J.	"	Jun. 18, '61	Killed at Donaldson Feb. 16, 1862.
NEW COMPANY A.			
Recruited in Fall of 1864.			
Sergeant.			
HENRY FOLMAN	Frankfort	1864.	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Corporals.			
MARTIN CHADWICK	Monee	Oct. 11	" " " "
WILLIAM BRANDT	Crete	Oct. 3	" " " "
EPHRAIM SPAULDING	Gr'n Gard'n	Oct. 5	" " " "
CONRAD BUCK	Crete	Oct. 11	" " " "
JOHN HASSEMAN	"	Oct. 5	" " " "
PRIVATES.			
Ackerman, Jacob	"	"	" " " "
Albright, Ebenezer	"	"	" " " "
Bruck, Philip	Monee	Sept. 20	Dis. June 6, 1865.
Bruck, Lawrence	Crete	Oct. 5	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Brown, Milo	"	"	" " " "
Becker, Frederick	Frankfort	"	" " " "
Becker, Charles	Crete	"	" " " "
Becker, Geo. B.	"	"	" " " "
Berkey, Adam	"	Oct. 12	" " " "
Bocker, Charles B.	Monee	Sept. 30	Dis. for dis.
Bodrew, Eli	"	"	Dis. June 8, 1865.
Bolan, Michael	Frankfort	Oct. 11	Dis. for dis.
Barnes, Thomas	Monee	Sept. 17	" " " "
Castello, James	Lockport	"	" " " "
Chambers, Thomas	"	"	" " " "
Cook, Francis M.	Crete	Jan. 23, '65	M. O. June 28, 1865.
Dougherty, Wm. A.	East Joliet	Oct. 5, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Dogal, Joseph	Peotone	Jan. 30, '65	" " " "
Dorsey, John	"	Oct. 7, '61	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Dager, Thomas	Troy	Oct. 10, '64	" " " "
Essman, Henry	Manhattan	"	" " " "
Englekin, Wm.	Jackson	"	" " " "
Easton, Samuel	Crete	Oct. 5, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Group, Frederick	"	"	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Groff, John	Frankfort	Oct. 11, '64	" " " "
Garake, Christopher	Crete	Oct. 5, '64	" " " "
Garake, August	"	"	" " " "
Grote, Herman	"	"	Absent sick at M. O.
Haman, Henry	"	"	" " " "
Herbert, Fred.	"	"	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Harlan, Patrick	Monee	Sept. 30, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Henry, James	Will	Sept. 28, '64	M. O. June 5, 1865.
Jordon, Myron T.	Dupage	Oct. 10, '64	" " " "
Kleese, James	Frankfort	Feb. 15, '65	M. O. May 27, 1865.
Ketz, Frederick	West Joliet	Mar. 7, '65	" July 16, 1865.
Kratt, John	Washington	Mar. 8, '65	" " 22, "
Kleese, Wm. W.	Will	Oct. 3, '64	" " 16, "
Lonmire, Detrick	Monee	Sept. 30, '64	" June 5, 1865.
Lahle, George	Crete	Oct. 5, '64	" July 16, 1865.
Lawrence, Peotone	Frankfort	Oct. 11, '64	" " " "
Moriatz, Charles	Peotone	Oct. 6, '64	" " " "
	Frankfort	"	" " " "

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Mayer, Jacob	Frankfort	1861. Oct. 6, '64	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Martins, Frederick	Monce	Sept. 30, '64	" "
Marshall, Ed. W.	Frankfort	Oct. 11, '64	Died at Mokena while on furlough.
McDonough, John	Homer	Sept. 17, '64	" "
Marshall, Ralph W.	Frankfort	Oct. 11, '64	M. O. March 1, 1865.
Oswald, Ahart	"	" "	" July 16, 1865.
O'Bryan, Daniel	Troy	Oct. 10, '64	" "
Perry, Charles A.	Gr'n Gard'n	Oct. 11, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Price, John	Will	Sept. 28, '64	" "
Quinn, James	Jackson	Oct. 11, '64	" "
Stege, Henry	Crete	Oct. 5, '64	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Steg, Conrad	"	" "	" " " "
Stall, William	Frankfort	Oct. 11, '64	" " 19 "
Smith, John	"	Oct. 17, '64	" " 16 "
Shadley, Frederick	Monce	Nov. 3, '64	" "
Smith, Walter W.	"	Jan. 24, '65	M. O. May 27, 1865.
Shoat, Levi	"	" "	Absent sick at M. O.
Schlouter, John	Washingt'n	Mar. 8, '65	M. O. July 16, 1865.
Speers, Wm. H.	"	Sept. 26, '64	" June 5, "
Skeene, James	Monce	Sept. 17, '64	" "
Stonton, Michael	Manhattan	Oct. 10, '64	" "
Thorne, Joseph E.	Monce	Nov. 3, '64	" July 16, 1865.
Tompkins, Martin	Manhattan	Oct. 10, '64	" "
Thomas, William	"	" "	" "
Tank, Fred.	Monce	Sept. 30, '64	" "
Unnch, Wm.	Gr'n Garden	Oct. 11, '64	" " " "
Van Dorn, Henry	Frankfort	Oct. 7, '64	" March 1, 1865.
Walsh, John	Jackson	Oct. 10, '64	" "
Waddakin, Christ.	"	Oct. 5, '64	M. O. July 16, 1865.

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Three Years' Service.

Corporal Co. B. HENRY D. ROSSITER	Plainfield	Jun. 25, '61	Prom. 1st sergt. Dis. May 26, '63, wounds re-	[ceived at Stone River.]
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TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

2d Lieutenant. JOHN Z. WHEELER	Joliet	Feb. 2, '65	As recruit Co. B. Consolidated. Prom. 2d lieut. March 27, 1865.
RECRUITS.			
Burk, Wm. Co. B.	Joliet	Jan. 5, '64	Trans. Co. A, Consol. M. O. July 24, 1865.
Sullivan, Dennis. Co. B.	Lockport	Jan. 25, '62	" " " " " "
Blane, Stephen. Co. C.	Joliet	Feb. 22, '64	" Co. B. " " " " "
Connor, A. (No. 1.) Co. F.	"	'62	Vet. Trans. to E. con. " " " "
McCarthy, Patrick, Co. K.	Wilmington	Aug. 1, '62	Trans. to D consol. Corporal M. O.
CONSOLIDATED REGT			
Armstrong, John, Co. A.	Joliet	Nov. 18, '63	" "
Shoup, John R. priv. Co. F.	Will Co.	Mar. 4, '65	M. O. July 24, 1865.
Wagner, Andw. H. Co. H.	Joliet	Mar. 23, '65	" " " "
Walker, S. E.	"	Mar. 29, '65	" " " "

TWENTY-FOURTH (HECKER) REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

2d Lieutenant, Co. A. LEISER, JACOB	Joliet	Sept. 3, '62	Term exp. Aug. 6, 1864.
Corporal Co. I.			
KOCH, HENRY	"	July 8, '61	M. O. Aug. 6, '64, sergt.
Mulliken, Chas. H. Co. D	Crete	Jun. 15, '61	Dis. for dis. Feb. 13, '63. W'nd. at Perryville

TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATE Co. C. Shireman, Benj.	Joliet	Aug. 13, '61	Vet. Trans. to C consol.

THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

PRIVATE Co. H. Croits, Michael	Will Co.	Sept. 18, '61	M. O. July 19, '65. corp.
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THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

COMPANY A.		1861.	
Corporal. CHARLES BOVEE	Will Co.	Aug. 21	Dis. Oct. 15, 1862, wounded at Wilkinson's Landing, August 4, 1862.
PRIVATES. Marshall, Albert O. Riggs, Prine Waldron, John C. Weaver, Stephen P.	Mokena Lockport Florence Lockport	" " " "	M. O. Oct. 11, 1864. Vet. M. O. Nov. 24, '65, sergt. Dis. for dis. Feb. 3, 1863. Dis. Aug. 18, 1862.
RECRUITS. Brown, Wm. H. Erickson, Hans	E. Joliet W. Joliet	Jan. 31, '65 "	M. O. Nov. 24, 1865. "
COMPANY B.		1861.	
PRIVATES. Cry, Samuel Johnson, Wallace D. Starks, Martin	Wheatland " "	Aug. 20 " "	Vet. M. O. as 1st sergeant. " " corporal.
COMPANY H.			
Recruits transferred from 117th.			
Bradford, Wm. Coleman, Aaron Drummond, George W.	Peotone " "	Oct. 8, '64 " "	M. O. Oct. 7, 1865. " " " " "

THIRTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

RECRUITS. Frolick, Jacob Hoss, Edward Meisner, George D	Joliet " "	Jan. 29, '64 " Feb. 12, '64	Trans. from 104th inf. M. O. July 12, '65. " " " " " " " " "
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THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Captain Co. I. SAMUEL C. CAMP	Wilm'ngt'n	Aug. 20, '61	Resigned March 19, 1862.
RECRUITS. Haines, Henry Thompson, Peter Herbert, Joseph	Co. A. B. G.	Mar. 22, '64 Dec. 24, '63 Aug. 19, '61	Absent in hospital at M. O. Dis. for dis. Aug. 28, 1865. Vet. M. O. Oct. 8, 1865, as sergt. Wounded and taken prisoner at Stone River and wounded at Chickamauga.
Carney, Francis Rafferty, James William's, Thomas Tohey, Wm. A. Powers, Lyman K.	G. Joliet G. " G. " I. " K. "	Jan. 17, '65 " " Dec. 22, '63 Nov. 21, '63	M. O. Oct. 8, 1865. " Sept. 16, 1865. " Oct. 18, 1865. Vet. recruit. M. O. July 22, 1865. M. O. Oct. 8, 1865, corporal.

THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Williams, T. J. rec. Co. A. Joliet Musician Co. G.		Aug. 27, '62	M. O. June 12, 1865.
NEWBERRY, JAS or Jos. Lockport Mulligan, H. S., priv. Co. I		Aug. 15, '61 Aug. 18, '61	Dis. at Otterville, Mo. Dis. for dis. Jan. 6, 1864.

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT, "YATES PHALANX."

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Major. SYLVESTER W. MUNN	Wilmington	1861. Aug. 5	As captain Co. A. Prom. major Dec. 1, 1861. Resigned Jan. 13, 1863.
Major, MINOR W. MILLIMAN	Wesley	Sept. 12	As private. Vet. Prom. 1st sergeant, prom. capt. Co. E Oct. 25, 1864, prom. major June 6, '65, M. O. as captain.
Adjutant. JOSEPH D. WALKER	Lockport	Sept. 19	As sergt. major, prom. adjt. July 15th, 1862, killed in battle May 16, 1864.
Chaplain. CHAS. S. McREADING	Channahon	Oct. 9	Resigned August 9, 1862.
Captain Co. A. LEROY A. BAKER	Wilm'ngt'n	Aug. 5	As 2d lieutenant, prom. 1st lieutenant. Nov. 17th, 1861, lost a leg at Deep Bottom Aug. 16, 1864.
Captain Co. A. HORACE B. PARKER	"	"	As sergt. Co. A. Vet. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Sept. 8, '63. Prom. capt. Dec. 17, 1864.
1st Lieut. Co. A. JOS. W. RICHARDSON	"	"	Died of typhoid fever at Williamsport, Md., Nov. 21, 1861.
1st Lieut. Co. A. ALLEN B. JOHNSON	"	"	As com. sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Nov. 17, 1861. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Dec. 1, 1861. Died Sept. 8, 1864.
1st Lieut. Co. A. JOHN E. HERRIOTT	"	"	As corporal. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Dec. 17, 1864.
2d Lieut. Co. A. JAMES BURRELL	"	"	M. O. as sergt. Wounded on Morris Island. As 1st sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Dec. 1st, 1861.
2d Lieut. Co. A. GALVESTON A. TAYLOR	"	"	Term exp. Oct. 25, '64. Wounded May 25.
Captain Co. E. JAMES H. HOOKER	Florence	Sept. 20	As private. Vet. Made sergeant. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Oct. 4, '65. M. O. as sergeant.
Captain Co. E. LEWIS WHIPPLE	Rockville	"	Resigned May 26, 1862.
Captain Co. E. JOHN L. RIPLE	"	Oct. 28	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. captain May 26th, 1862. Term exp. Oct. 25, 1864.
1st Lieut. Co. E. NORMAN C. WARNER	Wilmington	Sept. 20	Vet. recruit. Prom. sergt. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Dec. 15, '64. Prom. capt. June 6, 1865. M. O. as 1st lieutenant.
1st Lieut. Co. E. WM. BAXTER	"	Sept. 21	As 2d lieutenant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. May 26th, 1862. Hon. dis. Dec. 15, 1864. Lost a leg at Deep Bottom August 16, 1864. Brevetted major for gallantry.
2d Lieut. Co. E. JOHN CONLEY	"	Sept. 34	As private. Vet. Prom. 1st lieutenant. June 6th, 1865. M. O. as sergt.
2d Lieut. Co. E. ELISHA KINGSBURY	"	Sept. 12	As private. Prom. 1st sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. May 26, 1862. Resigned August 8, 1862.
Captain Co. G. AMOS SAVAGE	Homer	Aug. 5	As private. Prom. sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Aug. 8th, 1862. Term exp. Oct. 16th, 1864.
Captain Co. G. OSCAR F. RUDD	Joliet	"	Lost left arm at Drury's Bluffs May 16, '64. As 2d lieutenant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. July 20th, 1862. Prom. captain July 11, '64. Hon. dis. Oct. 28, 1864.
Captain Co. G. NERIAH B. KENDALL	"	Aug. 9	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. captain July 20th, 1862. Wounded June 16th, 1864, near Richmond. Died July 11, 1864.
1st Lieut. Co. G. JAMES B. WEST	Homer	Aug. 13	As private. Vet. Made sergt. Prom. capt. April 29, 1865. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865. W'nd'd and left on field May 16, '64, reported mortally wounded. M. O. Dec. 6th, '65. Was prisoner.
Principal Musician. FRANKLIN L. FOX.	Lockport	Aug. 19	As private. Vet. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Oct. 17, '64. Prom. 1st lieutenant. April 29th, '65. Wounded May 20 and August 14, 1864.
CO. A—CAPT. MUNN'S CO. Inasmuch as this company was composed chiefly of Will county men, we give it entire, including a few names from adjoining counties.			Private. Vet. Prom. prin. mus. Jan. 1, 1864.
Sergeants. GEORGE KRAUSKUP	Wilmington	Oct. 5	Dis. for dis. June 27th, 1862.
WM. H. JOHNSON	"	"	Trans. to Bat. L, 4th U. S. Art. Dec. 29, 1862.
HENRY G. SMITH	"	"	Dis. for wounds.

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Corporals.			
W. J. HARRISS	Channahon	1861. Aug. 17	Vet. Made sergt. Died June 17th, 1864. of wounds.
WILBUR J. RUSSELL	Wilmington	Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. July 21, '62.
DAVID OHENON	"	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. July 21, 1862.
WM. A. KEEPERS	"	Aug. 5	Vet. M. O. as sergt. Wounded in taking Fort Gregg April 2, 1865.
WM. JONES	Channahon	Aug. 8	Trans. to Bat. L. 4th U. S. Art. Dec. 29, 1862.
THOS. DELINE	"	Aug. 5	Vet. M. O. corp. Was prisoner of war, and died after muster out from effects of his imprisonment.
MICHAEL DORR	Wilmington	Aug. 16	M. O. Sept. 10, 1864.
Musicians.			
MILTON SOVEREIGN	Chicago	Sept. 14	" " " "
BENJAMIN KNOWLES	"	Aug. 22	Dis. for dis. July 18, 1862.
Wagoner.			
SAMUEL ADAMS	Channahon	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. June, 1862.
PRIVATES.			
Atkins, Warren C.	Wilmington	Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. July 21, 1862.
Arhnes, Clans	"	Aug. 5	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865. Wounded slightly at Drury's Bluffs.
Ashton, Daniel	"	Aug. 15	Vet. M. O. Oct. 9th, 1865. Was a prisoner, taken May 16th, 1864.
Brooks, Lysander R.	"	Aug. 5	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Butterfield, Wm.	"	Aug. 12	Vet. Corp. Killed at Deep Run August 16, 1864.
Barrockman, B. C.	"	"	"
Baxter, William	"	Aug. 15	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865. Severely wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Berden, John	Channahon	Aug. 29	Vet. Killed at Deep Run Aug. 16, '64.
Brown, Wm. H. R.	Chicago	Aug. 21	M. O. Sept. 10, '64.
Beuton, Silas	Wilmington	Aug. 12	Trans. to E. Vet. Killed at Drury's Bluffs May 14, 1864.
Croop, George W.	Gardner	Sept. 16	Dis. for dis. July 1, 1862.
Carpenter, Albert F.	Wilmington	Aug. 5	Vet. M. O. as corp. Dec. 6, 1865.
Carter, Joseph	"	"	Died of wounds August 26, 1863.
Carpenter, Joseph M.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Feb. 3, 1862.
Carter, Wm. C.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Oct. 18, 1862.
Cochran, Daniel M.	Chicago	Aug. 8	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Calhoun, W. W.	Wilmington	Aug. 15	Died at Patterson's Creek, Va., Feb. 23, 1862.
Collins, Alex. S.	Channahon	Sept. 12	Vet. Sergeant, on furlough at M. O.
Curtis, Cyrus	"	"	Vet. M. O. Sept. 2, 1865.
Conroy, Francis	Wilmington	Sept. 1	Dis. for dis. June, 1862.
Day, Henry M.	"	Aug. 5	Vet. Dis. for wounds, color sergt. July 3, '65. Wounded severely at Fort Gregg.
Farabee, David S.	Gardner	Aug. 8	Died at Newmarket, Va. April 22, 1862.
Hartman, Wm. H.	"	"	Died at Cumberland, Md., Feb. 6, 1862.
Hicks, William	Wilmington	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. Feb. 5, 1862.
Holz, William	"	"	Vet. M. O. sergt. Wounded at Fort Gregg.
Hedge, Enoch C.	"	Aug. 15	Vet. " Dec. 6, 1865.
Holter, John	Chicago	Aug. 17	Vet. Sergt. On furlough at M. O.
Howell, George	Wilmington	Aug. 19	Dis. for dis. Feb. 5, 1862.
Houghton, Herrick	"	Aug. 22	Vet. M. O. corp.
Johnson, Edmund F.	"	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. March 19, 1863.
Kilford, James	"	Sept. 10	Vet.
Kughow, Charles	"	"	"
Lyon, George	"	Aug. 5	Died at Hilton Head, Feb. 21, 1863.
Lawler, Michael J.	Channahon	Sept. 16	Dis. for dis. June 1, 1862.
Lowl, James	"	Aug. 15	"
Murphy, Owen	Wilmington	Sept. 10	Dis. for dis. Dec. 4, 1863.
Mott, George	"	Aug. 5	Died at Cumberland, Md., Feb. 2, 1862.
Miller, Jacob S.	"	"	"
McCartie, Peter	"	Aug. 12	Died at Alexandria, Va., June 1, 1862.
McCullouch, John	Chicago	Aug. 15	M. O. Sept. 10, 1864.
Martin, James	"	Aug. 16	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
McDonald, James	"	Sept. 10	M. O. Sept. 10, 1865.
Maher, John	Wilmington	"	Died at Cumberland, Md., Jan. 16, 1862.
Niman, Henry	"	Aug. 14	"
Nichols, Ira	"	Aug. 27	Vet. Taken prisoner June 16, 1864. Sev'ly wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Norton, Hiram	"	Aug. 19	"

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATEs.			
O'Connell, Charge	Wilmington	Aug. 14, '61	
Pelton, A. D.	"	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. Dec. 1st, 1862.
Perkins, James	Channahon	Aug. 8	Died at Chicago, Sept. 7, 1861.
Proud, Samuel F.	"	Aug. 5	Vet. Killed at Fort Gregg April 2d, 1865. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Phillips, James	Chicago	Aug. 13	Dis. for dis. June 8, 1863.
Patterson, John H.	"	Aug. 5	
Rappenthall, Henry	Wilmington	Aug. 13	Died June 18, 1864, of wounds.
Rourke, Hugh	Channahon	Aug. 20	Vet. Killed at Fort Gregg.
Randall, F. K.	Wilmington	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. Oct. 28, 1863.
Reed, Wm. H.	"	Aug. 15	M. O. Aug. 16, '65, corp. Taken prisoner of war June 2, 1861.
Starkweather, Henry	"	Aug. 5	Died at Polly Island July 12, 1863.
Stumpf, Michael	"	"	Dis. for dis. July, 1862.
Stewart, James	"	"	Dis. for dis. July 21, 1862.
Sibert, Andrew	"	Aug. 8	Vet. Prisoner. Died in Andersonville prison Sept. 16, 1864.
Sconlin, John	Chicago	Aug. 11	M. O. Nov. 1, 1861.
Schemerhorn, Albert P.	Channahon	Aug. 17	Trans. to band. M. O. June 4, 1862.
Smith, Nicholas	Chicago	Aug. 21	Vet. Died of wounds April 5, 1865.
Sullivan, Michael	"	Aug. 22	Dis. for dis. June 1, 1862.
Sherman, Martin	Channahon	Sept. 12	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Tewbey, Edward	Wilmington	Aug. 14	M. O. Sept. 10, 1864.
Tracy, Harry	"	Aug. 19	M. O. May 11th, 1865. Was prisoner of war. Wounded May 16, 1864, and missing.
Wiser, Theodore S.	"	Aug. 5	M. O. Oct. 29, 1864. Wounded.
Watson, John	"	"	Dis. for dis. May 15, 1862.
Whitney, Henry P.	"	"	Vet. Dis. for wounds June 30, 1865.
Wilcox, James	"	Aug. 19	Vet. Absent wounded at M. O.
Weldon, Jacob M.	"	Aug. 8	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, corporal.
Watts, Charles	"	Aug. 15	Vet.
Walters, Barton S.	Channahon	Aug. 17	Vet. Taken prisoner, sent to Andersonville May 16, 1864. Died at Annapolis April 1, 1865, just after being released. Died from effects of imprisonment.
Wills, Pomeroy	Wilmington	Aug. 22	Dis. for dis. June 1st, 1862.
Wurts, George	"	Aug. 27	M. O. Sept. 10, 1864.
Willard, Cornelius S.	Channahon	Sept. 17	Vet. Dis. Aug. 17, 1865. Lost an arm at Ft. Gregg.
Walters, Charles S.	"	Oct. 10	M. O. Sept. 10, 1864.
Wilcox, Wm.	Chicago	Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. Feb. 5, 1862.
Yates, George W.	Wilmington	"	Vet. Prom. color sergt. for gallantry. Mortally wounded Oct. 13, 1864. Died Oct. 16.
Yoker, Jonathan			
RECRUITS.			
Armstrong, Patrick	Chicago	Nov. 1, '61	Dis. for dis. Aug. 6, 1863.
Abrams, Frank	Reed	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865. Reported missing at Drury's Bluffs.
Bailey, Patrick	"	Oct. 14, '61	Trans. to Bat. L. 4th U. S. Art.
Brouchet, Florant	Wilmington	Feb. 19, '64	Captured May 16th, 1864, taken to Andersonville.
Bowen, Henry H.	Florence	Dec. 26, '63	Same record as above.
Clapp, Fred'k G.	Chicago	Oct. 11, '61	M. O. Sept. 10, 1864.
Conley, Edward D.	Wesley	Jan. 5, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Connelick, Wm.	Guilford	Oct., '64	Absent wounded at muster out.
Carrigan, Hugh	Wilmington	Dec. 30, '63	Died of wounds June 3d, 1864. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Coons, Monteville	Wesley	Feb. 20, '64	M. O. July 12, 1865, was prisoner of war.
Dolan, Timothy	Channahon	Dec. 26, '63	Absent wounded at M. O.
Doose, Casper	Wilmington	Feb. 23, '64	M. O. May 22, 1865.
Dobson, James	"	Dec. 23, '63	Dis. for dis. Severely wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Darley, Daniel	"	Dec. 23, '63	Died March 23th, 1865. Was prisoner of war. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Fitzpatrick, Michael	St. Louis	Oct. 14, '61	Trans. to Bat. L. 4th U. S. Art.
Fuller, Myron C.	Wesley	Jan. 5, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Gallagher, John	Wilmington	Dec. 23, '63	M. O. May 29, 1865.
Goss, Andrew	"	Jan. 4, '64	Died at Chicago.
Hughes, Wm.	Chicago	Feb. 29, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Hopkins, James	"	"	"

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Hurlbut, Amasa	Lockport	Dec.29,'63	Dis. Feb. 16, 1865.
Henning, John	Wesley	Feb.18,'64	M. O. July 15, 1864. Was prisoner.
Irish, Franklin	"	Feb.19,'64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Kyle, Joseph	Guilford	Oct., '64	M. O. Oct. 11, 1865.
Lynch, John	St. Louis	Oct. 31,'61	M. O. Oct. 29, 1864.
McNight, Wm.	"	Oct. 22,'61	M. O. Oct. 21, 1864.
McCollem, Alex.	Wilmington	Sept.14,'61	Trans. to Co. E. Vet. M. O. Dec. 6,'65, corp.
Malony, James	"	Dec.24,'63	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Murry, James	"	Jan.11,'64	" " "
Mahon, Michael	Taylorville	Apr.14,'65	" " "
McGraw, Con.	Chicago	Apr.10,'65	" " "
Monnier, Charles	Guilford	Oct., '64	" Oct. 11, "
McQuillen, Patrick	"	"	" " "
McKendrick, Michael	Wesley	Dec.26,'63	Captured June 16, 1864.
Nichols, Benjamin	Wilmington	Dec.24,'63	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, as corporal.
O'Connell, Charles	"	Feb.28,'62	Dis. for dis. June 27, 1862.
Osgood, Sarah	"	Feb.19,'64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Osgood, Thos. J.	"	"	Died at Phila., Sept. 20th, 1864, of wounds.
Ottenheimer, Solomon	Chicago	Oct. 1, '64	M. O. June 20, 1865.
Phillips, John O.	Channahon	"	Nov. 2, 1865.
Preston, Wm. J.	Chicago	Mar.26,'64	Dis. Dec. 14, 1864.
Rogers, Thomas	Ohio	Dec.24,'61	Dis. for dis. Dec. 1, 1862.
Rubenston, Henry	Bath, Va.	Jan. 1, '62	Vet.
Ryan, Thomas	Wilmington	Aug.25,'63	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Rawlins, Lamou P.	Guilford	Oct., '64	M. O. Jan. 27, 1866.
Smith, Charles W.	Wesley	Feb.29,'64	"
Tower, Franklin H.	Wilmington	"	Dec. 6, 1865.
Thulls, William	Wesley	Feb.19,'64	"
Taylor, Blanford E.	Florence	Dec.26,'63	Died at Richmond, Va., May 12, 1865.
Vowalt, Christian	Wilmington	Feb.24,'64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Welch, Wm. James	St. Louis	Oct. 14,'61	Trans. to Bat. L. 4th U. S. Art.
Willard, William	Channahon	Dec.26,'63	M. O. Aug. 11, 1865. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Winters, Wayne	Penn'a	Mar.11,'65	M. O. July 21, 1865.
Woodruff, Daniel	Channahon	Oct. 13,'64	" Oct. 13, 1865.
COMPANY C.			
PRIVATES.			
Koldorf, Henry	Lockport	1861.	
McNally, Michael	"	Sept. 6	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
		Aug. 18	Vet. Dis. for wounds Aug. 25, 1864. W'nd'd at Drury's Bluffs.
Rees, Isaac C.	Joliet	Sept. 12	Dis. Sept. 13, 1864, term exp.
COMPANY D.			
Ladd, Atticus A. recruit	"	Aug.27,'62	M. O. Oct. 27, 1865.
CO. E—FLORENCE RIFLES (Full list of company.)			
PRIVATES.			
Andreas Wm.	Wesley	1861.	
Blakesley, S. C.	Durham	Sept. 12	Wounded at Fort Wagner, Oct. 6, 1863.
Backett, Lawrence (as Baker)	"	Sept. 18	Discharged.
Benton, Silas	"	"	Vet. Died at Richmond June 9, 1864, of wounds.
Barton, George W.	Chicago	Jan. 1	See Co. A.
	Wilmington	Sept. 11	Vet. Sergt. Killed at Petersburg, Va., Apr. 2, 1865.
Bogart, Walter V.	"	Sept. 17	Killed at Fort Wagner, Oct. 12, 1863.
Baxter, Wm.	"	Sept. 21	Vet. M. O. 1st sergt. Wounded severely at Drury's Bluffs.
Brown, Wm.	Chicago	Sept. 27	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, as musician.
Button, Loren	Wilmington	Oct. 2	Discharged.
Cannon, John	"	Sept. 20	"
Clark, G. A.	Sheldon	Sept. 28	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, as sergt.
Cremer, Charles	Channahon	"	Dis. Sept. 18, 1862.
Dunn, Geo. H.	Wilmington	Sept. 14	Vet. M. O. June 3, 1865.
Dogan (or Dugan) Pat'k	"	Sept. 21	Vet' Supposed killed Oct. 13, 1863.
Doran, Michael	"	Oct. 2	"
Dalley, John	"	"	"
Ely, Wesley W.	Concord	Sept. 28	Trans. to Co. F Jan. 1, 1864. M. O.
Flin, William	Chicago	Sept. 20	Died at Beaufort, S. C.
Flowers, A. J.	Sheldon	Sept. 28	"

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Gronigal, T. D.	Wilmington	1861. Sept. 12	Vet. Sergt. Wounded and missing May 16, 1864, supposed dead.
Grey, Alex.	"	Oct. 8	Vet. Died of wounds in hosp. Sept. 10, '64.
Hawath, John	Chicago	Oct. 4	
Hanson, David M.	Wilmington	Oct. 12	Vet. Sergt. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, died in Andersonville Oct. 22, 1864, grave-No. 11,188.
Hudson, Charles C.	"	Sept. 17	Vet. M. O. corporal.
Hertzog, C. W.	Rockville	Sept. 20	Trans. to veteran reserve corps.
Hertzog, Wm. F.	"		Vet. Killed at Wire Bottom, Va., June 18, '64.
Harsh, J. O.	"	Sept. 27	Dis. Sept. 28, 1864, time exp.
Howell, Daniel	Wilm'ngt'n		Discharged.
Jewett, Wm. O. L.	Wesley	Sept. 12	Dis. June 6, 1863. Entered Bat. A, 1st Art.
Kinney, Thomas	Wilmington	Oct. 2	Vet. Dis. for wounds June 20, 1865.
Lyons, Sidney	Florence	Sept. 12	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Milks, Herman	Wilmington		Vet. " corporal.
Merrill, Almon	Florence	"	" Died July 23, 1864, of wounds. Severely wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Monroe, James	"	Sept. 17	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6th, 1865. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
McCollum, Alex.	Gardner	Sept. 14	Trans. to Co. A.
Mager, Moses	Florence	Sept. 21	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865. Severely wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Morgan, George M.	Sheldon	Sept. 25	M. O. Feb. 2, 1865, pris. war.
McMaster, James	Wilmington	Oct. 8	Died at Williamsport, Md., Dec. 9, 1861.
Nelson, James W.	"	Sept. 12	Vet. M. O. corporal. Severely wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Porter, O. C.	"	Oct. 2	Vet. M. O. as sergt. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Raleigh, Thomas	"	Sept. 7	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Robinson, Wm. H.	"	Oct. 6	
Sackett, Edward A.	Chicago	Oct. 10	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, musician.
Sartell, H. E.	Wilmington	Sept. 17	Vet. Dis. March 29th, 1865, as corporal for wounds. Wounded at Deep Bottom.
Smith, C. W.	"	Sept. 20	Dis. Feb. 14, 1863.
Stewart, Thomas	"	"	Vet. Died of wounds at Annapolis Oct. 30th, 1864, wounded in front of Petersburg, Va.
Snee, Hugh R.	Rockville	Sept. 27	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, was prisoner, captured May 16, 1864.
Sheffler, M. F.	"	"	Dis. Sept. 27, 1864, term exp.
Steele, Wm. E.	Chicago	Oct. 2	Vet. Sergt. Supposed killed Oct. 13th, 1864.
Stephens, F. L.	Wilmington	Sept. 27	Discharged.
Thayer, George	"	Sept. 29	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
White, G. G.	"	Sept. 27	Dis. Sept. 27, '64, term exp.
Whitman, J. W.	Concord	Sept. 28	
Ware, C. W.	Joliet	Sept. 14	Vet. M. O. corporal.
Winn, John	Wilmington	Oct. 6	Dis. Nov. 20, 1861.
RECRUITS.			
Axtell, Theodore F.	Wesley	Feb. 27, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, as corporal. Wounded at Appomattox April 9, 1865.
Barton, Samuel A.	Bloom'gton	Dec. 16, '62	Discharged July 4, 1865.
Baker, Levi	Gaines	Apr. 13, '65	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Beam, Charles	"	"	
Bachelor, Samuel C	Wilmington	Dec. 23, '63	M. O. June 3d, 1865.
Boemler, Wm.	Chicago	Sept. 26, '64	" June 20, 1865.
Babcock, Ralph	"	Mar. 8, '64	Killed at Petersburg, Va., April 25, 1865.
Conly, James	Penn.	Oct. 28, '61	
Casey, John	Wilmington	Mar. 11, '64	M. O. Dec. 6th, 1865.
Corbett, Frank M.	Florence	Feb. 24, '64	" " Slightly wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Cottle, Frederick	Chicago	Apr. 6, '65	M. O. Dec. 6th, 1865.
Clark, James H.	Channahon	Dec. 23, '63	Killed at Deep Run, Va., Aug. 16, 1864
Dennible, Wm. J.	Wesley	Mar. 2, '64	M. O. June 3d, 1865.
Evans, Joseph S.	"	Dec. 23, '63	M. O. Dec. 6th, 1865, as sergt. Wounded at Deep Bottom, August 16.
Grise, Daniel	Rockville	Oct. 15, '64	Discharged.
Gillett, James	Wesley	Nov. 13, '61	Died Aug. 17, 1864, wounds.
Gillett, Henry	"	"	Died at Cumberland, Md., Feb., 1862.
Howe, Calvin H.	St. Louis	Oct. 26, '61	
Howe, Hiram H.	"	"	

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Hardeman, Martin S.	Wilmington	Nov. 13, '61	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865. Wounded at Appomattox April 9, 1865.
Hazard, Munroe	Chicago	Mar. 23, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Hill, Samuel F.	"	Feb. 27, '64	" " " "
Howell, George	Wesley	Dec. 31, '63	Dis. for wounds March 30, 1865.
Houghton, Azor	Wilmington	Dec. 23, '63	M. O. June 2, 1865.
Ingleman, Augustus	Cicero	Mar. 7, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Johnson, James M.	Chicago	Feb. 26, '64	Vet. recruit. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Jackson, Chas. A.	Florence	Feb. 22, '64	Dis. for wounds Nov. 7, 1864. Lost an arm at Deep Bottom August 16, 1864.
Johnson, Howard	Channahon	Mar. 9, '64	Dis. for wounds Nov. 21, 1864. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Karr, Elisha	Sheldon	Oct. 28, '61	Vet. Killed at Drury's Bluffs May 15, 1864.
Kelly, Wm. F.	Wesley	Nov. 13, '61	Vet. M. O. as sergt. Wounded at Ft. Gregg.
Kelly, John M.	"	Feb. 12, '62	Vet. Died of wounds at Hampton, Va., Oct. 31, 1865.
Kahler, Lloyd W.	Florence	Feb. 24, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Laughlin, John	Penn'a	Feb. 1, '62	Died at Hilton Head, Feb. 11, 1863.
Lee, Diton	Essex	Feb. 25, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865. Was prisoner.
Levalley, Charles T.	Wilmington	Mar. 11, '64	M. O. Dec. 29, 1865.
Musselman, Ephraim	Penn'a	Oct. 28, '61	Died near Chapin's Farm, Va., Oct. 16, 1864.
Mahan, John	"	"	"
Morey, Oscar F.	Florence	Feb. 24, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, as corporal.
Maghen, Caleb	"	Mar. 23, '64	"
Mallet, Ceran	"	Mar. 8, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Martin, William	"	Feb. 22, '64	M. O. July 26, 1865. Was prisoner.
Monroe, John	Wilmington	Feb. 23, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Noble, James R.	Wesley	Mar. 1, '64	"
O'Harra, Henry	Florence	Feb. 23, '64	Killed near Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865. Severely wounded at Drury's Bluffs.
Ohlness, Henry	"	"	"
Pennington, Wm. H.	Wilmington	Mar. 15, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Ripple, William	Penn'a	Feb. 1, '62	Died at Alexandria, Va., Aug. 18, 1862.
Riley, Newton	Morris	Feb. 21, '65	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Rogers, Alpheus W.	Wesley	Dec. 31, '63	Dis. for wounds Oct. 20, '64. Lost an arm at Drury's Bluffs.
Shade, Abraham	Penn'a	Feb. 12, '62	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Stanton, Wm.	Rockville	Feb. 24, '64	"
Slayton, Reuben	Chicago	Mar. 31, '64	Missing May 20, 1864.
Vanderbogart, James	Florence	Feb. 22, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, as corporal.
Walne, Thomas	Chicago	Mar. 9, '64	"
Webber, George A.	"	Mar. 8, '64	Dis. August 22, 1865.
Walrath, Wm.	"	Mar. 23, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
COMPANY F.			
Corporal.	"	1861.	"
DWIGHT PRESTON	Homer	Aug. 15	Vet. Dis. for dis. as 1st sergeant for wounds rec'd May 20.
PRIVATEs.			
Hayes, Stephen	Channahon	Aug. 1	"
Hayes, John B.	"	"	Vet.
Kemph, William	Homer	Aug. 22	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Kemp, Frederick	"	Sept. 28	Vet. Dis. for wounds rec'd May 16, 1864.
Underwood, George M.	"	Sept. 4	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6th, 1865, sergt.
VanCourt, Rufus	"	Sept. 15	Dis. for dis. Wounded.
RECRUITS.			
Barton, Dallas	"	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Davis, Charles A.	Joliet	Dec. 17, '63	Vet. recruit. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Hopkins, Benj. D.	Homer	Mar. 29, '65	Killed at Deep Run Aug. 16, 1864.
Kemph, Charles H.	"	Feb. 22, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.
Marshall, Peter	"	Feb. 29, '64	" " " "
Peck, Wm.	"	Feb. 22, '64	" " " "
COMPANY G.			
Sergeant.	"	1861.	"
HORACE T. CORWIN	Homer	Aug. 6	Dis. Oct. 8, '64, term exp. W'n'd May 26, '64.
CORPORALS.			
ABNER GILLETT	"	Aug. 29	Dis. Sept. 20, 1864, term expired.
JAMES PRIOR	Lockport	Aug. 13	Vet. Dis. for promotion in U. S. C. T. March 10, 1865. Wounded June 2, 1864.

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Angel, William	Homer	1861. Aug. 29	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, '65, wagoner. Died since dis. of loss of health in service.
Ahlshlager, Carl	New Lenox	Sept. 7	Dis. Sept. 10, 1864, term exp.
Anthony, Herbert	Homer	Aug. 23	Vet. Killed at Drury's Bluffs, May 16, '64.
Carl, John	"	Aug. 6	Dis. Sept. 10, 1864, term exp.
Campbell, Martin	"	Aug. 29	
Crews, Hanson H.	Joliet	Aug. 19	Dis. Feb. 19, 1864, for prom. in 64th.
Deeming, Thos.	Homer	Aug. 15	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, as corporal.
Frank, Henry J.	New Lenox	Sept. 22	Dis. Sept. 22, 1864, term exp. Wounded May 16, 1864.
Hahn, Christian	Homer	Aug. 13	Trans. to veteran reserve corps April 10, '64.
Humphrey, Thomas	"	Aug. 29	Killed May 20, 1864.
Hammond, Wm.	"	"	Vet. Corp. on furlough at M. O.
Moulton, Belah	"	Sept. 12	Dis. wounded.
Ross, George	"	Aug. 13	Dis. for dis. June 27, 1862.
Rowley, Charles	"	Sept. 10	Died at Cumberland, Md., Feb. 20, 1862.
Tyler, James	Lockport	Aug. 13	Dis. for dis. June 2, 1862.
RECRUITS.			
Crandall, Christ. C.	Joliet	Oct. 14, '62	M. O. Oct. 13, 1865, wounded May 20 and Oct. 7th, 1864.
Goodman, Thomas	Lockport	Dec. 29, '64	M. O. Dec. 6, 1865, taken prisoner June 2, '64, Andersonville.
Wadhams, Mort. C.	Joliet	Oct. 14, '62	Died at Bermuda Hundreds Feb. 29, 1865.
Walker, John W.	Lockport	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. Dec. 6, '65, wounded Oct. 7, '64.
Wingart, Henry	Florence	Mar. 15, '65	On special duty at M. O.
Pettjohn, Jacob	Homer	Feb. 23, '64	M. O. May 23d, 1865. Wounded at Drury's Bluffs, June 14, 1864.
COMPANY H.			
Sergeant.		1862.	
Wm. C. MITCHELL	Wilmington	April 9	M. O. May 9, 1865, term exp.
Corporals.			
Wm. B. CAIN	"	Mar. 13	M. O. March 23, 1865, term exp.
ABSALOM MENDENHALL	"	March 15	M. O. April 4, 1865.
PRIVATES.			
Malony, Richard	"	March 13	M. O. March 23, 1865.
O'Connell, Charles	"	Feb. 28	
Beamish, Thos.	Co. K. Elwood	Sept. 10, 61	Vet. M. O. Dec. 6, 1865.

FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Hospital Steward.		1862.	
ZENAS P. HANSON	Joliet	April 1	Prom. asst. surgeon.
Recruits for Co. D.			
Clark, John M.	"	March 1	Dis. Nov. 18, 1862.
Mills, Andrew J.	"	April 1	Prom. hospital steward.
Whitemore, David B.	"	March 1	Wounded. Trans. to vet. reserve corps.
COMPANY G.			
PRIVATES.			
		1861.	
Greenman, Chandler J.	Wilton	Sept. 12	Dis. for dis. Aug. 25, 1862.
Hardy, Uriah	"	"	M. O. Sept. 16, 1864.
Muger, Stephen	Joliet	Aug. 14	" " " "
O'Connell	"	Sept. 3	" " " "
Robinson, Dou A.	Wilton	Aug. 13	Died at Smithton, Mo., Jan. 22, 1862.
Riley, James	Joliet	Aug. 6	
Smith, Chester B.	Wilton	Aug. 13	Dis. for dis. Jan. 22, 1863.
White, John	"	Sept. 20	Vet. Dis. for wounds Feb. 7, 1865.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY D.			
Privates.			
Greve, Hans	Crete	1861. Sept. 1	Vet. Trans. to B consol. M. O. Nov. 30th, 1865, as 1st sergeant.
Maack, Henry	"	"	Same record.
Voss, Jachim	"	"	Dis. for dis. Nov. 8, 1862.
Wicfels, Otto, recruit	Joliet	Mar. 10, '62	Vet. Trans. to B consol. M. O. Nov. 30, '65.
CO. D—Consolidated.			
Schuttetus, John	"	Feb. 2, '65	M. O. Nov. 30, 1865.

FORTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY E.			
Musician.			
NUOL SCHREIFER	Joliet	Aug. 1, '61	M. O. June 19, 1865.
Privates.			
Kresin, Ferdinand	Dupage	"	Died at Rolla, Mo., Dec. 5, '61.
Shreiber, J.	Joliet	Sept. 1, '61	Dis. for dis. Dec. 16, 1861.
Keene, Wm. recr. Co. D	"	Oct., '64	M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.

FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

PRIVATE CO. K.			
Bearnheart, James	Peotone	Oct. 2, '61	Dis. for wounds May 27, 1864.
Shaw, Nicholas A.	Joliet	Dec. 8, '61	Died at St. Louis April 19, 1862, of wounds received at Shiloh.

FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY I.			
Captain.			
CHARLES P. STIMPSON	Plainfield	1861. Dec. 1	Resigned Feb. 26, 1862.
JAMES BALLARD	"	"	" Nov. 19, 1872.
HENRY G. KENNEDY	"	Sept. 18	As private. Vet. Prom. 2d lieut. from 1st sergt. Aug. 4, 1865. Wounded.
CHARLES F. BENNETT	"	"	Appointed hosp. stew. U. S. A. Mar. 10, '64.
Sergeants.			
CHAS. L. PRATT	"	"	Trans. to Bat. D, 1st Art.
JOHN COLLINS	"	Nov. 9	Killed at Shiloh April 6, 1862.
Corporals.			
RUSSELL CARTER	"	Oct. 29	Died at Pittsburg Landing April 5, 1862.
DAVID B. ROSSITER	"	Sept. 18	Died at New Orleans May 27, 1865.
WM. H. ROBBINS	"	"	Died at Pittsburg Landing March 25, 1862.
JUDSON WARE	"	Oct. 29	"
VAN R. STRONG	"	Sept. 26	Vet. M. O. Jan. 21, 1866.
LOUIS SHIFFER	"	Nov. 16	M. O. Nov. 30, 1864.
Wagoner.			
JAMES W. PENNINGTON	"	Dec. 1	"
Privates.			
Arter, Frank	Wheatland	Oct. 29	Killed in battle of Shiloh.
Anderson, George	Plainfield	Oct. 22	"
Averill, George	"	Sept. 18	Dis. for dis. July 9, 1862.
Bennett, Almon W.	"	Oct. 29	Vet. M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Boyd, Nelson	"	Sept. 18	Dis. Jan. 10, '63.
Bates, John	"	Nov. 25	Died at Natchez Dec. 10, '63.

FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Booth, Henry N.	Plainfield	1861. Nov. 25	Trans. to invalid corps.
Brown, Emanuel F.	"	Nov. 4	Vet. M. O. as corporal Jan. 20, 1866.
Brown, Frank S.	"	Dec. 1	Vet. M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Barron, Henry	"	"	Dis. July 8th, 1862.
Beebee, James F.	"	"	Vet. M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Curtis, Wm.	"	Sept. 18	Dis. for dis. Oct. 18, 1862.
Cooper, George H.	"	"	Died at Louisville June 19, 1862.
Curtis, Charles	"	Dec. 1	Died at Henderson, Ky., June 2, 1862.
Farnsworth, Geo. W.	"	Nov. 1	Trans. to invalid corps. Wn'd at Donaldson.
Gaylord, Wm.	"	Dec. 1	Vet. M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Goss, Alonzo	"	Nov. 3	M. O. Nov. 30, 1864.
Hills, Joseph	"	Oct. 29	Died at Evansville, Ind., June 10, 1862.
Hining, Adam	"	Dec. 1	Dis. August 15, 1862.
Harris, George	"	"	Died in the field June 9, 1862.
Kennelly, Morris	"	Nov. 5	Died at Cincinnati May 10, 1862.
Kightlinger, Alexander	"	Nov. 16	Vet. M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Kent, John R.	"	Sept. 16	"
Lawrence, Milo	"	Dec. 1	Dis. Nov. 25, 1862.
Larison, Eric	"	Sept. 18	M. O. Nov. 30, 1864.
McLaren, Charles	"	Dec. 1	Vet. Died at Memphis Dec. 18, 1862.
Murray, Henry C.	"	"	Died at Memphis Dec. 18, 1862.
Marcy, Frank P.	"	"	Killed in battle at Shiloh.
Marcy, Andrew M.	"	"	"
Norris, Wm. H. H.	"	Sept. 18	Killed in battle at Shiloh.
Pratt, Hermon	"	"	Dis. May 20th, 1862.
Pratt, Newal	"	Nov. 1	M. O. Nov. 30, 1864.
Parker, Marvin	"	Nov. 9	" " "
Parker, Elijah	"	Oct. 29	"
Parr, David	"	Dec. 1	Dis. April 3, '62. Died soon after.
Paul, George	"	"	Vet. M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Pinney, Dwight	"	Nov. 11	"
Roland, Thos.	"	Dec. 1	Died at Memphis Jan. 10, '63.
Shiffer, Solomon A.	"	Nov. 16	Vet. M. O. as 1st sergt. Jan. 10, '66.
Shiffer, Robert	"	"	M. O. Jan. 9, 1865. Wounded.
Scott, Jacob	"	"	Vet. M. O. Jan. 20, '66. Died after dis. pris.
West, Alexander	"	Dec. 1	Dis. for dis. Aug. 15, 1862.
Wright, Burgess	"	Nov. 16	Died at Pittsburg Landing April 19, 1862.
RECRUITS.			
Hobday, James	Gr'n Gard'n	Mar. 21, '65	M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Kent, Marcellus P.	Plainfield	Jan. 1, '61	M. O. Dec. 31, 1864.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, "YATES SHARPSHOOTERS."

Three Years' Service.

Lieut. Colonel.		1861.	
MICHAEL W. MANNING	Joliet	Dec. 31	As 1st lieut. Co. E. Prom. capt. Oct. 4, 1862.
Lieut. Colonel.			Prom. lieut. col. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. April 9, '65, term exp.
JOSEPH S. REYNOLDS	New Lenox	"	As 2d lieut. Co. F. Prom. 1st lieut. Sept. 2, '62. Prom. capt. Aug. 14, '63. Prom. maj. Nov. 1, '64. Prom. lieut. col. March 8, '65. Prom. brevet brig. gen. July 11, '65. M. O. July 11, '65.
Major.			
HENRY LOGAN	Joliet	Feb. 11, '64	As capt. Co. G. Prom. major June 26, 1865. M. O. July 11, 1865. Severely wounded on Atlanta campaign.
Captain Co. C.			
WILLIAM ZUELL	Wilmington	"	As vet. recruit Co. F. Prom. sergt., then 2d lieut. March 23, '64, and captain of Co. C Oct. 10, '64. Severely wounded before Atlanta July 22, '64.
Captain Co. D.			
JOHN BECKER	Joliet	Nov. 8, '61	As sergt. Co. E. Vet. Prom. 2d lieut. Co. E Feb. 19, '64. Prom. captain Co. D Nov. 9, '64. M. O. April 9, 1865.
Captain Co. E.			
DAVID G. GROVER	"	Dec. 31, '61	Mortally wounded at Corinth Oct. 4th, 1862, died Oct. 10, 1862.
1st Lieut. Co. E.			
PATRICK FEELY	"	Oct. 25, '61	As private Co. E. Vet. Prom. 1st sergeant, then 1st lieut. May 8, 1865. M. O. July 11, 1865.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
2d Lieut. Co. E. THOS. MONNAHAN Captain Co. F. JOSHUA W. BAKER Captain Co. G. HANSON H. CREWS	Joliet Wilmington Joliet	Oct. 26, '61 Dec. 31, '61 Aug. 9, '61	As private Co. E. Vet. Prom. sergt., then 2d lieut. July 11, 1865. M. O. July 11, 1865. As 1st lieut. Prom. capt. Sept. 2, '62. Resigned August 14, 1863. As private in 39th regt. Dis. for promotion in 64th as 2d lieut. Feb. 11, '64. Prom. 1st lieut. June 22, '64. Prom. capt. Co. G Nov. 1, '64. M. O. July 11, '65.
1st Lieut. Co. F. WARD KNICKERBOCKER	New Lenox	Oct. 22, '61	As private Co. F. Prom. sergt. Oct. 22, '61. Prom. 2d lieut. Sept. 2d, 1862. Prom. 1st lieut. Aug. 14, '63. Term exp. Dec. 30, '64. Wounded July 23 before Atlanta.
Captain Co. G. JOSEPH H. BISHOP 1st Lieut. Co. G. BENJ. SNYDER 2d Lieut. Co. G. JOHN BEROW 1st Lieut. EDWIN C. SAUNDERS Sergeant Major. HENRY S. CLARK	Joliet " " " Lockport	Nov. 1, '64 Feb. 11, '64 Dec. 29, '63 Jan. 4, '64 Oct. 23, '61	As private Co. F. Prom. sergt. Oct. 22, '61. Prom. 2d lieut. Sept. 2d, 1862. Prom. 1st lieut. Aug. 14, '63. Term exp. Dec. 30, '64. Wounded July 23 before Atlanta. As private Co. I. Prom. 1st lieut. Promoted captain June 26, 1865. M. O. July 11, 1865. Resigned June 22, 1864. As private. Prom. sergt., then 2d lieut. July 11, 1865. As private. Prom. sergeant. Prom 1st lieut. July 11, 1865. As private. Prom. 1st sergeant Co. E, then sergt. major. Killed in battle of Corinth Oct. 4, 1862.
Sergeant Major. ROBERT RUSSELL Q. M. Sergt. JAMES DUNDERDALE	Joliet Wilmington	Dec. 17, '61 Aug. 7, '62	As private Co. F. Vet. Prom. sergt. major Dec. 30, 1863. M. O. July 11, '65. As recruit Co. F. Prom. Q. M. S. M. O. May 31, 1865. Severely wounded July 22d, before Atlanta. Also wounded at Corinth.
Com. Sergt. JAMES M. HUME Principal Musician JOHN DOTY	Joliet " "	Dec. 13, '61 Nov. 4, '61	As private Co. A. Prom. com. sergt. Dec. 30, 1863. M. O. July 11, '65. Vet. As musician Co. E. Prom. principal musician. Vet. M. O. July 11, '65
COMPANY A. RECRUITS. Carroll, Michael Coughlin, Michael Carpenter, Henry Carpenter, Philander Cummings, Michael Gorham, Irwin LeRoy Hartley, Cyrus F. Maher, Jerry Phillips, Barney Sweeny, James Williams, Curtis	" Wilmington " " " New Lenox Wilmington Joliet Joliet Joliet Wilmington	Feb. 24, '64 Jan. 26, '64 Feb. 2, '64 " Jan. 36, '64 Feb. 2, '64 Jan. 26, '64 Feb. 2, '64 Jan. 26, '64 Jan. 19, '64	Died at Rome, Ga., August, 1864. M. O. July 1st, 1865. Dis. for dis. Feb. 27, 1865. M. O. July 11th, 1865. Wounded at Resacca May 14, '64. M. O. June 17, '65. July 11, '65. Dis. for dis. June 16, '65. M. O. July 11, 1865. " " " " " " " " May 31, 1865. July 11, '65.
COMPANY C. PRIVATES. Baker, John Barry, Daniel Clark, Henry Fish, Warren Farney, John Hansom, Caleb Hogan, John Hiner, Daniel Ham, Nicholas Luther, Ferdinand Lahey, Michael McHenry, Henry Row, Lewis P.	Joliet " " " " " " " " New Lenox Joliet " " Frankfort	1861. Nov. 4 Nov. 5 Oct. 23 Oct. 29 Nov. 16 Nov. 4 Nov. 9 Nov. 4 Nov. 26 Oct. 23 Nov. 22 Nov. 23 Dec. 4	Vet. M. O. July 11, '65.
RECRUITS. Chilcote, James W. Fenderson, Daniel Lane, George N. McDougall, John F. Scott, Matthew	Wilmington " Joliet " Lockport	Feb. 2, '64 " Feb. 3, '64 " Feb. 4, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865. " " " " " " " " " " " "

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY D.			
PRIVATES.			
Eastman, Jeremiah	Wilm'ngt'n	1861.	
Goodwin, George D.	"	Nov. 16	
Hudson, Oscar M.	Gr'nGarden	Oct. 23	
McLaughlin, Michael	Joliet	Dec. 2	
Spencer, George A.	Wilmington	Nov. 26	Vet. Absent sick at M. O. Wounded July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.
COMPANY E.			
Sergeant.			
WM. LEONARD	Joliet	Nov. 9	Dis. for prom. in 2d Ala. inf.
Corporals.			
THOMAS SMITH	Jackson	Dec. 9	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865, wounded at Resacca May 14, 1864.
CHARLES PRESTON	Joliet	Nov. 26	M. O. Dec. 31, '64, wounded.
WILLIAM PAUL	Troy	Oct. 25	Vet. Died in Georgia June 30, 1864.
MATHEW COLWELL	Wilmington	Nov. 22	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
JOHN SMITH	Joliet	Oct. 29	Vet. Absent in arrest at M. O. See p. 220.
PRIVATES.			
Allen, George	Joliet	Nov. 26	M. O. Feb. 13, 1865.
Allen, Merrick	"	"	Died at Farmington, Ill., May 14th, 1862, of wounds.
Boyd, Wm. T.	"	Dec. 11	Dis. for dis. May 1, 1862.
Boyd, John N.	"	"	"
Brown, Peter	Channahon	Oct. 25	Killed at Corinth, Miss., Oct. 4, 1862.
Belwood, John	Joliet	Nov. 10	
Constantine, John	Wilmington	Nov. 22	
Dolan, Albert	Channahon	Oct. 29	
Deegan, John	Lockport	Nov. 3	Wounded at Corinth.
Dougherty, John	"	Oct. 29	M. O. Dec. 31, 1864.
Daily, Thomas	Channahon	Oct. 25	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Dutter, Peter	Joliet	Dec. 13	M. O. Dec. 31, 1864. Pris.
Duffee, James	"	Dec. 20	
Dougherty, Timothy	Lockport	Dec. 11	
Egan, Andrew	Joliet	Dec. 29	
Garlish, Thomas	Lockport	Dec. 28	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865 Wounded at battle of Corinth.
Gifford, Darwin N.	Joliet	Dec. 3	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865, as corporal.
Hall, William	"	Oct. 25	M. O. Dec. 31, 1864.
Lennau, Patrick	"	Nov. 1	
Lulam, John	"	Oct. 25	Dis. for dis. June 28, 1862.
Lewis, Joseph	Homer	Dec. 1	
Lane, William	Joliet	Oct. 26	
McEvoy, John	"	Dec. 3	
McEntyre, Daniel	"	Dec. 24	Dis. for dis. June 20, 1862.
Mattemore, Antonio	"	Dec. 20	
McGalligut, Michael	"	Nov. 26	Killed at Corinth Oct. 4, 1862.
McCann, Hugh	"	Oct. 26	Dis. for dis. March 7, 1862.
Males, James	"	Nov. 22	Died at Quincy, Ill., Feb. 17, 1862.
Moran, John	"	Oct. 26	
Pryor, John	"	Dec. 22	
Quill, William	"	Dec. 26	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Reynolds, Patrick	Wilmington	Oct. 23	
Roland, Thos.	Joliet	Dec. 3	Vet. Dis. for dis. March 16, 1865.
Ruth, Adam	"	Dec. 22	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Short, Jacob	Homer	Dec. 30	
Sullivan, John	Joliet	Oct. 26	Dis. Lost leg at bat. Corinth, Oct. 4, 1862.
Walter, Erhardt	"	Dec. 22	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865, detached.
Wood, Benjamin	"	Dec. 25	
RECRUITS.			
Cannairos, Jacob	"		
Griffin, Charles S.	"	Apr. 18, '62	Vet. Killed at Ruffs Mills, Ga., Aug. 1, '61.
Leahy, Michael	"	"	Vet. Absent at M. O.
Rouse, George H.	"	"	Killed at Corinth Oct. 4, 1862.
Rappel, Michael	Homer	Feb. 12, '64	
Smith, Christian	"	Mar. 17, '64	M. O. as corporal. Severely wounded July 4, 1864, in both buttocks.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY F.			
Sergeants.		1861.	
R. C. CRAWFORD, 1st	Will Co.	Oct. 19	Prom. com. sergt. Dis. March 1st, 1862, for promotion in 26th Mo. inf.
EPHRAIM PELTON	Wilmington	Nov. 2	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
ALPHEUS ROGERS	"	Oct. 31	Dis. for dis. Oct. 26, 1862.
PHILIP A. STEINBERG	"	Nov. 4	Dis. for promotion in 1st Alabama cavalry. Killed at Vincents X Roads Oct. 26, 1863.
GEORGE GOODWIN	"	Nov. 2	Died April 17, 1862.
Corporals.			
ELIAS A. KIMBALL	Reed	Nov. 1	Dis. for dis. Dec. 23, 1863.
JOHN WATSON	Wilmington	Dec. 14	
D. O. COLLINS	"	Dec. 21	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
ALSON PELTON	"	Dec. 25	Dis. for dis. Feb. 17, 1862.
JACOB SHELLING	Rockville	Nov. 2	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
ALFRED VALENTINE	Wilmington	Dec. 11	Dis. Apr. 2, '64, to enlist as hospital steward in U. S. A.
FRISK SPECIA	Rock Creek	Nov. 15	Dis. for dis. Feb. 17, 1862.
Wagoner.			
JAMES McCOURTIE	Wilmington	Oct. 23	Died at Quincy, Ill., Feb. 10, 1862.
PRIVATES.			
Bishop, Felix	Reed	Dec. 28	
Bradley, William G.	Rock Creek	Dec. 16	
Bailey, Michael	Wilmington	Dec. 20	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Brumont, George H.	Frankfort	Dec. 30	Dis. for dis. May 1, 1862. Died after dis. from loss of health in the service.
Burns, Thomas	"	Dec. 24	
Conly, Frank	Wilmington	Dec. 14	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Champion, Thomas	"	Dec. 28	
Cook, Henry E.	Manhattan		
Courtright, Amos	Rockville	Dec. 31	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865, as corporal.
Cox, Henry A.	"	Dec. 15	
Fuller, Myrex	Wilmington	Nov. 14	
Johnson, Wm.	"	Dec. 13	Killed in pursuit of the enemy after the evacuation of Corinth.
Krouskup, Orrin	Wesley	Nov. 10	Dis. for dis. Feb. 17, 1862.
Kneadler, Jacob	Rockville	Nov. 20	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Lamb, Wm. P.	"	"	" " " 1st sergt.
Murphy, John	Wilmington	Nov. 26	Vet. Absent at M. O. with leave.
Moore, Calvin	Rockville	Nov. 20	" M. O.
Pierson, Joseph	Elwood	Dec. 28	" " July 11, 1865. W'n'd July 22, '64.
Parks, John O.	Will Co.	Dec. 30	Corp. Died of wounds rec'd May 27, '64.
Sonner, Frederick	"	Dec. 31	Vet. Absent with leave at M. O.
Thompson, Thomas	Wilmington	Dec. 9, '61	Trans. to invalid corps.
RECRUITS.			
Ashler, Albert	New Lenox	Jan. 18, '64	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865. Wounded at bat. Corinth Oct. 4, 1862.
Arrasmith, Alex.	"	Mar. 1, '64	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865, as corporal.
Addison, John	Joliet		
Bly, John	Frankfort	Feb. 5, '64	
Barrows, Samuel	Gr'n Gard'n	Feb. 3, '64	Wounded July 22d before Atlanta. Also wounded June 27th at Kenesaw.
Bluhm, Henry	New Lenox	Dec. 28, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Baker, William	Joliet	Feb. 24, '64	" " " "
Barnum, James H.	"	"	" Jan 3, 1865, wounded.
Bergen, Isaac	Channahon	'61	Dis. for dis. Feb. 15, 1862.
Bradford, Wm.	"	"	" " Oct. 26, 1862.
Cremor, Jesse	"	'61	Vet. Killed near Atlanta July 22, '64. Sergt.
Courtright, Samuel F.	Rockville	Feb. 14, '64	Absent with leave at M. O. Wounded July 22, '64, before Atlanta.
Cordon, Shadrick M.	Mokena	Dec. 24, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Caldwell, Robert D.	Frankfort	Feb. 4, '64	" " " "
Cruges, (or Cunges) John	New Lenox	Oct. 3, '64	" " " "
Dalton, Wm.	"	Jan. 1, '62	Dis. Jan. 10, 1865, term exp.
Dixon, John	Will Co.	Jan. 3, '62	Vet. Dis. Jan. 10, '65, term exp.
Depuy, John	Gr'n Gard'n		Died at Cincinnati April 2, 1862.
Denny, Albert G. W.	New Lenox	Nov. 4, '61	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Eastman, Jeremiah	"		Dis. for dis. Oct. 26, 1862.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Ferguson, James H.	Rockville	Aug. 23, '62	Died at Corinth Nov. 7, '63.
Flint, Austin V.	"	"	M. O. May 31, '65. Fifer. Wounded.
Grant, James	New Lenox	Oct. 5, '64	M. O. July 11, 1864.
Gilfillen, James H.	Wilmington	Aug. 25, '62	Killed near Dallas, Ga., May 27, 1864.
Genera, George	"	"	Dis. for dis. Sept. 17, '62.
Ham, Nicholas	New Lenox	Dec. 16, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865, as corporal.
Hirsch, Julius	Frankfort	Feb. 9, '64	" " " Wounded July 22 before Atlanta.
Hager, Christian	New Lenox	Feb. 28, '63	Absent on leave at M. O. Wounded.
Henderson, Charles	Frankfort	Feb. 9, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Hatch, Freeman W.	Gr'n Garden	Feb. 10, '64	" June 8, '65.
Hager, Charles	New Lenox	Oct. 4, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Herbert, John	Frankfort	Jan. 20, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Hudson, Oscar M.	Gr'n Gard'n	"	Dis. for dis. August 8, '62, as sergt.
Ham, Nicholas.	New Lenox	"	Dis. for dis. Sept. 18, '62, wounds.
Hewitt, Ransom	Wilmington	Dec. 31, '63	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865, as wagoner.
Jones, Joseph C.	"	Feb. 17, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Kitzrow, Frank	Frankfort	Dec. 29, '63	Absent with leave at M. O.
Long, Wm.	"	Jan. 21, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865. Wounded July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.
Monty, James	"	"	Wounded July 22, 1864.
McDonald, Charles	New Lenox	Oct. 3, '64	M. O. May 29, 1864.
Moulton, Loren N.	Frankfort	Feb. 9, '64	" July 11, 1865.
Moore, Andrew F.	"	Feb. 1, '62	Vet. Dis. at exp. of term.
Monty, William	Rockville	Feb. 27, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Moncy, Desire	"	"	M. O. July 11, 1865. Wounded July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.
Monty, Joseph	Wilmington	Aug. 1, '62	Dis. for wounds May 3, 1865. Wounded July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.
Near, Christopher	Frankfort	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. July 11, '65.
Ostrander, Wm.	New Lenox	Oct. 3, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Peters, Wm.	Frankfort	Dec. 26, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865, as corporal.
Peltou, Alson	Wilmington	Dec. 22, '63	" " " "
Rickard, Thomas	Will Co.	Nov. 9, '63	" " " " Wounded May 27th, 1864, at Dallas.
Ryder, Solon C.	New Lenox	Oct. 4, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Rickard, Wm. P.	Will Co.	Feb. 2, '63	Absent on leave at M. O.
Rowe, Lewis P.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Sept. 4, 1862.
Rice, Samuel D.	Wilmington	Aug. 1, '62	"
Slusser, Addison	Rockville	Feb. 27, '64	M. O. May 26, 1865.
Schlekan, John	Frankfort	Jan. 20, '64	M. O. July 11, '65. Wounded at Dallas May 26, 1865, and before Atlanta July 22, 1864.
Stüger, Louis	New Lenox	Dec. 19, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Stoneking, James	Will Co.	Feb. 1, '64	" " " " Wounded June 28, 1864, arm amputated.
Spencer, Madison	New Lenox	Oct. 5, '64	Absent sick since enlistment.
Sheele, Wm.	"	"	Dis. Dec. 26, 1864, term exp. Sergt.
Spencer, George A.	Wilmington	"	Vet. Killed July 22, '64, before Atlanta.
Shelling, Henry	Rockville	"	Vet. M. O. July 11, 1865.
Shelling, Jacob	"	"	"
Wagner, Abram	New Lenox	"	Vet. Killed at Dallas, Ga., May 27, 1864.
Teils, Nicholas	"	Dec. 19, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Thorne, John	Lockport	Feb. 6, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
VanVleck, DeForrest	Frankfort	Feb. 9	Dis. for dis. May 17, 1865, wounded July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.
Whaland, Charles	New Lenox	Oct. 3	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Wilson, George	Frankfort	Feb. 9	"
Young, John R.	Wilmington	Aug. 5, '62	"
REMARK—Several names in the above list put down as residents of Rockville may have been residents of Kankakee county.			
CO. G—LOGAN'S Co.			
PRIVATEs.			
Aickins, James	Joliet	Jan. 30, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Barbour, James	"	Jan. 28, '64	Died at Midship Junc., Ga., July 23, 1864, of wounds.
Rarron, Wm. T.	Homer	Dec. 29, '63	"
Blossom, Wm.	Plainfield	Jan. 2, '64	Died at Marietta, Aug. 14, 1864, of wounds received July 22, 1864.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Bollin, Oscar	Homer	Dec.31,'63	Killed near Atlanta July 22d, 1864. Also wounded June 27.
Boehme, Harmon	La Salle	Jan. 4, '64	Corporal. Died of wounds July 22, '64, near Atlanta.
Bowers, William	Minooka	Jan.11,'64	Killed at Kenesaw mountain June 27, 1864.
Bruce, James	Manhattan	Jan.18,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865. Severely wounded June 27, 1864.
Caspari, Ernest F.	Joliet	Jan.29,'64	M. O. July 21, 1865.
Clark, John	Monce	Jan. 1, '64	Vet. Killed before Atlanta July 22, 1864.
Connors, Patrick	Joliet	Jan. 5, '64	Sergt. Absent with leave at M. O.
Cook, Isaiah	Monce	Jan. 1, '64	Died at Atlanta. Severely wounded July 22, 1864.
Crawford, James	Jackson	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865, in hosp. Quincy.
Cuykendall, Alfred	Joliet	Jan.25,'64	Sergt. Absent with leave at M. O.
Dewey, Jehial D.	"	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. July 18, 1865.
Dodge, Daniel C.	"	"	" " " " " " " "
Dolan, Patrick	Troy	"	Killed June 28, 1864, at Kenesaw.
Edminson, Christopher	Joliet	Jan.18,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865. Wounded near Kenesaw June 27, '64.
Flewelling, Asbury	"	Jan. 1, '64	M. O. June 28, 1865. Was prisoner July 22, 1864.
Ford, Samuel	Monce	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. with regt.
Gedelman, Adam	Joliet	Jan.15,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865. Wounded near Atlanta.
Grimes, George	"	Jan. 4, '64	Died at Marietta, Ga., Sept. 26, 1864, of w'ds rec'd July 22, 1864.
Hall, John	"	Jan.28,'64	Never joined company.
Harrison, Patrick	Manhattan	Jan.13,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Harrison, Michael	"	"	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, 1864.
Harris, Henry	Minooka	Jan. 5, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Haradan, Dan.	Frankfort	Dec.26,'61	Vet. Killed at Atlanta July 22, 1864.
Heacock, Joel	Joliet	Jan.12,'61	"
Hebert, Joseph	"	Jan.14,'64	M. O. July 11, 1864.
Henry, Victor	"	Jan.18,'64	" " " " " as corporal.
Hoffer, Benedict	"	Jan. 4, '64	Vet. Died at Joliet, used up.
Horan, James	Frankfort	Jan.16,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Horner, Thos. P.	Joliet	Feb. 2, '64	Vet. Killed at Atlanta July 22, 1864.
Hallahan, John	"	Jan.30,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865. Wounded July 22, 1864, at Atlanta.
Johnson, John B.	"	Jan. 2, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Jones, Albert	"	Jan.18,'64	Absent sick at M. O.
Keef, Mathew	"	Jan.19,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Lemer, Wm.	"	Jan.13,'64	" " " " " " " "
Linch, Bernard	"	Jan. 4, '64	" " " " " " " " Died of disease contracted in service since dis.
Lizur, Edmund	Lockport	"	M. O. July 11, 1865. Corp. Wounded June 27, 1864, at Kenesaw.
Lutz, Jacob	Jackson	"	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Lulim, James	Joliet	Jan.18,'64	Wounded severely at Atlanta July 22d, 1864. Died at Marietta.
Mather, Wm.	"	Jan. 2, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
McCall, Louis	Frankfort	Dec.21,'63	" " " " " " " "
McConnell, James	Joliet	Jan. 1, '64	M. O. June 13, 1865. Severely wounded June 27, 1864.
McCoy, Michael	"	Dec.19,'63	Killed July 22 before Atlanta.
McDade, Chancy	"	Dec.29,'63	Absent sick at M. O.
McDonald, John	Jackson	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
McLaughlin, Patrick	Joliet	Jan.28,'64	Killed at Atlanta July 22, 1864.
Miller, Mallory	"	Jan.14,'64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Morse, Henry	"	Jan.20,'64	" " " " " " " "
Marshall, Francis M.	Plainfield	Jan. 4, '64	" " " " " " " "
Newton, Stephen	Joliet	Jan.25,'64	" " " " " " " " was prisoner of war and wounded July 22, '64.
Orr, William	Monce	Jan. 1, '64	Killed June 27, 1864, at Kenesaw.
O'Riley, Daniel	Joliet	Dec.28,'63	Mortally wounded June 27, 1864.
Parker, Israel	"	Jan.21,'64	Died in Andersonville prison Aug. 2, 1864.
Parke, Bernard	"	Dec.22,'63	"
Parker, Richard	Homer	Dec.38,'63	"
Pearson, Thos. E.	Jackson	Dec.29,'63	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Powliss, Isaac	"	"	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, 1864.
Reid, Wm.	Frankfort	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Spencer, Edward E.	Plainfield	Dec.23,'63	" " " " " " " " as com. sergt. Wounded May 29 at Dallas.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.— *Continued.*

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATEs.			
Sitterly, Martin H.	Joliet	Jan. 30, '64	Dis. for dis. Sept. 27, 1864.
Schorn, Harvey	"	Jan. 29, '64	Mortally wounded July 22, 1864.
Shay, David	"	Dec. 24, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865. Missing July 22, 1864.
Simpson, Francis	"	Jan. 18, '64	" " " "
Simpson, Richard F.	"	Jan. 26	D. T.
Sheerin, John	Wilmington	Dec. 26, '63	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Shattuck, Nathan	Joliet	Jan. 18, '64	Absent with leave at M. O. Wounded June 27, '64, at Kenesaw.
Shroyer, Nathan	Kank'ee Co	Jan. 1, '64	Wounded and prisoner at Atlanta July 12, 1864. Died.
Small, Cushman	"	Dec. 23, '63	Died at Mound City Sept. 29, '64. Wounded at Atlanta Sept. 22, '64.
Small, Henry	Joliet	Jan. 27, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Smith, Sylvester E.	Frankfort	Dec. 31, '63	" " " "
Smith, Edwin	"	Feb. 3, '64	" June 6, 1865, 1st sergt. Com. 2d lieut., but not mustered.
Stroud, Henry	Channahon	Jan. 15, '64	Wounded July 22, 1864, and slightly August 10, 1864. Died.
Sweringer, Frank	Joliet	Jan. 5, '64	Sergt. Died Sept. 2d, 1864, of wounds rec'd July 22, 1864.
Taylor, Louis	"	Jan. 26, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Teeters, George	Channahon	Jan. 15, '64	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, 1864.
Towns, Wm. H.	"	"	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Tucker, Joseph D.	Wilmington	Jan. 1, '64	Absent at M. O.
Troblee, John	Joliet	Jan. 30, '64	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64.
Vassar, Jaber	Wheatland	Jan. 30, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Vorce, Charles W.	Homer	Feb. 1, '64	Corp. Absent with leave at M. O.
Walton, Robert	Jackson	Jan. 4, '64	" " " "
Watson, John R.	Minooka	Jan. 1, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Watson, James K.	Joliet	Feb. 11, '64	" " " "
Watson, Robert	Minooka	Jan. 1, '64	Sergt. Killed July 19, 1864, at Decatur, Ga.
Williams, John A.	Joliet	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. June 28th, 1864. Was prisoner of war July 22, 1864.
RECRUITS.			
Barrett, James T.	Frankfort	Mar. 21, '64	Absent sick at M. O. Wounded July 22 near Atlanta.
Buggy, James	Joliet	Feb. 29, '64	Absent at M. O. Wounded severely July 22, 1864.
Collops, George	Minooka	Mar. 27, '64	Dis. April 8, 1865. Prisoner July 22, 1864.
Ellis, Philander	Morris	Mar. 31, '64	M. O. July 11, 1864, as corporal.
Garry, Alex.	Joliet	"	" " " "
Jordan, Wm.	"	Feb. 24, '64	" " " "
Marshall, Robert	"	Jan. 19	" " " "
Peterson, Hamilton C.	"	Feb. 27, '64	M. O. May 26, 1865.
Peterson, Carey A.	"	"	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, 1864.
Pierce, George W.	"	"	" " " " Corporal.
Richie, Wm.	"	Jan. 4, '64	" " " "
Stones, John	"	Mar. 2, '64	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Squires, Benjamin	"	Mar. 3, '64	" " " " Missing July 22, 1864.
Thompson, Thomas	"	Jan. 2, '64	Killed at Kenesaw mountain June 27, 1864.
Young, Alexander	Wheatland	Feb. 17, '64	Died at Mound City Sept. 28, 1864.
COMPANY I.			
Musicians.			
TAYLOR HOWE	Joliet	1864. Jan. 25	M. O. July 11, 1866.
JOHN ADAMS.	"	Feb. 8	" " " "
Wagoner.	"	"	" " " "
JEFF. PATTERSON	"	Feb. 10	" " " "
PRIVATEs.			
Ary, Ezra	"	Jan. 5	" " " " Wounded, thumb shot off May 29, at Dallas.
Armstrong, George	"	Feb. 1	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Anderson, John	"	Feb. 5	" " " "
Adams, Lafayette	"	Feb. 8	Died at Marietta, Ga., August 20, 1864.
Belden, Albert	"	Jan. 5	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Bishop, Francis M.	"	"	Died at Rome, Ga., August, 1864.
Beldin, Augustus H.	"	"	M. O. July 11, 1865, as sergt. Wounded Aug. 4, 1864.
Borris, Francis or Thos. A.	"	Feb. 1	M. O. July 11, 1865.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Bankersen, Peter	Joliet	1864. Jan. 24	Died at Newbern, N. C., May 10, 1865.
Cook, Wm. O.	Channahon	"	
Carnifx, John	"	"	Died at Marietta, Ga., Oct. 12, 1864.
Cain, Charles	"	"	M. O. June 28, 1865, prisoner of war.
Charles, Henry	"	"	Vet.
Charles, Wm. F.	"	Jan. 8	Vet. M. O. as sergt. July 11, 1865.
Dakin, Henry	"	"	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Herricks, Flavius G.	"	Feb. 5	" " " "
Hunt, Thomas E.	"	"	" " " "
Hogue, Elwood P.	"	"	" " " "
Haynes, Lewis	"	Jan. 25	" " " "
Hosier, Andrew	"	"	Died at Portsmouth, R. I., May 12, 1865.
Hamilton, Allen	"	"	M. O. July 11, 1865.
Humiston, Albert B.	"	Feb. 1	" " " "
Igon, Henry C.	"	"	" " " "
Igon, Stephen G.	Wheatland	"	" " " "
Johnson, Edward	"	Feb. 5	" " " "
Jungers, John	"	Jan. 25	" " " " Pris. of war.
Jordan, Joseph J.	"	"	" " " "
Johnson, Charles J.	"	Feb. 1	" " " " as corporal.
Park, George V.	Homer	"	" " " "
Prior, Joshua A.	"	Jan. 25	" " " "
COMPANY K.			
Corporal.			
ARBUTHNOT APPLING	Joliet	Feb. 1	M. O. July 11, 1865.
PRIVATES.			
Dobbins, Vincent	"	Feb. 15	Trans. to Vet. R. C., July 26, 1865.
Wheeler, Thos. J.	"	"	Died at Louisville, Ky., April 8, '64.
RECRUITS.			
David, Thos. W.	Lockport	Feb. 4	
Frey, Urias	"	Feb. 18	Died in Camp Butler, Ill., March 25, 1864.

SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Capt. Co. E consolidated.			
ALBERT H. HIGINBOTHAM	Joliet	1862. Apr. 26	As private Co. B. Prom. Q. M. sergt. Prom. captain of Co. E. consol. May 30, 1865. M. O. July 13, 1865.
CO. A—Original.			
PRIVATES.			
Goodenow, Corinthius	Will Co.	Feb. 20	Vet. Died at Marietta, Ga., August 14, 1864.
Howe, Theodore F.	Peotone	March 31	Trans. to Co. B. consol. as 1st sergt. Prom. 1st lieut. M. O. July 13, '65.
Johnson, Wm. J.	"	"	Trans. to Co. H. consol. M. O. July 13, '65.
COMPANY D.			
ISAAC N. ROBSON, corp'l.	Reed	Feb. 13	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, taken to Richmond and paroled.
WM. STEWART,	Wilmington	"	Vet. Trans. to Co. H. consol. as sergeant. Prom. 2d lieut. M. O. July 13, 1865. Was prisoner of war.
COMPANY G.			
RICH'D HALLAM, 1st Sgt.	"	Mar. 12	Dis. for dis. Nov. 4, 1862.
PRIVATES.			
Darling, Charles	"	Apr. 5	Dis. for wounds.
Darling, David	"	Apr. 9	M. O. April 25, 1865.
Berlie, John	Joliet	Mar. 20	Vet. Trans. to Co. H. consol. as corp. M. O. July 13, 1865.
Johnson, Robert	Wilmington	April 9	Died at Martinsburg, Va., July 25, 1862.
Melbourne, Robert	"	"	Dis. for dis. July 25, 1864.
Servis, Henry P.	Joliet	May 16	M. O. May 15, 1865.
Weise, Christopher	"	Mar. 18	Vet. Trans. to Co. H. consol. M. O. July 13, 1865.
COMPANY E.			
PRIVATES.			
Everett, George	Wesley	Apr. 22	M. O. May 15, 1865.
Robinson Edelbert	"	Apr. 7	" " " "
Wizer, Alonzo A.	"	"	Dis. for dis. April 22, 1862. Leg amputated at Chicago, R. R. accid't. Taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry at Miles' inglorious surrender.

SIXTY-FIFTH (CONSOLIDATED) REGIMENT.—Concluded,
Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATE Co. A. Hofner, Francis M.	Will	1865. May 4	
PRIVATES Co. D. Brown, Joseph Moore, John	Peotone Wilton	Mar. 13 Mar. 15	M. O. July 13, 1865, sergt.

SIXTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY E.			
RECRUITS.			
		1864.	
Buchanan, Arthur	Joliet	Feb. 26	Died at Hannibal, Mo., Nov. 30, 1864.
Evaus, Ernest	"	Feb. 18	M. O. July 7, 1865.
Halfman, Henry	"	Feb. 20	Mortally wounded and prisoner July 27, '64, at Kenesaw.
Johnson, James	"	Feb. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1864.
Putnam, Charles F.	"	Feb. 18	M. O. July 7, 1865.
Peterson, Ole	"	Feb. 1	M. O. May 31, 1865.
Popple, Chas. F.	"	Feb. 21	Trans. to 5th regt. V. R. C.
COMPANY C.			
Linkhart, George	"	Feb. 20	M. O. July 7, 1865.
Somler, Hans C.	"	"	"
COMPANY E.			
Duck, Polonzo C.	"	Feb. 26	" " " "
Ernest, Arthur V.	"	Feb. 6	Died at Rome, Ga., Sept. 6, 1864.
Furry, David B.	"	Feb. 23	M. O. July 7, 1865.
Joy, Samuel S.	"	Feb. 9	" " " "
Laughlin, Leander B.	"	Feb. 13	" " " " as corporal.
Lewellan, Thos. J.	"	Feb. 29	Trans. to Co. I. M. O. July 7, 1865.
Nye, Augustus C.	"	"	M. O. July 7th, 1864.
Slemmons, Wm. C.	"	Feb. 13	" " " "
Ward, William	"	Feb. 27	Died July 15, 1864.
COMPANY F.			
Anable, Miron	"	Feb. 24	"
Hall, Justice	"	Feb. 25	"
Olmstead, Henry	"	Feb. 20	M. O. July 7, 1865.
COMPANY G.			
Fairman, Elverson	"	Feb. 24	" " " "
Nickodemus	"	Feb. 20	" " " "
COMPANY H.			
Hostler, Geo. W.	"	Feb. 29	Vet. Died at Rome, Ga., July 15, 1864.
McElroy, Hugh G.	"	"	M. O. July 7, 1865.
Shadley, John B.	"	"	" " " "

SIXTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Three Months' Service.

PRIVATES.			
Fitzgerald, John	Co. B	Wilmington	June 4, '62 M. O.
Risley, John G.	Co. D	Joliet	June 2, '62 M. O.
Squire, Walter H.	"	"	" M. O.
Dancer, Wm.	Co. G	Wilton	" M. O.

SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Three Months' Service.

PRIVATES.			
Wilder, Geo.	Co. A	Crete	June 4, '62 M. O. Oct. 6, 1862.
Pratt, Wm.	Co. B	Joliet	" M. O. Sept. 27, 1862.
McBride, Patrick	Co. G	Lockport	June 6, '62 M. O. Sept. 27, 1862.
Egan, Cornelius	Co. I	Wilmington	June 2, '62 " " " "

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Principal Musician. BENJ. B. SCOTT	Channahon	July 28, '62	M. O. August 7th, 1875, as musician Co. B. Prom. prin.
COMPANY A. Anson, Amos F. private Forrester, Frank, recruit	Lockport Reed	July 24, '62 Jan. 15, '62	M. O. August 7, 1865. Trans. to 33d Ill. M. O. Nov. 24, 1864.
COMPANY B. Corporals. ISAAC B. WILLIS CHARLES F. FELTHAM	Channahon "	July 26, '62 Aug. 6, '62	Dis. for prom. in colored regiment. M. O. August 7, 1865.
PRIVATES. Eames, Wm. L. Hurd, Stephen H. L.	" "	" "	Dis. for dis. Feb. 21, 1863. M. O. July 15, 1865, as corporal. Was pris- oner of war.
Wake, Charles	Joliet	Aug. 12, '62	Trans. to Signal corps Sept. 7, 1863.
COMPANY C. Palmatur, J. W. recruit	"	Jan. 17, '65	Trans. to 33d regt. M. O. Nov. 24, 1865.
COMPANY D. Corporal. RICH'D W. WHITTINGTON	Channahon	July 28, '62	M. O. as sergt.
PRIVATES. Munson, John Parker, Edgar Wignall, Chas. Wignall, Robt. West, Manassas	" " " " "	Aug. 4, '62 Aug. 9, '62 July 28, '62 " July 29, '62	M. O. August 7, 1865. Died at Quincy Sept. 7, 1863. M. O. August 7th, 1865, corporal. " Died March 7, 1865.
RECRUITS. Pennock, John Sage, Elizur	Will Co. Channahon	Jan. 5, '64 Dec. 23, '63	Trans. to 33d. M. O. Nov. 24, '65. " " " " " "
COMPANY E. Wagoner. JOHN W. WATERHOUSE	Dupage	1862. Aug. 6	Died at Columbus, Ky., Nov. 14, 1862.
PRIVATES. Borland, Jerome Clark, Charles B.	" "	Aug. 7 Aug. 4	Died at Columbus, Ky., Oct. 24, 1862. Died at Memphis Sept. 22d, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Vicksburg.
Clark, Carlos B. Chapman, Mark Chapin, Kimball Freeman, James R. Freeman, Harvey B. George, James N. George, Edward George, Wm. Hartromft, Ezra Obenholser, Wm. Sprague, Edward	" " " " " " " " " " "	" Aug. 7 Aug. 21 Aug. 7 " Aug. 6 " " " " "	M. O. June 13, 1865, wounded. M. O. Aug. 7, 1865. Died at Columbus, Ky., Nov. 11, 1865. Died of wounds June 13, 1863. Died at Vicksburg April 26, 1864. Prom. corp. and sergt. Dis. for wounds. M. O. August 7, 1865. Absent sick at M. O. Died at Holly Springs Dec. 24, '62. M. O. Aug. 7, 1865. Dis. for dis. May 23, 1865.
RECRUITS. George, Gardiner B. George, Charles Klos, Henry Morse, Clarence W. Preston, Justus N. McConchie, Wm.	" " " " " Co. K Joliet	Oct. 4, '64 " " Sept. 26, '64 Sept. 30, '64 Feb. 23, '64	Trans. to 33d. M. O. Dec. 20, 1865. " " " " " " " " " " " " M. O. Aug. 7, 1865. Dis. for dis. June 10, 1865. Trans. to 33d. Absent on leave at M. O.

SEVENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Boland, James J.	Joliet	Aug. 10, '62	M. O. June 12, '65, as sergt. Was in New Or- leans at breaking out of war, forced into rebel service, came into Union lines at Stone River and enlisted.
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The 51st to 62d inclusive were accidentally omitted in their proper places

FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES Co. B. Clark, Patrick Veezie, Jacob Sergt. Major. RICH'D F. BARBER, Co. D	Monee " "	Oct. 30, '61 Oct. 21, '61 Jan. 28, '62	M. O. June 6, 1865. Was prisoner of war. M. O. Jan. 12, 1865. As private. Vet. Prom. sergt. maj. Prom. 2d lieut. 13th colored U. S. inf. Prom. 1st lieut. Prom. captain. Wounded at Chickamauga, Nickajack, and Kenesaw.
Sergt Co. G. CALVIN SERVICE	Joliet	Sept 21, '62	Dis. for dis. in 1863.
PRIVATES Co. K. Holmes, Samuel A. Service, Henry P.	" "	Sept 28, '62 Jan. 15, '62	Dis. April 19, 1862. " " " "

FIFTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Assistant Surgeon. PHINEAS K. GUILD	Plainfield	Oct. 11, '61	Resigned March 18, 1863.
PRIVATES Co. H. Curtiss, Jonathan Patterson, John Steabold, Christ'p'r recr.	Will Co. " Wheatland	Sept 28, '61 " Feb. 17, '64	M. O. Nov. 18, 1864. M. O. July 6, '65.

FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY F. 2d Lieut. ABNER F. COOK	Wilmington	Nov. 30, '61	As private. Prom. June 2d, 1863. M. O. as private. Detached.
Com. Sergt. DAVID L. HOLDEN	Frankfort	Dec. 9, '61	As private Co. F. Prom. com. sergt. Vet. M. O. July 22, 1865.
Principal Musician. CHARLES W. COOK	Wilmington	Dec. 3, '61	As private. Vet. Prom. principal musician. M. O. July 22, 1865.
PRIVATES. Bryant, Nathan Fink, John P.	Dupage Frankfort	Jan. 23, '62 Dec. 28, '61	M. O. March 1, 1865. Pris. war. Vet. Died in Andersonville prison Sept. 30, 1864, grave No. 10,097.
Hubbard, Wm.	Lockport	Dec. 28, '61	M. O. Jan. 1, 1865.
McLaughlin, Dennis	"	Jan. 4, '62	Vet. M. O. June 28, '65, was pris. of war.
Metler, Wm.	Frankfort	Dec. 9, '61	Dis. for dis. Sept. 14, 1862.
Metler, Allen B.	"	Dec. 27, '61	Vet. M. O. July 22, 1864.
Near, Christopher	"	Dec. 9, '61	Dis. for dis. Dec. 10, 1862.
Newberry, Edson	Lockport	Jan. 2, '62	Vet. M. O. July 22, 1865.
Paxon, Luther	Dupage	"	M. O. April 22, 1865.
Potter, Samuel T.	Wilmington	Nov. 15, '61	Died at St. Louis May 21, 1861.
Parsons, Eugenius	Frankfort	Dec. 9, '61	M. O. Dec. 24, 1864, pris. war.
Robertson, Anderson	"	"	M. O. Dec. 28, 1864.
Stewart, Nathan	Dupage	Jan. 23, '62	"
Stewart, Warner	"	Dec. 27, '61	Dis. for dis. March 6, 1862.
Smith, Charles	Frankfort	Dec. 9, '61	Dis. for dis. Dec. 12, 1862.
Stickman, Frederick	"	Jan. 21, '62	Vet. M. O. July 22, '65, corporal.
Talty, Cornelius	Lockport	Jan. 24, '62	"
Unruh, Abram C.	Frankfort	Dec. 9, '61	Vet. M. O. July 22, '65, as 1st sergt.
RECRUITS. Clark, Wm. D.	Dupage	Feb. 15, '62	M. O. March 15, 1865.
Drosler, Thomas	Frankfort	Mar. 16, '62	Died at St. Louis May 4, 1862.
Finley (or Tinley) Wm.	"	Feb. 15, '62	M. O. June 27, 1865, absent sick.
Jarvis, Wm. L.	Dupage	"	Dis. for dis. April 28, 1862.

FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
CO. B—PRIVATES.			
Robinson, Andrew	Joliet	Oct. 17, '61	Dis. for dis. July 4, 1863.
Love, Oscar, recruit.	"	Feb. 15, '62	M. O. March 16, 1865.
COMPANY E.			
Barnes, Wm.	Plainfield	Nov. 4, '61	Vet. Absent at M. O.
Shelby, Chas. W. H. recr.	Wesley	Jan. 16, '64	M. O. July 22, 1865.
COMPANY I—(new.)			
Heffron, Edward	Wilmington	Feb. 2, '64	M. O. July 22, 1865, as sergt.
Matis, Mathias	"	Jan. 29, '64	" " " " " "
Miller, Charles D.	Joliet	"	Vet. M. O. July 22, 1865.
COMPANY K.			
Anber, Wm.	"	Jan. 12, '62	Vet. Trans. to Co. F. as sergt. M. O. July 22, 1865.
Gaines W.	"	Jan. 23, '62	"
McNulty, Jas.	"	"	Vet. Trans. to Co. F. M. O.
Watkins, Morgan, recruit	"	Mar. 1, '64	"

FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

RECRUITS CO. B.			
Brewster, Walter L.	Joliet	Mar. 8, '64	Trans. from 127th regt. M. O. Aug. 14, 1865.
Cooper, Francis	"	Mar. 15, '64	Same
O'Brian, Daniel Co. E	Lockport	Sept. 19, '61	Died at Memphis Dec. 16, '62.
RECRUIT CO. G.			
Smith, Franklin	Wilmington	Feb. 2, '64	Dis. for wounds June 25, 1865.
COMPANY I.			
PRIVATES.			
Baird, Wm. W.	Peotone	Oct. 31, '61	"
Garvis, David	"	Oct. 7, '61	Dis. for dis. Jan. 28, 1863.
Ingersoll, Benj. F.	Homer	Oct. 9	Vet. M. O. August 14, 1865, as sergt.
Stryker, Benj.	"	Mar. 22, '64	Dis.

FIFTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

RECRUIT CO. A.			
Breslen, Joseph	Lockport	Apr. 14, '65	M. O. July 7, 1865.
PRIVATE CO. C.			
Brown, John	Joliet	Dec. 11, '61	M. O. Dec. 2 ^d , 1864.
RECRUITS CO. F.			
Goa, Henry	"	"	Dis. for dis. Feb. 24, 1865.
Throat, Frederick	"	"	Dis. August 2, 1863.
COMPANY E.			
Collins, John	"	Dec. 16, '61	Dis. for dis. June 8, 1862.
Johnson, Orrin	"	Oct. 28, '61	Dis. for dis. March, 1863. Severely wounded at Shiloh.

FIFTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY A.			
Lambert, Thomas, priv.	Lockport	Dec. 8, '61	
Coughlin, Thomas, recr.	"	Jan. 1, '62	Dis. Feb. 6, '62, minor.
COMPANY B.			
Franklin, Saml. W. priv.	Wesley	Oct. 12, '61	M. O. Feb. 8, '65.
COMPANY C.			
Dugdale, Peter	Joliet	Dec. 24, '63	Trans. to Co. C consol. M. O. Aug. 2, '65.
COMPANY D.			
Pehen, Wm.	Reed	Dec. 30, '61	Dis. for dis. Aug. 15, 1862.
Pehen, Frederick	"	"	April 26, "
COMPANY H.			
Fain, James	Lockport	Oct. 24, '61	Vet. Trans. to Co. A consol. Dis. for dis. May 8, 1865.

FIFTY-EIGHTH (CONSOLIDATED) REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

PRIVATES Co. A.			
Malony, John, private	Joliet	Feb. 18, '64	Dis. for dis. Feb. 2, 1865.
Price, Arthur	"	Dec. 29, '63	Pris. of war, died April 9, '64, of wounds.
COMPANY D.			
Hill, Edward	"	Oct. 8, '64	M. O. Oct. 18, 1865.
Hyatt, Albert A.	"	"	"
COMPANY I.			
Corporal.			
FRANKLIN PINSLEY	Dupage	Mar. 4, '65	
Musician.			
HARRISON G. VANZANDT	Will	"	M. O. March 3d, '66, corporal.
Wagoner.			
JOSEPH A. SMITH	Gr'n Gard'n	Mar. 1, '65	Absent sick at M. O.
PRIVATES,			
Boyd, Jos. L.	W. Joliet	Mar. 4, '65	Dis. for dis. August 18, 1865.
Bond, Wm. K. or R.	Frankfort	Mar. 1, '65	M. O. March 1, '65, as corporal.
Check, Wm.	Jackson	Mar. 2, '65	M. O. March 3, 1865.
Campbell, Wm.	Frankfort	Mar. 1, '65	M. O. March 1, 1865.
Darnell, Francis M.	Joliet	Mar. 4, '65	" May 29, 1865.
Gross, Richard	Wheatland	Mar. 10, '65	Absent sick at M. O.
Garland, Benj.	Dupage	Mar. 1, '65	
Heffner, Francis M.	Will	Mar. 4, '65	M. O. May 29, 1865.
Harris, Jerome	Frankfort	Mar. 1, '65	" March 1, 1866.
Hurd, Daniel M.	"	Mar. 2, '65	" " 3 "
Martin, Jacob	"	Mar. 1, '65	" " 1 "
McDaniel, John H.	"	"	Died Sept. 31, 1865.
Nations, John L.	"	"	M. O. March 3, 1866.
Redfour, Charles	Gr'n Gard'n	"	" " 1 "
Stevens, Henry	Frankfort	"	" " 1 "
Wiley, Samuel	Wheatland	Mar. 10, '65	" " 1 "
Wright, James H.	Jackson	Mar. 1, '65	" " 1 " as corporal.
COMPANY B.			
Fellows, Hubert	Joliet	Sep. 30, '64	Died at Memphis.

FIFTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY K.			
Dockey, Thomas	Wilmington	Sept. 1, '61	Dis. for dis. Feb. 1, 1863.
Schmith, George	Joliet	Dec. 28	Trans. from 89th regt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY I. Adjutant. JOHN F. KELLY	Joliet	Dec.24,'61	As private Co. I. Prom. sergt. major, then prom. adjt. March 23d. 1863. Made captain and asst. adjt. gen. 14th A. C. on staff of Jeff. C. Davis. M. O. Oct. 15, '65. W'nd'd at Mission Ridge, Resacca, and Jonesboro.
Gorman, John, private	"	Feb.13,'62	Trans. to 5th U. S. cav. Killed in skirmish at Triune, Tenn.

SIXTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY C. Neeld, Elias G.	Monee	Mar. 8, '65	Recruit from 98th. M. O. Sept. 8th, '65.
COMPANY F. Troxsil, John S.	Will Co.	Oct. 3, '64	Recruit from 123d. M. O. Sept. 8, 1865.
COMPANY H. RECRUITS FROM 98TH.			
Brown, Columbus	Monee	Mar.11,'65	M. O. Sept. 8, 1865.
Rayner, Thomas C.	Manhattan	April 12	" " " "
Rose, Madison O.	Gr'n Gard'n	Mar.10,'65	" " " "
Williams, George W.	Monee	Mar.7,'65	" " " "
COMPANY I. Bannon, Mathew	Joliet	Mar.18,'62	Vet. M. O. Sept. 8, '65, corporal.

SIXTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

RECRUIT Co. A. Carman, Wm. A.	Wilton	Oct. 10, '64	Trans. to consol. M. O. March 6, 1866.
RECRUITS Co. F.			
Green, Wm. H.	Crete	Oct. 1, '64	Trans. to consol. M. O. Nov. 9, '65, corporal
Lowe, Wm.	"	"	" " " " " "
Lewis, David	"	"	" " " " " "
Moreland, Hazel	"	"	" " " " " "
Falmator, Lacon	"	"	Same.
Smith, George W.	"	"	Same.
Carroll, Henry,	Co. H Dupage	Mar. 1, '65	Trans. to Co. A consol. M. O. March 6, 1866.
McGinnis.	Co. I Plainfield	Feb.13,'65	Trans. to Co. G. M. O. Feb. 8, '66.

SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

1st Lieut. Co. I. FRANK R. WARNER	Will Co.	Aug. 6, '62	As 1st sergt. Co. I. Prom. 1st lieut. June 27, 1863. M. O. July 22, 1865.
RECRUITS Co. F. Fairman, Foster N. Sapp, David	Joliet	Dec.29,'63	Trans. to 37th regt. Co. C. M. O. May 15, '66. Same Record.
COMPANY I.			
Corporal. Wm. F. WHITSON	Will Co.	Aug. 9, '62	M. O. July 22, 1865.
PRIVATE. Cook, Nathan	Plainfield	Aug.14,'62	" " " "
RECRUITS. Harting, Isaiah Paddock, Henry C.	Wilton Lockport	Mar.10,'65 Dec.20,'63	Trans. to 37th regt. M. O. Mar. 9, '66. " " " " " w'ndd.

EIGHTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Principal Musician. GUSTAV JORDAN COMPANY D. Corporal.	Monee	1862. Aug. 15	As private Co. D. M. O. July 9, 1865.
ADAM KUMPLEY Musician.	"	Aug. 18	M. O. June 3, 1865.
AUGUST HARLT Privates.	"	Aug. 12	" " 9 "
Harden, Charles Gloon, Jacob	"	"	Trans. to V. R. C. Nov. 15, '63.
Stade, Fritz	"	Sept. 26	M. O. June 9, 1865, as corporal. Wounded at Chancellorsville May, 1863.
Struve, Wilhelm	"	Aug. 17	M. O. June 9, 1865.
Struve, Carl	"	Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. July 17, 1863.
Warnecke, Gustav	"	Aug. 12	Trans. to V. R. C. Nov. 3, '63.
RECRUITS.			
Carstons, Anton	"		M. O. June 8, 1865.
Carstons, Henry	"		Missing at bat. of Chancellorsville May 2, '63.
Haentger, Gregor Co. K	"	Jun. 25, '62	

EIGHTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Major. LEVI P. HOLDEN COMPANY E. Captain Co. E.	Frankfort	1862. Sept. 4	As captain Co. E. Prom. major June 22, '64. M. O. June 9, 1865.
EDWIN A. STOLP 2d Lieut.	"	Aug. 9, '62	As sergt. major. Prom. 1st lieut. Co. E June 22, '64. Prom. capt. Oct. 22, '64.
FINAL H. MOREY Sergeant.	Peotone	Aug. 13, '62	As Q. M. sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant June 8, 1865.
JOHN H. REYNOLDS Corporal.	New Lenox	July 24, '62	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1863.
GEORGE LEFFER	Frankfort	Aug. 13, '62	Died at Stevenson, Ala., Sept. 27, 1863.
Privates.			
Leffer, John	"	"	M. O. June 9, 1865, as corporal.
Peterson, Tens	"	Aug. 9	Same as above.
Pile, Thomas	Joliet	"	
Stowell, Burr S.	Frankfort	"	Trans. to invalid corps Aug. 1, 1863.
Stofel, Robert	New Lenox	Aug. 13	M. O. June 9, '65, as corporal.
COMPANY H. Corporal.			
ANDREON COOK	Crete	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. June 11, 1864.
Andrus, Wm. S. private	"	"	M. O. June 9, 1865, as sergt.
COMPANY A.			
Liddell, John private	Wheatland	"	M. O. June 9, 1865.
Taylor, Fred. F.	"	Aug. 9	
COMPANY F.			
VanHorne, John priv	Mokena	Aug. 12	Dis. Nov. 5, 1862.

EIGHTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY K. 1st Sergeant.			
JAMES M. MULLIKEN	Crete	Aug. 7, '62	Died in rebel hospital at Danville, Va., Feb. 28th, 1864.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Major. DANIEL O'CONNOR	Joliet	1862. Aug. 29	As captain Co. D. Prom. major June 6, '65. Severely wounded at Mission Ridge.
COMPANY C. Captain. PATRICK O'MAHAN	Lockport	Aug. 28	Hon. dis. June 14, 1864, for disability.
James Dunne 1st Lieutenant.	"	Aug. 9	As 1st sergt. Prom. 1st lieutenant. June 15, 1864. Prom. capt. Sept. 8, 1864. M. O. June 6, '65.
JAMES E. CASEY	"	"	As sergt. Prom. 1st sergt., then 1st lieutenant. M. O. June 6, 1865. Wounded.
COMPANY D. 1st Lieutenant. JOHN W. KELLEY	Joliet	Aug. 29	M. O. June 6, 1865.
2d Lieutenant. PETER O'BRIEN	"	"	Resigned March 6, 1863.
2d Lieutenant. DAVID A. KEYS	"	Aug. 25	As 1st sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant.
2d Lieutenant. PETER McIBTEE	"	Aug. 28	As sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. M. O. June 6, '65. Wounded.
Sergt. Major. THOS. E. LONERGAN	Lockport	Aug. 9	Dis. April 4, 1864, wounds. Right hand shot and disabled.
Hospital Steward. THOMAS HENDRICKS	Joliet	Aug. 8	
Principal Musician. CHARLES DUNNE	"	Aug. 14	M. O. June 6, 1865.
RECRUIT CO. A. Stewart, Charles M.	"	Jan. 25, '65	Trans. to 48th Ill.
COMPANY C. Sergeant. JOHN J. RYAN	Lockport	1862. Aug. 13	M. O. June 6, 1865. Was wounded at Mission Ridge.
Corporals. HENRY PORTER	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 24, 1865. Was a pris. of war.
MICHAEL McDONALD	"	Aug. 12	" " " " as 1st sergt.
PATRICK H. SLOAN	"	Aug. 9	Prom. prin. musician. M. O. June 6, 1865. Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 29, 1864.
JOHN FLAVEN Musician.	"		
MICHAEL LOUGHAN	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 5, 1865.
PRIVATES. Beach, William	"	"	
Brady, Michael	"	Aug. 20	Dis. for dis. March 4, 1865.
Byron, James	Wilmingt'n	Aug. 12	M. O. June 5, 1865. Pris. of war, captured at Mission Ridge.
Bachand, Magloire	Lockport	Aug. 9	
Bryan, John W.	"	Aug. 15	
Curran, Owen	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 9, 1865, as corporal. Detached as clerk in Q. M. dept.
Crosby, John	"	"	Died in Andersonville prison June 11, 1865, grave No. 12,433.
Clark, James	"	Aug. 13	M. O. June 5, 1865.
Clayton, Thomas	Illomer	Aug. 15	Died at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 4, 1864.
Carey, Thomas	Lockport	Aug. 22	
Carr, Wm.	"	Aug. 21	M. O. June 5, 1865.
Dougherty, Martin	"	Aug. 9	Abs. wounded at M. O. Wounded at Atlanta July 23, 1864.
Griffin, John	"	Aug. 15	Trans. to 28th regt. M. O. Aug. 15, 1865.
Gannon, John	"	"	
Groundwell, John	"	"	
Hogan, Thos.	"	"	M. O. June 5, 1865.
Hennebry, Thos.	"	"	" " " " as corporal.
King, John	"	Aug. 22	
Klesner, Francis	"	Aug. 15	M. O. June 24, 1865. Pris. war.

NINETIETH REGIMENT.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Murphy, Thomas	Lockport	1862. Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. Aug. 1, 1864, for wounds received at Mission Ridge.
Miles, Wm.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 5, 1865.
Miles, Wm. C.	"	"	" " " "
McCafferty, John	"	Aug. 22	" " " "
Mortley, Edward	"	Aug. 18	" " " "
Nicholson, Patrick	"	Aug. 15	" " " "
Newberry, Stephen	Homer	Aug. 14	" " " "
O'Reiley, John	Lockport	Aug. 22	" " " "
Reynolds, Thomas	"	Aug. 18	" " " "
Rowley, Wm.	"	Aug. 12	" " " "
Redmond, Edward	"	"	Dis. for dis. July 10, 1864, for wounds rec'd at Mission Ridge.
Ryan, John	"	Aug. 18	" " " "
Rice, James	"	Aug. 21	" " " "
Shay, John J.	"	Aug. 18	" " " "
Wells, Joseph	"	Aug. 13	Died at Nashville, Dec. 10, 1863.
Welsh, Edward	"	Aug. 19	Died of wounds rec'd Aug. 3, '64.
Wicker, Nelson S.	"	Aug. 13	Died of wounds Dec. 4, 1863.
COMPANY D.			
Sergeants.			
Wm. M. WELCH	Joliet	Aug. 26	Killed at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 13, 1864.
AUSTIN NEEDHAM	"	"	M. O. June 6, 1865.
MARTIN HICKS	"	Aug. 12	" " " "
Corporals.			
MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM	Manhattan	Aug. 11	" " " "
MATHEW HALEY	"	Aug. 14	" " " "
"	"	Aug. 15	Taken prisoner at Mission Ridge and died at Richmond while prisoner of war Apr. 8, '64.
EDWARD CUNNINGHAM	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 6, 1865, as sergt.
MICHAEL HALEY	"	"	Dis.
JOHN CASPER	Joliet	Aug. 15	Captured at Mission Ridge, died in Andersonville prison Oct. 3, '64, grave No. 12,257.
PETER WILHELM	"	Aug. 22	" " " "
THOS. W. SMITH	"	Aug. 11	" " " "
THOMAS W. BURNS	"	Aug. 21	Sergt. Trans. to V. R. C. Mar. 17, 1864.
Musician.	"	"	" " " "
PHILIP OWENS	"	"	M. O. June 6, 1865.
PRIVATES.			
Bannon, Richard	"	Aug. 11	" " " "
Bruce, Hugh	Wilton	"	" " " " as wagoner.
Bruce, Wm.	"	"	Died at Chattanooga Nov. 28, '63, of wounds received at Mission Ridge.
Bloom, Frederick	"	Aug. 13	Absent wounded at M. O.
Bannon, Andrew	"	Aug. 8	M. O. May 18, 1865.
Brown, Isaac	"	Aug. 25	" " " "
Conchlin, Simon	"	Aug. 13	Killed by torpedoes at Fort McAllister, Ga., Dec. 31, 1864.
Cassiday, Henry	"	Aug. 15	" " " "
Crow, Martin	"	"	Dis. Oct. 4, 1864, for wounds rec'd at Mission Ridge.
Canna, John	Troy	"	Died at Lagrange, Tenn., Mar. 15, 1863.
Carney, James	Channahon	"	Died at Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1863.
Cramer, James	"	Aug. 22	Dis.
Curran, Wm.	Joliet	Aug. 18	M. O. June 6, 1865.
Decker, Philip	"	Aug. 15	" " " "
Drordlen, Philip	"	Aug. 22	Died Oct. 17, 1863.
Dudloff, David B.	"	Aug. 14	" " " "
Devlin, Patrick	"	"	M. O. June 6, 1865, as sergt.
Eckhardt, Henry R.	"	Aug. 13	" " " "
Edwards, James	"	Aug. 15	" " " "
Grant, John	Wilton	Aug. 11	" " " "
Gray, James	Joliet	"	" " " "
Graham, Wm.	Channahon	"	" " " "
Gossman, Conrad	Joliet	Aug. 12	" " " " Wounded.
Garrity, Patrick	"	Aug. 13	Died in Joliet Sept. 13, 1864.
Goodrich, James	"	Aug. 22	" " " "
Glennon, John	"	Aug. 24	" " " "
Hyers, James	"	Aug. 14	" " " "

NINETIETH REGIMENT.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Joyce, Austin	Joliet	1862. Aug. 14	Captured at Mission Ridge. Died in Andersonville pris. July 20, '64. Grave No. 2241.
Judge, Bryan	"	Aug. 15	Dis. Feb. 20, 1863. Lost leg at Mission Ridge.
Jones, George W.	"	Aug. 26	
Kelly, James	"	Aug. 15	Trans. to V. R. C.
Kelly, Robert	"	"	Sergt. Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 26, '64.
Keffe, Richard	"	Aug. 21	
Kane, John J.	"	Aug. 18	M. O. June 6, 1865.
Keyser, Jacob	"	Aug. 25	
Leonard, Henry	"	Aug. 12	
Loughrea, James	"	Aug. 14	Died of wounds at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1864.
Leahy, Michael	"	Aug. 15	M. O. June 6, 1865. Wounded.
Lawhead, Peter D.	"	"	
Lively, David R.	"	"	
Lewis, John	Channahon	Aug. 22	Absent sick at M. O.
Malone, James	Joliet	Aug. 11	" " " "
Mahoney, Cornelius	"	Aug. 14	" " " "
Maher, John	"	"	
Mock, Joseph	"	Aug. 15	
Moore, Joseph	"	Aug. 25	
Milgam, Mathew	"	Aug. 15	
Norton, Edward	"	Aug. 26	M. O. June 6, 1865.
Norton, Patrick	"	Aug. 25	" " " " Wounded.
Oliver, John	"	Aug. 21	
O'Brien, John	"	Aug. 12	Absent wounded at M. O. Lost an arm at Mission Ridge.
O'Boyle, Patrick	Channahon	Aug. 11	Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 11, 1864.
Ouker, John	Joliet	Aug. 14	
Parker, John H.	"	Aug. 25	
Powers, Wm.	"	Aug. 18	
Rowe, Anthony	"	Aug. 25	
Rainey, Horace	"	Aug. 15	M. O. June 6, 1865.
Rule, John	"	"	" " " " corporal.
Ryan, David	"	Aug. 21	Absent wounded at M. O. in hospital at Quincy. Wounded in knee at Mission Ridge.
Smyth, Francis	"	Aug. 13	
Shehey, George	"	Aug. 11	
Smith, Frank	"	Aug. 13	
Smith, Richard F.	"	"	
Smith, Arnold	"	Aug. 14	Died at Chicago, Ill., March 14, 1863.
Stalchey, Paul	"	Aug. 22	
Sharkey, Edward	"	Aug. 20	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 5, 1863.
Somers, Charles	"	Aug. 25	
Smith, Martin	"	Aug. 15	Died Aug. 27, 1863.
Wilkinson, David D.	"	Aug. 14	
Wiles, Michael	"	Aug. 15	M. O. June 6, 1865. Wounded.
Whalen, John	Troy	"	" " " " corporal.
Welch, Wm.	Joliet	Aug. 21	
Welch, Wm.	"	Aug. 25	
Zolph, Simon	Troy	Aug. 15	
Casey, John recruit	Joliet	Feb. 2, '64	Trans. to 48th Ill. M. O. Aug. 15, '65.
Conway, Lawr. J.	"	Oct. 19, '63	Same. Wounded.
Corporal Co. G.			
JAMES O'CONNOR	Lockport	Aug. 8, '62	M. O. June 6, 1865. Wounded.
COMPANY H.			
PRIVATES.			
Devine, Patrick	Wilmington	Aug. 15, '62	Shot at Snyder's Bluff, Miss., June 20, '62, by private James McGuire.
Hayes, Michael	Florence	Sept. 1, '62	
Maguire, Charles	Lockport	Aug. 15, '62	Died at Marietta, Ga., Oct. 4, 1864, wounds.
Redmond, James	Will Co.	Sept. 8, '62	M. O. June 6, 1865.

NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT.

RECRUITS Co. D.			
Fay, (Fry) Philip	Joliet	Dec. 29, '63	Trans. to Co. G, 28th regt. M. O. Mar. 15, '66.
Galloway, John	Wheatland	Jan. 19, '64	" " D " " Sick at M. O.
Seely, John	"	"	" " G " " M. O. Mar. 12, '66.
Seigler, Felix	Joliet	Jan. 30, '65	" " G " " " Jan. 19, '66.
Welch, John W.	Wheatland	Jan. 16, '64	" " G " " " Mar. 15, '66.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Colonel. FRED'K A. BARTLESON	Joliet	1862. Aug. 30	Killed in action at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 23, 1865. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga and sent to Libby prison.
Colonel. CHAS. M. HAMMOND	Wilmington	"	As major. Prom. lieutenant, colonel July 20, '64. Prom. colonel May 11, 1865. Wounded at Stone River.
Lieut. Colonel. ABBA N. WATERMAN	Joliet	"	Resigned July 20, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Major, RODNEY S. BOWEN	Wilmington	"	As captain Co. A. Prom. major July 20, '64. Wounded at Mission Ridge. Died Dec. 3, 1864, of wounds rec'd in battle of Franklin.
Major. SAMUEL G. NELSON	Wilton	"	As 1st lieutenant. Co. H. Prom. captain Nov. 21, '63. Prom. major March 24, '65. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Adjutant. GEORGE W. ROUSE	Joliet	"	As private. Made adjutant at organization of regiment. Died Aug. 3 of wounds and amputated Sept. 23, 1864, before Atlanta.
Adjutant. OTHNIEL HORNE	Lockport	July 24	As sergeant major. Co. K. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Dec. 15, 1863. Prom. adjutant Aug. 3, 1864.
Quartermaster. THOMAS S. WILSON	Homer	Aug. 30	Served faithfully through the entire service of regt. M. O. June 12, 1865.
Surgeon. ADOLPHUS W. HEISE	Joliet	"	Resigned April 21, '64. Served as brig. surg.
Surgeon. HENRY T. WOODRUFF	"	"	As assistant surgeon. Prom. surgeon April 21, '64. M. O. June 12, 1865. Taken prisoner in charge of wounded at Crawfish Springs, Ga., Sept. 20, '63.
Assistant Surgeon. ELVES HARWOOD	"	"	Resigned Jan. 22, 1863.
Chaplain. HOOPER CREWS	"	"	Resigned Aug. 16, 1863.
CO. A—Com. Off. Captain. M. N. M. STEWART	Wilmington	"	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. captain July 20th, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga. Wounded before Atlanta July 23, '64. M. O. June 12, '65.
1st Lieutenant. ELISHA GANO	Reed	July 16	As 1st sergeant. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Jan. 1st, 1863. Prom. 1st lieutenant. July 29th, 1864. Wounded May 26, 1864.
2d Lieutenant. CHARLES F. MITCHELL	Wilmington	Aug. 30	Died Jan. 4, 1863, of wounds rec'd in battle of Stone River Dec. 31, 1862.
CO. B—Com. Off. Captain. JAMES G. ELWOOD	"	"	Resigned Oct. 13, 1863. Served on brigade staff as inspector general.
Captain. ETHAN H. HOWARD	"	"	As 2d lieutenant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Feb. 15th, 1863. Prom. captain Oct. 13th, 1863. Resigned Nov. 6th, 1864. Served on brigade staff as provost marshal.
Captain. FRED'K W. MATTHEWS	"	"	As sergeant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. August 16th, 1864. Prom. captain Nov. 6, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded in front of Chattanooga and at Kenesaw Mountain. Also May 30, 1864.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
1st Lieutenant. AUGUSTUS A. OSGOOD	Joliet	1862. Aug. 30	Resigned Feb. 16th, 1863. Wounded at Stone River.
1st Lieutenant. MAJOR E. SEARLES	"	July 24	As 1st sergt. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Oct. 13, 1863. Hon. dis. for wounds at battle of Mission Ridge Aug. 16, 1864.
1st Lieutenant. HENRY A. SMITH	"	"	As 1st sergt. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Nov. 6th, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga three times.
2d Lieutenant. DANIEL D. POWLES	Jackson	July 26	As sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Feb. 16, 1863. Resigned Aug. 6, 1863.
CO. C—COM. OFF. Captain. CHAS. H. BACON	Lockport	Aug. 30	Resigned Jan. 13, 1863.
Captain. GEO. BEZ	Mokena	"	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. captain Jan. 13th, 1863. Wounded at Stone River. Res. Oct. 4, '63.
Captain. J. S. McDONALD	Lockport	"	As 2d lieutenant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Jan. 13th, 1863. Prom. captain Oct. 4, 1863. Resigned May 2, '64. Wounded at Stone River.
Captain. GEO. M. LYND	"	July 29	As 1st sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Jan. 13, 1863. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Oct. 4, 1863. Prom. captain May 2, 1864. M. O. June 12th, 1865. Sunstruck in battle of Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864.
1st Lieutenant. AUGUSTUS HIRSCH CO. D—COM. OFF.	Mokena	Aug. 15	As private. Promoted corporal, sergt. and 1st lieutenant. May 2, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865.
Captain. ALBERT AMSDEN	Dupage	Aug. 30	Resigned Dec. 18, 1862.
Captain. JOHN A. BURRELL	Plainfield	"	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. capt. Dec. 19, 1862. Severely wounded at Chickamauga. Killed May 30, 1864, on the Atlanta campaign.
Captain. STRONG R. MOODY	Dupage	Aug. 1	As corporal. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Jan. 31st, 1864. Prom. capt. May 30, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865.
1st Lieutenant. HORATIO N. WICKS	Plainfield	Aug. 30	As 2d lieutenant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Dec. 19th, 1862. Resigned Jan. 31, 1864.
2d Lieutenant. SAMUEL KOACH	"	Aug. 7	As 1st sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Dec. 19, 1862. Hon. dis. May 15, 1865. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga Sept. 20, and taken to Libby prison.
CO. E—COM. OFF. Captain. WM. W. BARTLETT	Joliet	Aug. 30	Resigned Feb. 22, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Captain. ANSON PATTERSON	"	"	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. captain Feb. 27th, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
1st Lieutenant. RANSOM F. BARTLETT	"	Aug. 5	As 1st sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Jan. 23d, 1863. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Feb. 27th, 1864. Resigned Sept. 23, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
1st Lieutenant. JOHN DODGE	"	"	As sergt. Prom. 1st lieutenant Sept. 23, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865.
2d Lieutenant. JAMES R. LETTS CO. F—COM. OFF.	"	Aug. 30	Resigned Jan. 23, 1863.
Captain. RICH'D S. McCLAUGHRY	Homer	"	Resigned July 11, 1864. Wounded at Mission Ridge.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Captain. NATHAN D. INGRAHAM	Homer	1862. Aug. 30	As 1st lieutenant. Promoted capt. July 11, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865. Detailed on staff of Gen. Negly.
1st Lieutenant. ALFRED HOPKINS	"	Aug. 13	As private. Promoted 1st sergeant, then 1st lieutenant. July 11, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865.
2d Lieutenant. JOHN M. POWELL	"	Aug. 30	Resigned Oct. 23, 1863.
CO. G—COM. OFF. Captain. WM. A. MUNGER	Joliet	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. The only original captain at M. O. Served also as Brigade commissary.
1st Lieutenant. JULIUS C. WILLIAMS	"	"	Resigned October 29, 1864. Served as aid on brigade staff.
1st Lieutenant. HENRY J. EWEN	"	"	As 2d lieutenant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Oct. 29, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865.
CO. H—COM. OFF. Captain. HARLOW B. GODDARD	"	"	Resigned Nov. 21, 1863.
1st Lieutenant. CHARLES H. RUSSELL	Jackson	Aug. 12	As corporal. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Jan. 12, 1863. Prom. capt. March 24, '65. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga. Taken to Libby, then to Charleston and put under the fire of our forces. Exchanged near close of the war, and hon. dis. May 15, 1865.
2d Lieutenant. CHARLES MEACHAM	Wilton	Aug. 9	As sergeant. Prom. 1st sergeant, then 2d lieutenant and 1st lieutenant. March 24, 1865. M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga and at Kenesaw.
CO. I—COM. OFF. Captain. HEZEKIAH GARDNER	Wilmington	Aug. 30	Resigned Oct. 27, 1862.
Captain. SIMEON D. B. LINES	"	July 28	Hon. dis. August 18, 1864. Lost right leg in Mission Ridge battle Nov. 25, 1863.
1st Lieutenant. JOHN H. McCONNELL	"	Aug. 30	As private. Prom. 2d lieutenant. June 23, 1863. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Aug. 5, 1864. Prom. capt. Aug. 18, 1864. M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at battle of Franklin.
1st Lieutenant. GEO. C. SCHOONMAKER	"	"	Resigned Jan. 23, 1863.
1st Lieutenant. FELIX KEELEY	"	July 28	As 2d lieutenant. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Jan. 23, 1863. Killed in battle Aug. 5, 1864.
CO. K—COM. OFF. Captain. DAVID KELLEY	Joliet	Aug. 30	As corporal. Prom. sergeant, 1st sergeant, and 1st lieutenant. Aug. 18, 1864. M. O. June 12, '65.
1st Lieutenant. JOHN A. KELLEY	"	"	Resigned Dec. 15, 1863.
1st Lieutenant. UZIAH MACK	"	Aug. 8	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. capt. Dec. 15, 1863. M. O. with regiment. Wounded at Stone river and at Mission Ridge.
2d Lieutenant. MORRISON WORTHINGHAM	"	July 3	As sergeant of Co. H. Prom. sergeant-major. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Co. K, Feb. 5, 1865. M. O. with regiment.
2d Lieutenant. ISAAC M. DELINE	"	Aug. 30	Killed at battle of Stone river, Dec. 31, 1862.
Sergt. Major. WM. PENN HABBOTTLE	Wilmington	Aug. 9	As 1st sergeant. Prom. 2d lieutenant. Jan. 1st, 1863. Resigned May 29, 1863.
			Dis. March 31, 1862 for wounds. Wounded at Stone river.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Sergt. Major. ANDREW T. BARCE	Gr'n Gard'n	Aug. 8	As private Co. G. Prom. sergt.-major.
Q. M. Sergt. JAMES A. FAROVID	Joliet	July 22	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Com. Sergt. MARTIN NORTON	"	Aug. 22	Dis. for prom. in 30th Ill., March 19, 1863.
Com. Sergt. CHAS. B. GARNSEY	Wilm'ngt'n	July 30	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Hospital Steward. O. P. STUMPH	Joliet	Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. Aug. 30, 1864. Was taken prisoner Sept. 20, 1863 at Chickamauga, and taken to Richmond.
Principal Musician. CHAS. H. MILLSAUGH	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Musician. EDWARD F. BURSON	Florence	"	M. O. June 6, 1865.
COMPANY A.			
Sergeants.			
SAMUEL W. GOODRIDGE	Wilmington	July 15	Dis. for dis. Oct. 5, 1864. Served as orderly sergeant of Gen. Wood's escort.
BYRON WARNER	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
CHAS. V. MORREY	Florence	July 17	Dis. for dis. June 1864.
ENOCH P. SMITH	Wilmington	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865, as 1st sergt. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Corporals.			
DENNIS LEA HINES	Reed	July 24	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
WM. K. ALTHOUSE	Wilmington	July 15	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 13, 1863.
FOSTER WARNER	"	July 16	Died at Louisville, Ky., April 12, 1863.
FRANCIS I. FISHER	Reed	Aug. 8	Sergeant.—Died at Franklin, Tenn., Dec. 12, 1864, of wounds and prisoner; wounded also at Chickamauga.
WM. L. HAYNES	Wesley	July 21	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Kenesaw June 27, 1864.
NORMAN BOVEE	"	July 18	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Kenesaw, June 27, 1864.
THOS. P. MARTIN	Florence	Aug. 4	Died at Murfreesboro, June 17, 1863.
FRANCIS CONROY	Wilmington	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Kenesaw; also near Atlanta, July 20, 1864.
PRIVATES.			
Ackerman, Henry L.	Wesley	July 19	Dis. for dis. Dec. 15, 1863.
Althouse, John H.	Wilmington	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded severely at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863.
Abel, Robert	Wesley	Aug. 22	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1863.
Avery, Gilbert	Wilton	Aug. 10	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt. Wounded at Rocky Face Ridge.
Brofy, James	Wilmington	July 19	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
Brennan, Roger	Florence	July 26	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt. Wounded at Chickamauga. Leg fractured at Mission Ridge.
Bridenstein, William	Reed	July 19	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 28, 1862.
Bridenstein, Martin	"	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 19, 1862.
Butler, Wm. D.	Wilmington	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 5, 1862.
Butler, Francis A.	"	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. April 6, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Baker, Walter, Jr.	"	Aug. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 21, 1863.
Baker, James B.	"	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 23, 1862.
Brodie, Peter	"	"	Dis. for disability Dec. 13, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Buss, Edgar C.	Florence	"	Dis. for disability Jan. 16, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Brumley, David G.	Florence	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. Sept. 8, 1863.
Bruechet, Constant O.	Reed	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Stone river.
Burke, Wm. P.	Florence	"	Dis. for dis. January 17, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Beckwith, Guy M.	Wesley	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Clark, Henry W.	Wilmington	July 17	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Cadwell, John L.	Florence	Aug. 8	Dis. for dis. March 24, 1863.
Davis, Daniel	Wilmington	July 29	M. O. June 25, 1865. Wounded in front of Chattanooga.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATEs.			
Dyer, Alpheus	Wilmington	1862. Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. Feb. 1, 1863.
Dowling, James	Wesley	July 30	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Stone riv. and Chickamauga.
Dore, George	"	Aug. 1	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Stone riv.
Doy, Eli H.	Reed	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865 as corporal.
Franklin, Ebenezer	Wilmington	Aug. 6	Dis. Sept. 21, 1865.
Foote, Horace D.	Florence	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Griffin, Walter S.	Washingt'n	July 19	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded June 18, '64.
Geer, Wm. W.	"	July 25	Died at Lebanon, Ky., of typhoid fever.
Gundy, Wm.	Wesley	Aug. 8	Trans. to Vet. R. corps May 20, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Gumley, James	Wilmington	July 25	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Hoy, John	"	July 21	Captured at Chickamauga. Died in Andersonville, Oct. 26, 1864. No. of grave 11,506.
Haynes, John S.	Wesley	July 25	Severely wounded at battle of Stone river. Died Jan. 6, 1863, of his wounds.
Haughn, Robert E.	Wilmington	Aug. 4	Died at Crab Orchard, Ky., Oct. 24, 1862.
Hawley, Wm.	Reed	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Hampton, Irod	Florence	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. Nov. 18, 1863.
Hartman, Henry	Wesley	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Jewell, LeRoy R.	Wilmington	July 16	Killed at Dallas, Ga., May 30, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Jones, Alonzo N.	Wesley	"	Killed at Chickamauga September 19, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
Jones, Oliver P.	Florence	July 22	Trans. to Eng. corps Aug. 8, 1864.
Jones, John R.	Wilmington	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. Dec. 8, 1862.
Johnson, Robert	"	Aug. 1	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal. Wounded at Kenesaw June 27.
Jukes, Chas. J.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865, as musician.
Kahler, Norman P.	Florence	Aug. 6	Died at Chattanooga, Dec. 16, '63, of wounds received at Mission Ridge.
Keuney, John C.	Reed	"	Corp'l—died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 1, '63. Ward master of Hospital.
Kellogg, Henry	Florence	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Leach, Elisha P.	Reed	Aug. 4	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Leach, Alexander	"	Aug. 7	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 7, 1863.
Laroche, Philip F.	Wesley	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Marphy, James	"	July 20	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded July 22, 1864, before Atlanta.
McConkle, Joseph	"	Aug. 8	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 10, 1863.
McQueen, Thomas	Florence	Aug. 7	Dis. for dis. June 16, '64. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Noble, Warren S.	Wilmington	July 16	M. O. June 12, 1865. Was capt'd at Chickamauga, and long time in Andersonville and other prisons.
O'Harra, Joseph	Florence	Aug. 8	Dis. for dis. May 8, 1863.
Putnam, Charles L.	"	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. Aug. 3, 1863.
Preston, James H.	Wesley	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Russell, James	"	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. June 8, 1863.
Stewart, George	Reed	July 25	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1863.
Smith, Edgar	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Stuck, Wm.	Wilmington	Aug. 8	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 3, 1863.
Swivel, Frederick	Wilton	Aug. 11	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Strathdee, Geo.	Wilmington	Aug. 14	Dis. for dis. Feb. 5, 1865. Left arm fractured at Mission Ridge. Amputated.
Severance, Horace J.	Reed	Aug. 11	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 14, 1864.
Sutton, Wm. H.	Wilton	July 19	Died at Silver Springs, Tenn., Nov. 17, '62.
Spencer, Sylvester	Wilmington	Aug. 13	Dis. Dec. 3, 1864.
Tucker, John C.	Florence	Aug. 8	"
Tracy, Wm.	Wesley	Aug. 8	Died at Murfreesboro, Mar. 5, 1863.
Wells, John P.	"	July 16	Trans. to Eng. corps, Aug. 8, 1864.
Worthy, Michael	Wilmington	July 18	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 5, 1864. Wounded at Stone River.
Williams, LeRoy S.	Wesley	July 25	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Wheeler, Seymour	Wilmington	July 26	Dis. for dis. Feb. 3, 1863.
Wheeler, Geo.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Kenesaw.
Wilkins, Albert B.	Florence	July 26	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Wenger, Benedict	Wilmington	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Stone river.
Wordel, Horace W.	"	Aug. 11	Dis. for dis. May 25, 1863.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
White, Philip	Wesley	1862. Aug. 12	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Yates, Elias	Wilmington	July 26	M. O. May 19, 1863, as corp'l. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Yates, Burnet	"	Aug. 8	M. O. May 19, '63. Wounded at Franklin.
Yates, Wm.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. May 19, 1863.
RECRUITS.			
Billings, Wm.	Gaines	Apr. 13, '65	Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 24, 1865.
Bryant, Chas. W.	"	"	Trans. to 51st Ill. M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.
Cameron, John	Wesley	Dec. 22, '63	"
Lyons, Edward	"	Apr. 13, '63	"
Russell, Wm.	"	"	Claimed by 62d regiment.
Williams, John R. W.	"	Dec. 31, '63	Trans. to 57th reg't. Wounded at Franklin.
COMPANY B.			
Sergeants.			
Lewis Linebarger	Jackson	1862. Aug. 4	Dis. April 20, '64. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Hiram H. Harter	Joliet	July 23	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Corporals.			
Sinclair Hill	Manhattan	July 31	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Wm. B. Wilcox	Troy	Aug. 6	"
Grover Smith	Channahon	July 30	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Geo. A. Pierson	Jackson	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
Samuel C. B. Carpenter	"	July 26	Dis. for dis. Feb. 25, 1863.
Justus Steinmetz	Joliet	Aug. 14	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Julius W. Folke	"	July 26	Dis. for dis. March 5, 1863.
PRIVATES.			
Barrett, John	Jackson	Aug. 8	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Burr, Wm. B.	Channahon	Aug. 13	"
Benedict, Walter	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Brockway, David	Joliet	Aug. 4	M. O. May 27, 1865.
Comstock, Elihu B.	Troy	"	Trans. to V. R. C. Nov. 1, 1863.
Cotton, Milton J.	Jackson	Aug. 9	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 16, 1863.
Clark, Edward M.	Joliet	Aug. 12	M. O. June 13, 1865. Wounded at Nashville.
Caldas, Wm.	"	Aug. 4	Dis. May 11, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
Calder, Daniel	Gr'n Gard'n	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded in foot on Atlanta campaign.
Chorron, John J.	Channahon	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. Sept. 23, 1863.
Dice, Lewis M.	Jackson	July 26	Trans. to Eng. corps, June 30, 1864.
Dollinger, Ignatz	Troy	Aug. 14	Trans. to V. R. C. Aug. 1, 1863.
Devlin, John	"	Aug. 11	Dis. for dis. Feb. 3, 1863.
Davis, Henry	Jackson	"	Dis. for dis. Feb. 30, 1863.
Dunlap, John	Troy	"	M. O. June 13, 1865.
Davis, William	Jackson	Aug. 9	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 15, 1863.
Davis, Marquis D. L.	Crete	July 29	M. O. June 13, 1865. Reported captured at Chickamauga.
Day, Wm.	Channahon	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. Feb. 2, 1863.
East, Wm.	Joliet	July 28	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Frost, Charles J.	"	Aug. 11	Dis. for dis. Jan. 16, 1863.
Flack, Nelson W.	"	July 28	Dis. for dis. Oct. 10, 1864. In hospital at Quincy. Was prisoner.
Grannells, John	Wilton	July 26	Dis. for dis. April 18, 1863.
Gardner, Frank	Joliet	July 29	Dis. for dis. Feb. 2, 1863.
Gardner, Peter	"	"	"
Grubb, Jesse T.	Jackson	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. Jan. 27, '63. Fingers shot off accidentally.
Grant, William	Gr'n Garden	Aug. 8	"
Harter, Joseph W.	Jackson	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. Feb. 23, 1863.
Harding, William	"	Aug. 4	M. O. Aug. 27, 1865.
Johnston, Samuel F.	"	July 26	Died in Andersonville prison, Aug. 2, 1864. No. of grave 5,395.
Johnston, Henry M.	"	"	Dis. for dis. Jan 11, 1863.
Karriger, Samuel	Channahon	Aug. 11	Dis. for dis. July 1863.
Karriger, Frederick	"	"	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 20, 1862.
King, Martin R.	Troy	Aug. 6	Died of wounds received in battle of Franklin, Dec. 12, 1864.
King, Andrew J.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1864, as sergt.
Leddy, James	Joliet	Aug. 1	Dis. for dis. Feb. 10, 1863.
Law, Henry L. Jr.	New Lenox	Aug. 18	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Longmire, Charles J.	Channahon	Aug. 14	"

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Lee, Frederick W.	Plainfield	July 28	Trans. to V. R. C. Nov. 1, 1863.
Milliard, Nelson	Jackson	Aug. 6	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 19, 1863.
Milliard, Simon	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded on Atlanta Campaign, May 31, 1864.
Marvin, Hannibal G.	Pecatonica	July 25	M. O. May 30, '65. Captured at Chickamanga and taken to Andersonv. slightly wound'd.
McIntyre, George E.	Joliet	Aug. 11	
Miller, Wm. H.	Jackson	July 28	Dis. for dis. March 17, 1863.
Malone, John.	Joliet	Aug. 7	Dis. for dis. April 26, 1865.
Marshall, George.	Jackson	Aug. 8	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 17, 1863.
Morrison, Lorenzo	Troy	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Palmer, Frederick	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergeant.
Parks, Wm. G.	Lockport	Aug. 45	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, 1864.
Peck, Hubert.	Joliet	Aug. 5	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Rodgers, Samuel	Jackson	Aug. 9	Killed at Chickamanga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Rake, Stephen J.	"	Aug. 20	Dis. Mar. 20, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Stone river.
Scheran, Francis	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Schall, John	Troy	Aug. 14	Dis. for dis. Feb. 24, 1863.
Sibley, Dennis E.	Joliet	Aug. 11	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Sampson, Charles C	Jackson	Aug. 7	Killed at Chickamanga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Sampson, Hollis H.	"	July 28	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 19, 1865. Reported in hospital at Quincy, Aug. 11, 1864.
Schegg, George	"	Aug. 12	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 15, 1863.
Spencer, Daniel C.	"	Aug. 9	Dis. for dis. Feb. 24, 1863.
Spencer, Edward	"	Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. Feb. 2, 1863.
Scheer, Philip	Joliet	Aug. 4	Trans. to V. R. C. Aug. 10, '64. Wounded at Stone river.
St. George, Nelson.	"	Aug. 20	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 1, 1863.
Scribner Simeon M.	"	July 29	Killed at Stone river, Dec. 31, 1862.
Thiel, Andrew	Jackson	Aug. 8	
Winter, Robert	"	July 26	M. O. June 12, 1865. Taken prisoner.
Weinhold, Samuel	"	Aug. 6	Trans. to V. R. C. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Weise, John	Joliet	Aug. 22	Died at Chattanooga, Oct. 29, 1863.
Zimmerman, Henry	Jackson	Aug. 14	Died at Chattanooga, Aug. 31, 1864.
COMPANY C.			
Sergeants.			
EPENETUS R. BACON	Lockport	July 21	1st sergt. Trans. to 1st U. S. C. I. as hosp'l steward, Oct. 30, 1863.
RALPH W. MARSHALL	Mokena	Aug. 7	Discharged sick.
WADE H. McFADDEN	Lockport	July 29	Died Jan. 4, 1863, of wounds rec'd in battle of Stone river.
PETER M. STUDER	Mokena	Aug. 12	Trans. to Inv. corps, Sept. 15, 1863.
Corporals.			
CHARLES C. BEMIS	Lockport	July 25	Discharged.
WALLACE SHEAD	Homer	Aug. 1	
HENRY M. STARIN	Lockport	July 29	M. O. May 22, '65, as sergt. Severely wound-ed at Chickamanga.
JOHN BEZ	Mokena	Aug. 4	Killed at Chickamanga, Sept. 19, '63. Sergt.
NEWALL W. SMITH.	"	July 29	Trans. to Inv. corps, Jan. 22, 1864.
HENRY TAYLOR	Lockport	July 21	Trans. to Eng. corps, Aug. 8, 1864.
JOHN H. DICKMAN	Mokena	Aug. 9	M. O. May 22, 1865.
PETER WAGNER	Lockport	Aug. 4	Killed at Stone river, Jan. 2, 1863. In Pion'r corps.
RECRUITS.			
Abbott, Benoni L.	"	July 24	Missing at Chickamanga. Supposed killed Sept. 19, 1863.
Acker, Levi	Mokena	July 19	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Adams, Plumer	Lockport	Aug. 11	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Anker, John	Mokena	"	Dis. March 11, 1863.
Austin, Edwin S.	Orleans	Aug. 6	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1863.
Ball, David C.	Lockport	Aug. 9	Dis. for dis. Dec. 1, 1862.
Bemis, John A.	"	July 26	Dis. for dis. Feb. 27, 1863.
Bever, Benjamin	Mokena	July 26	Died at Chattanooga, Nov. 7, 1863, of wounds rec'd at Chickamanga.
Bockman, Theodore	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Boos, Jeremiah	"	Aug. 8	Trans. to Inv. corps, Sept. 16, 1863.
Brinkerhoff, Martin	Homer	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 7, 1863.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Resid. ence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Calkins, Felix	Lockport	July 29	M. O. July 22, 1865. Captured in hospital at Chickamauga and taken to Andersonville. Missing at Chickamauga. Supposed killed Sept. 19, 1863.
Chamberlin, Albert N.	Homer	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded near Atlanta. M. O. June 12, 1865.
Chamberlin, Harvey W.	Lockport	July 26	M. O. June 12, 1865, as 1st sergt. Wounded below Atlanta.
Clark, James B.	Frankfort	July 32	Dis. March 4, 1863.
Calmer, Michael	Frankfort	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1863.
Connors, James	Lockport	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Connors, John H.	Homer	Aug. 5	"
Cormany, Philip W.	Lockport	"	Trans. to Inv. corps, Aug. 5, 1863.
Corwin, Henry	Homer	Aug. 1	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Davis, Sumners H.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Desburg, Leonard	Lockport	Aug. 11	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Dickman, John F.	Mokena	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Diederich, Hubert.	Lockport	Aug. 11	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Doolittle, Horatio	Mokena	Aug. 1	Dis. Feb. 14, 1863.
Dorkendoff, Theodore	Lockport	Aug. 12	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Farovid, Alfred L.	Joliet	Aug. 8	Musician.
Fishbau, Martin	Lockport	Aug. 11	Absent; sick at M. O. of regt. Wounded at Chickam'ga and before Atlanta, July 20, '64.
Freehoff, Gothard	"	"	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Hammond, John	Homer	Aug. 2	Dis. Jan. 18, 1864, as corp'l. Sev. wounded at Chickamauga; lost use of leg.
Harper, Jeremiah	Mokena	Aug. 7	Died at Columbus, Ky., Oct. 30, 1862.
Heinrichs, Ulrich	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Hopkins, John	Homer	"	Killed at Stone river, Dec. 31, 1863.
Hopkinson, Joseph	Lockport	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Johnson, George R.	"	July 29	"
Hurley, Henry	"	Aug. 6	"
Kinary, Thomas	Mokena	July 29	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Kine, William	"	Aug. 9	Died at Wild Cat Hollow, Ky., Oct. 20, 1862.
Kenney, William	Homer	Aug. 10	Trans. to Inv. corps, Aug. 5, 1863.
Lang, Christian	Mokena	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Lawrence, Hiram G.	Lockport	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865. Severely wounded at Kenesaw, June 27, 1864.
Marti, Jacob	Mokena	Aug. 9	Trans. to Inv. corps, Sept. 16, 1863.
Mast, Daniel	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Mathews, John D.	Lockport	Aug. 1	"
Miller, Philip	"	Aug. 12	Dis. Feb. 27, 1863.
Morganweck, Theodore	Mokena	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
Murphy, Michael	Lockport	Aug. 14	Color sergt. Killed at Franklin, Nov. 30, '64. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Newbury, William	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, 1865. Cap. at Chickamauga.
Norton, Elisha	"	July 31	Dis. March 31, 1863.
Parker, Thomas P.	Mokena	Aug. 7	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Peters, William	"	Aug. 11	M. O. June 12, '65. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga, wounded.
Poor, William L.	Homer	Aug. 5	Corp'l. Died at Murfreesboro, June 27, '63.
Prossa, Lewis A.	Lockport	Aug. 6	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Quick, Sidney	"	Aug. 7	Died at Chicago, April 17, 1864.
Rahm, Frederick	Mokena	Aug. 12	Killed at Stone river, Dec. 31, 1862.
Rhodes, Henry A.	Lockport	Aug. 4	Dis. for dis. Dec. 1, 1862.
Richter, Walter A.	"	Aug. 7	Pioneer corps.
Schmitt, Peter	Mokena	Aug. 4	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Schmitt, Michael	Lockport	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal. Wounded June 18, 1864.
Sly, Eugene R.	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal. Captured at Chickamauga.
Smith, Henry W.	"	Aug. 15	Dis. Nov. 14, 1862.
Snyder, Matthias	"	Aug. 14	Missing at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63. Supposed killed.
Sonnenberg, Martin	Mokena	Aug. 5	Trans. to Inv. corps, Aug. 5, 1863.
Sperry, George	Homer	July 21	Dis. May 20, 1864, for prom. as 2d lieutenant in 22d N. Y. cavalry.
Staflin, Christian	Mokena	Aug. 6	Dis. March 10, 1865.
Standish, Sidney O.	Dupage	July 31	M. O. June 12, 1865. Bruised May 9, 1864.
Steinberge, Orrin N.	Lockport	"	Dis. May 8, 1863.
Taylor, Marcus M.	"	Aug. 8	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 8, 1862.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Taylor, Justin	Lockport	July 24	M. O. June 12, '65, as sergt. Wounded June 10, 1864.
Wagner, Anthony	"	Aug. 12	Dis. Feb. 23, 1863.
Wardle, William	"	July 23	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Webber, John	"	Aug. 15	Dis. April 25, 1865.
Welchlein, Augustus W.	Mokena	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865. Taken pris'r at Franklin; wounded at Chickamauga.
Zeller, Joseph	Lockport	Aug. 12	Color sergt. Dis. Aug. 25, 1864, as sergeant. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
RECRUITS.			
Basset, Elisha	"	Aug. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1863.
Dodge, Anson	Homer	Aug. 2	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Dunn, Nathan	Dupage	Dec. 19, '63	Trans. to 51st In. M. O. Sept. 5, '65.
Dieder, John	Lockport	Apr. 12, '65	" " " " 11, '65.
Fisher, Marvin J.	Dupage	Feb. 20, '64	" " " " 25, '65, corp'l.
Higgins, Daniel	Northfield	Mar. 11, '65	" " " " 25, '65.
Karch, Henry	Mokena	Aug. 15, '62	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Marshall, Myron N.	"	Aug. 11, '62	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Sullivan, Michael	Lockport	Aug. 10, '62	Dis. Sept. 12, '65. Wounded at Stone river.
Zorce, William R.	"	"	Trans. to Inv. corps, Jan. 9, 1864.
Vinnel, Daniel	Mokena	Aug. 5, '62	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded May 10, 1864.
COMPANY D.			
Sergeants.		1862.	
JOSIAH BURDICK	Plainfield	Aug. 1	Dis. Jan. 15, 1863.
WM. H. CAIN	"	"	Trans. to V. R. C. April 6, 1864. Made capt. therein.
JOHN W. TAYLOR	Joliet	Aug. 7	Trans. to Sig. corps, March 19, '64; wounded at Stone river.
WM. BENTLEY	Lockport	Aug. 14	
Corporals.			
JOHN FELLOWS	Plainfield	Aug. 1	Sergt. Dis. for dis. Wounded at Stone river and at Chickamauga.
FRANKLIN G. BACHUS	Dupage	July 21	Sergeant. Trans. to V. R. C. Wounded at Chickamauga.
WM. McELHOSE	Plainfield	Aug. 1	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergeant.
JAMES GRASS	Dupage	"	Died at Lebanon, Ky., Nov. 7, 1862.
NELSON D. PLATTS	Plainfield	"	Sergt. Died at Chattanooga, Sept. 16, 1864. Wounded July 22, before Atlanta. Left leg amputated.
GEORGE A. LANG	"	"	M. O. as sergt., June 12, 1865.
ALFRED CARTER	"	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 15, 1863.
Musicians.			Wounded at Stone river.
Lorenzo R. Hill	"	"	Died at Lebanon, Ky., Nov. 5, 1862.
James Taylor	Lockport	Aug. 15	Dis. Feb. 15, 1863.
Wagoner.			
Major W. Stoddard	Joliet	Aug. 13	M. O. June 12, 1865.
PRIVATES.			
Aman, Charles	Plainfield	"	Trans. to V. R. C. May 31, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Anglemyre, Ephraim	Dupage	Aug. 1	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Stone river.
Aulsbrook, Charles E.	Plainfield	"	M. O. July 22, 1865. Taken prisoner at battle of Franklin.
Bossen, Thomas	"	"	Trans. to Eng. corps, July 30, 1864.
Bolton, Rufus H.	"	"	Captured at Chickamauga. Died in Andersonville, Sept. 4, '64. No. grave 11,794.
Boyd, Frederick W.	"	"	M. O. July 22, 1865, pris. of war.
Boots, James	Frankfort	Aug. 6	M. O. June 24, 1865, pris. of war. Captured at Cathoun and taken to Andersonville.
Boots, Mathew	Wheatland	Aug. 1	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Franklin.
Buffum, George W.	Plainfield	"	Trans. to Vet. R. corps.
Burdick, Lewis	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Brown, Elisha	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as 1st sergt. Wounded at Kenesaw, Chickamauga and Franklin.
Campbell, David	"	"	Dis. for dis. Nov. 29, 1864. In hospital at Quincy.
Carter, Amarsa C.	"	"	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'g.
Collier, Samuel	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Collier, Frederick	Plainfield	1862. Aug. 1	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Countryman, Joseph	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga and on Atlanta camp'g'n, July 4, '64.
Croach, Wm. J.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1862.
Dake, George W.	"	"	Corp'l. Died in Andersonville, July 31, '64.
Dayton, Wm. C.	"	"	No. grave 8,628. Captured at Chickam'ga.
Darr, Daniel	"	"	M. O. June 6, 1865.
Dunkle, Washington	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Dundore, Wm. E.	"	"	Killed near Atlanta, July 22, 1864.
Farnsworth, James F.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Fentryman, Samuel	"	"	Died at Franklin, prisoner of war.
Fellows, Jacob	"	"	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 13, 1863.
Foss, Henry	"	"	M. O. May 19, 1865.
Funk, Madison	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Funk, Albert A.	"	"	M. July 15, 1865.
Flanders, George C.	"	"	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 27, 1862.
Geist, Charles W.	"	"	Trans. to V. R. C. May 31, 1864.
Geist, Franklin A. L.	"	"	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 24, 1862.
Hartong, Roswell	"	"	Died at Chattanooga, Oct. 29, 1863. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Heath, Bradford	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Hess, George W.	"	Aug. 18	Fife maj. Killed at Stone river, Dec. 31, '62.
Hills, Frank E.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at battle of Franklin.
Hill, George W.	"	Aug. 1	M. O. June 24, 1865. Prisoner of war. Captured at Chickamauga.
Hyland, Edward T.	"	"	Dis. March 6, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Stone river.
Jacobs, Loudon C.	"	"	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Johnson, Charles	Naausay	"	Sick and fell behind and never heard of.
Johnson, Andrew W.	Plainfield	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt. Slightly wounded May 30, 1864.
Keeler, Oscar D.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt. Wounded June 22, near Kenesaw mountain.
Kimes (or Kines) George	"	"	Dis. July 9, 1864, for wounds rec'd at Mission Ridge. Wounded also at Chickamauga—leg fractured.
Lang, John C.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded before Atlanta, July 22.
Lookentary, Christ.	"	"	Dis. May 7, 1865, for wounds rec'd at Chickamauga.
Lyman, John	"	"	Captured at Chickamauga. Died in Andersonville, July 31, '64. No. grave 8,196.
Martin, Pat.	"	Aug. 18	Died at Shell Mound, Tenn., Sept. 9, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
Miles, William	"	Aug. 1	Trans. to Eng. corps, July 30, 1864.
McClester, George R.	"	"	Corporal. Trans. to V. R. C. April 6, 1864.
McElhose, Robert	"	"	"
Parks, Anson	Lockport	"	"
Pelcher, Frederick R.	Wheatland	"	Dis. for dis. April 10, 1863.
Peterson, Peter	Plainfield	"	Dis. April 2, 1864, for wounds. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Platt, Joseph	"	"	Died at Nashville, May 1, 1863.
Platt, James	"	"	M. O. July 22, 1865. Captured at Franklin.
Randerson, John	"	"	M. O. May 30, 1865.
Rathbun, Hiram	Wheatland	"	Died at Nashville, Jan. 9, 1863.
Roberts, John M.	Palos	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Sala, James	Gr.Trav'rse	"	"
Saylor, Peter H.	Plainfield	"	"
Shutt, Samuel	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Spivy, Daniel	"	"	Dis. for dis. Nov. 1, 1862.
Skinner, Abner	Lockport	"	Dis. for dis. Jan. 17, 1863.
Sybring, Conrad	Milwaukee	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Taylor, Tiberius C.	Joliet	Aug. 12	"
Tyler, Albert O.	Wheatland	Aug. 1	Trans. to V. R. C. April 28, 1864.
Tyler, Hubbard	"	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 22, 1862.
Vandervoort, George	Joliet	"	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1863.
Vedder, Wm. H.	Homer	Aug. 18	"

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Woods, Edwin S.	Plainfield	1862. Aug. 1	Dis. for dis. April 20, 1863.
RECRUITS.			
Conway, James		Oct. 24, '63	Dis. for dis. May 7, 1864. Wounded; lost an eye before Atlanta.
Scott, Alexander C.	Ind. Grove Wesley	Jan. 6, '65	Trans. to 51st regiment.
Scott, James B.		Dec. 29, '63	Trans. to 51st regim't. M. O. June 22, 1865. Slightly wounded May 30, 1864.
COMPANY E.			
Sergeants.			
ABSALOM L. EDGEWORTH	Joliet	1862. Aug. 11	Dis. June 3, 1863.
MILES R. BIRD	"	Aug. 6	M. O. May 29, 1865.
JACOB L. BOWERS	"	Aug. 8	Dis. for dis. May 7, 1863.
Corporals.			
STEPHEN M. SPAFFORD	Jackson	Aug. 14	Sergt. Killed at Chickam'ga, Sept. 19, 1863.
OTIS S. SKINNER	Joliet	"	Dis. Nov. 17, 1863.
VAN L. PERKINS	"	"	Died Sept. 30, 1863, of wounds rec'd Sept. 19, at Chickamauga.
DANIEL LINERARGER	Jackson	"	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
CHARLES P. SPENCER	Troy	Aug. 12	"
HORACE WEBSTER	"	Aug. 11	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 26, 1863.
JOHN COSSITT	Gr'n Gard'n	Aug. 15	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergeant.
FRED'K A. CLEVELAND	Frankfort	Aug. 10	Dis. May 24, 1865.
Musician.			
ROYAL S. PERRY	Joliet	Aug. 14	Dis. Feb. 3, 1863.
Wagoner.			
AZERIAH L. SMITH	Channahon	Aug. 11	Dis. Feb. 5, 1863.
PRIVATES.			
Baumgartner, John	"	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Kenesaw, June 27, 1864.
Bassett, Elijah	"	Aug. 4	Trans. to Co. C.
Brace, Wm. W.	Joliet	Aug. 10	Trans. to V. R. C. March 13, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Blair, George R.	Jackson	Aug. 14	M. O. May 29, 1865.
Bevin, Frederick W.	Joliet	Aug. 18	Trans. to Eng. corps, June 30, 1864.
Bridge, Henry	"	"	Trans. to V. R. C. April 6, 1864.
Bowen, Stephen E.	Gr'n Garden	Aug. 6	Trans. to Eng. corps, June 30, 1864.
Bovee, Lorenzo D.	Jackson	Aug. 14	Dis. July 22, 1863.
Boyd, Henry	Plainfield	Aug. 22	Died at Chattanooga, Aug. 2, 1864.
Cleveland, Chas. H.	Frankfort	Aug. 8	Dis. May 29, 1864.
Chilson, Peter W. M.	New Lenox	Aug. 13	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Cahoon, Benj. F.	Florence	Aug. 14	Dis. May 29, 1863.
Conklin, Joan	Joliet	Aug. 15	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Daily, Elkanah	Wesley	Aug. 22	"
Dixon, Giles, Jr.	"	Aug. 4	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Dodge, Anson	Joliet	Aug. 2	Trans. to Co. C. Captured at Chickamauga.
Fabrick, George A.	Frankfort	Aug. 8	Trans. to V. R. C. April 6, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Fries, Andrew J.	Troy	Aug. 12	Dis. April 1864. Lost an arm at Chickam'ga.
Gascoigne, Stephen	Plainfield	Aug. 2	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded in battle of Franklin.
Glenn, Mathew B.	Joliet	Aug. 14	Dis. Feb. 6, 1863.
Goodenough, John W.	Channahon	"	Dis. Dec. 31, 1863.
Goff, Adoniram	Joliet	"	M. O. June 8, 1865.
Harrington, Mahlon W.	Gr'n Gard'n	Aug. 13	Dis. Feb. 18, 1864. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Johnson, Charles K.	Jackson	Aug. 19	Trans. to V. R. C. April 6, 1864.
Karch, Henry J.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Trans. to Co. C.
Kennedy, Wm. R.	"	Aug. 6	Transferred to 51st Ill. Wounded at Mission Ridge. M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.
Kennedy, Otis W.	"	Aug. 11	Died at Murfreesboro, June 3, 1863.
Kenney, Isaac H.	Gr'n Gard'n	Aug. 22	Trans. to Inv. corps, Sept. 15, 1863.
Kenney, Andrew J.	Homer	"	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1862.
Kenney, Seephen C.	Gr'n Gard'n	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 7, 1863.
Law, Henry	Joliet	Aug. 20	Dis. Jan. 23, 1863.
Leasure, John	Troy	Aug. 12	Dis. April 16, 1863.
Leonard, Alvin	"	Aug. 14	Died at Silver Springs, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1862.
Marples, John	Joliet	Aug. 15	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickam'g.
Marshall, Myron N.	"	Aug. 11	Trans. to Co. C.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Merwin, Thomas E.	Frankfort	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Tennessee, July 3, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
Miller, Richard	Joliet	Aug. 20	Died at Nashville, Dec. 21, 1862.
McDonald, John	New Lenox	Aug. 13	Trans. to gunboat, Jan. 30, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
McHugh, Patrick	Joliet	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865. Taken pris. at Chickamauga and taken to Belle Isle, Salisbury.
McCune, James	Channahon	"	Died at Chattanooga, of wounds received at Chickamauga.
Nail, Michael	Frankfort	July 6	Dis. Feb. 6, 1863.
Otto, Frederick	Joliet	Aug. 15	
Paul, Oliver	Troy	Aug. 10	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergeant.
Patten, Samuel	Channahon	Aug. 14	Dis. Dec. 22, 1862.
Patterson, Harrison	Jackson	Aug. 11	Dis. Jan. 16, '63. Thumb shot off.
Pickel, George	Joliet	Aug. 8	M. O. June 24, 1865, as corporal. Captured at Chickamauga and taken to Andersonv.
Rants, John	Channahon	Aug. 14	Dis. April 1, 1863.
Reed, Erastus H.	Joliet	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865,
Rowe, Henry H.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	M. O. May 19, 1865.
Ruckman, Thomas	Channahon	Aug. 10	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Russell, John	"	Aug. 14	" " "
Shreffler, John	Joliet	Aug. 11	" " "
Shreffler, Aaron	"	Aug. 15	Dis. June 7, 1865.
Styles, Charles	Manhattan	Aug. 14	Killed at Lovejoy's station, Ga., Sept. 5, '64.
Smith, Richard F.	Joliet	July 13	Trans. to V. R. C. March 13, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga
Smith, Hollis A.	Frankfort	Aug. 9	Trans. to 51st regt. M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.
Smith, Wilton J.	"	"	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Stolder, Henry	Channahon	"	Died at Murfreesboro, Jan. 22, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
Sutleif, George T.	Frankfort	Aug. 19	Trans. to Inv. corps, Nov. 17, 1863.
Teuple, George	Manhattan	Aug. 8	M. O. May 23, 1865.
Unruh, Henry	Frankfort	Aug. 8	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 16, 1862.
Unruh, Sylvester D.	"	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 11, 1862.
Vorce, Oliver A.	Homer	Aug. 22	Dis. May 4, 1863.
Wilcox, Amos	Jackson	Aug. 9	Trans. to Inv. corps, July 1, 1863,
Wilkes, Thomas A.	Lockport	July 29	
Young, Maxwell B.	Frankfort	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, 1865.
RECRUITS.			
Leasure, Chesner	Troy	Aug. 16	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 23, 1863.
Redd, William	Joliet	Aug. 22	Died at Bridgeport, Ala., Dec. 22, 1863, of wounds received at Chickamauga.
COMPANY F.			
Sergeants.			
JAMES H. SISSON	Orland	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. Feb. 4, 1863.
ANDREW J. KETTERING	Homer	Aug. 12	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 26, 1863.
DENNIS CURRAN	Palos	Aug. 9	Dis. for dis. Jan. 6, 1863.
JEFF. HARRINGTON	"	Aug. 5	Died at Palos, Ill., April 4, 1863.
WM. D. BRECKENRIDGE	Homer	Aug. 8	Trans. to 51st. M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.
Corporals.			
WM. H. JACKSON	Orland	July 25	M. O. June 12, 1865.
AMOS M. SHAW	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 24, 1865, as sergt. Missing at Franklin.
JAMES GLEESON	Palos	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickam'g.
ELISHA H. MYRICK	Orland	Aug. 9	Color guard.
GEORGE ANDRES	"	Aug. 12	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 5, 1863.
REUEL C. REED	Homer	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
JAMES G. BLOUNT	"	July 24	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 12, 1862.
WM. BOUTON	Palos	Aug. 9	Died at Glasgow, Ky., Nov. 11, 1862.
PRIVATES.			
Austin, James B.	Homer	Aug. 2	Dis. Jan. 31, 1865.
Bauchman, Henry	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Bandle, John M.	"	July 28	" " "
Bandle, George	"	"	" " "
Bartie, John	"	Aug. 12	Died at Chattanooga, November 23, 1863, of wounds received at Mission Ridge.
Beagley, James	"	"	Absent. Sick at M. O. Never heard of; missing.
Beagley, Thorp.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Bently, Wm. J.	Palos	"	Dis. for dis. Feb. 25, 1863.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—*Continued.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Brodie, Robert	Palos	1862. Aug. 5	Died at Murfreesboro, April 20, 1863.
Briggs, Williams	Orland	Aug. 7	Trans. to 51st Ill. M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.
Brandeau, George	Homer	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Franklin. Slightly, May 26, 1864.
Brandeau, Paul	Orland	"	Died at Franklin, Dec. 12, '64, of wounds.
Bush, Nelson J.	"	July 26	Dis. for dis. March 3, 1863.
Bushnell, Walter A.	Palos	Aug. 9	Dis. for dis. Jan. 23, 1863.
Burroughs, Mark	"	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. May 12, 1863.
Bundy, George W.	Orland	Aug. 8	Dis. for dis. March 4, 1863.
Bliss, Timothy F.	"	Aug. 25	Dis. for dis. Dec. 23, 1863.
Blesh, Peter	Palos	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. April 12, 1865. Wounded below Atlanta, Sept. 4, 1864.
Campbell, Sidney S.	Orland	July 16	Fate unknown. Prisoner of war. Captured at Chickamauga.
Calahan, Michael	Homer	Aug. 13	M. O. June 3, 1865. Wounded at Mission Ridge. Cap. at Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864.
Decker, Lewis	Orland	July 26	Trans. to V. R. C.
Dunn, Patrick	Homer	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Durres, Felix	Palos	Aug. 11	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Fish, Daniel L.	Homer	Aug. 8	Dis. for dis. March 8, 1863.
Flannery, Edward	Palos	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. May 22, '64. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Green, Charles H.	Orland	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergeant. Reported missing at Chickamauga.
Grange, George	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865, as 1st sergt. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Hamann, Martin	Homer	Aug. 2	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Honestock, George A.	Dupage	"	" " " " " "
Ingraham, Jonas W.	Lockport	Aug. 8	" " " " " "
Jackson, Francis M.	Orland	July 24	" " " " " "
Jenks, Alexander E.	"	July 25	" " " " " "
Johnson, Henry	Dupage	Aug. 5	Dis. for dis. Feb. 16, 1863.
Kanlel, John	Homer	Aug. 12	Lost at Louisville.
Klea, Frederick	Palos	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Legg, Aaron	Lockport	"	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Feb. 23, 1863.
Legg, Albert	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Leister, Wm.	Palos	Aug. 13	Trans. to Vet. R. C. April 28, 1864.
Martin, Joseph	Orland	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Dec. 12, 1862.
Mason, Hiram S.	Homer	July 24	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Mason, Almerwin, J.	"	July 26	Dis. for dis. Oct. 10, 1864, as corporal.
Mahaffey, Wm.	Palos	Aug. 12	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Feb. 9, 1863.
Mason, Lorenzo D.	Homer	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Dec. 2, 1862.
Mahaffey, James	Orland	"	Dis. for dis. Jan. 27, 1863.
Mallen, John	Palos	Aug. 13	Dis. for wounds, June 9, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
McCord, Andrew	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27, 1865, as corporal. Wounded at battle of Franklin.
McClaghry, John Q. A.	"	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. Dec. 14, 1862.
McClaghry, Mathew	"	"	Dis. for dis. Oct. 15, 1863.
Medworth, Robert	Homer	Aug. 9	M. O. May 30, 1865. Wounded at Kenesaw mountain, June 27, 1864.
Mitchell, Edgar H.	Orland	July 23	Died at Evansville, Ind., Nov. 13, 1862.
Paugborn, John	Lemont	Aug. 5	Trans. to Eng. corps.
Pottjohn, Mark.	Palos	Aug. 12	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1863.
Powers, Michael.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded May 10, '64.
Sappen, John	Homer	July 25	Dis. for dis. March 19, 1865.
Scanlen, Patrick	Palos	Aug. 8	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Sippel, Wm.	Orland	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. May 12, 1865.
Simpson, George	Homer	Aug. 8	Dis. for wounds, Jan. 15, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Spaulding, Selah	"	Aug. 8	Dis. April 9, 1865, for wounds. Wounded at Stone river.
Staker, Adam	"	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. April 2, 1864.
Sutphen, Anson	Lemont	Aug. 12	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 3, 1863.
Taylor, John N.	Orland	July 30	Dis. for dis. Feb. 1, 1863.
Treat, Sam'l I.—Drummr	Palos	Aug. 9	Dis. for dis. April 10, '63. Wounded at Stone river.
Underwood, George W.	Homer	Aug. 12	Dis. for dis. Jan. 27, 1863.
Warner, Jacob	Palos	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Weber, Charles	Orland	"	" " " " " "

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Wyderman, Wm.	Palos	1862.	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Zweifel, Jacob	Homer	Aug. 6	Dis. for dis. March 8, 1863.
Zweifel, Albert	"	Aug. 5	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1863.
RECRUITS.			
Brown, Rodney A.	"	July 25	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
Bessee, Warren	Dupage	Aug. 5	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Brown, Robert P. C.	Homer	July 25	Died at Murfreesboro, April 18, 1863.
Butcher, Joseph	Joliet	Aug. 12	Wounded at Chickamauga. Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 9, 1865, of wounds rec'd in battle of Nashville.
Case, Wm. W.	Homer	July 26	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Campbell, John J.	Orland	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1863.
Heatherwick, James	Palos	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Heath, Myron	Homer	July 26	Trans. to Eng. corps.
McLaughlin, Phineas	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 24, 1865.
Millard, Wm.	Athens	Aug. 5	M. O. June 10, 1865.
Mason, Isaac	Homer	Jan. 5, '64	Trans. to 51st Ill.
Peake, Edward C.	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Potter, Wm.	Lockport	"	Trans. to 51st Ill.
Russel, James H.	Homer	July 25	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Ritchey, Riley	"	Aug. 6	Died at Cave City, Ky., Nov. 5, 1862.
Sego, Charles	Dayton	Mar. 23, '65	Trans. to 51st Ill. M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.
Townsend, Edward	Homer	Aug. 8, '62	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1863.
Webster, Henry	"	July 28, '62	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Wodsworth, Augustus	"	Aug. 13	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Stone river.
White, Robert	Orland	July 29	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded June 27, '64.
Young, John	Palos	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865.
COMPANY G.			
Sergeants.			
THOMAS BLEBER	Jackson	1862. July 24	1st sergt. Killed at Kennesaw mount'n, June 27, 1864.
AUGUSTUS H. HOWK	Joliet	July 15	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 26, 1863.
BENJ. F. GRIDLEY	Will	Aug. 5	Died at Nashville Tenn., Nov. 26, 1862.
JOHN SHOEMAKER	Channahon	Aug. 7	" " " " Feb. 14, 1863.
Corporals.			
GEORGE W. HOLMES	Gr'n Gard'n	Oct. 1	Sergt. Killed at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 10, 1864. On roll of honor.
GEO. W. TUCKER	Plainfield	July 30	Dis. June 17, 1864, for wounds. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
JOSEPH A. PORTER	Gr'n Gard'n	Aug. 6	Dis. Aug. 24, 1863.
JAMES J. HARLEY	Jackson	July 26	Missing. Supposed killed Sept. 20, 1863, at Chickamauga.
HENRY E. ADAMS	Crete	" 30	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
ERASTUS R. HUBBARD	Joliet	" 21	" " " "
GEORGE PRICE	Channahon	" 29	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
HENRY D. WINSLOW	Jackson	" 29	Dis. for dis. Feb. 27, 1863.
PRIVATES.			
Adams, Frank	Crete	" 30	M. O. June 21, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Ashley, Augustus F. H.	Joliet	" 28	" " " "
Batterman, John C.	Crete	" 31	M. O. May 19, 1865. Severely wounded at Chickamauga; leg broken.
Bunker, Wm.	Channahon	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Barse, Moses	Crete	"	Dis. for dis. March 27, 1863.
Burgess, Thos. J.	Gr'n Gard'n	Aug. 6	" " " "
Brandau, John W.	Joliet	Aug. 30	M. O. June 12, 1865. Re-enlisted in the Reg. Army, and died at Little Rock.
Barse, James F.	Homer	Aug. 14	Dis. for dis. March 9, 1863.
Bush, Mathew	Gr'n Gard'n	July 15	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Barse, Simon	Jackson	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Bush, Joshua	"	July 26	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at the battle of Franklin.
Bosson, Joseph	"	July 15	M. O. Aug. 8, 1865.
Carr, Barney	Joliet	July 26	Dis. for dis. Aug. 13, 1863.
Chapman, James	Jackson	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 2, 1863.
Chapman, Ira H.	Crete	Aug. 13	" " " " June 2, '65. Wounded at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge and before Atlanta.
Dodge, Enoch	"	July 30	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
			1862.
Deal, Albert	Wilmington	Aug. 7	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Davison, George	Lockport	Aug. 11	Dis. for dis. June 29, 1863.
Dodge, Amos	Joliet	Aug. 6	Trans. to Pioneer corps.
Dennis, Edward	Crete	Aug. 9	Dis. for dis. May 27, 1865.
Drout, Peter	Joliet	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded before Atlanta.
Darling Abram R.	Crete	Aug. 22	Abs. Sick at M. O. Wounded May 15, '64.
Everhart, George	New Lenox	July 24	M. O. June 24, 1865. Taken prisoner at Franklin.
Fishburn, Joseph	Florence	Aug. 1	Dis. July 21, 1864.
Fridley, John	Starr's Grov	Aug. 21	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded June 18, '64, on Atlanta campaign.
Greenlee, Joseph	Channahon	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1862.
Goodenow Edward	Monee	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865. Slightly wounded on Mission Ridge.
Goodenow, Decatur H.	"	Aug. 1	Absent. Sick at M. O. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Holmes, Edward	Crete	July 26	
Harder, Haman	Lockport	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865. Musician.
Ingersoll, James H.	Will	Aug. 6	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1863.
Ingersoll, Andrus A.	Homer	"	Trans. to Pioneer corps.
Jones, John P.	Monee	Aug. 12	Was prisoner.
Johnston, William	Joliet	Aug. 5	1st sergt. Abs. Sick at M. O. Accidentally shot at Louisville and wounded at Franklin.
Johnson, James M.	Monee	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Labumbard, Edward	Wilmington	Aug. 15	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 19, 1863.
Labarson, Joseph	Crete	Aug. 13	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 9, 1865.
Lafayette, Francis	Monee	Aug. 11	Absent. Sick at M. O. Wounded. Lost left arm at Chickamauga.
Leonard, Hiram	Joliet	Aug. 26	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Moat, Robert	Manteno	Aug. 22	Trans. to V. R. C.
Moat, Alexander	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded and captured at Chickamauga.
Mitchell, Ellery B.	Gr'n Garden	Aug. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 3, 1862.
Mason, John C.	Channahon	July 23	Absent. Sick at M. O. Wounded at Kennesaw, June 27, '64.
McDonald, John	Jackson	July 23	Dis. for dis. June 27, 1863.
Nash, Chas. A.	Channahon	July 24	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 26, 1863.
Phillips, Clinton C.	Monee	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Phillips, Orson D.	Joliet	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded June 1, on Atlanta campaign.
Pickard, Wm.	Will	July 30	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 24, 1862.
Penery, Alfred	Jackson	July 25	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded and captured at battle of Franklin.
Pierson, John J.	"	Aug. 14	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 9, 1865.
Pierson, Jephtha	"	Aug. 1	Trans. to V. R. C. April 6, 1864. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Ricker, James	Gr'n Gard'n	Aug. 4	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Miss'n Rdg.
Roderick, Jacob	Wilmington	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Suoad, Charles H.	Manhattan	July 30	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corp'l. Wounded and captured at Chickamauga.
Stage, Wm. C.	Channahon	July 27	Dis. for dis. May 26, 1865.
Savage, Edward P.	Joliet	Aug. 7	" " Feb. 10, 1863.
Shoemaker, Wm. C.	Florence	July 28	" " Feb. 8, 1863.
Spangler, Samuel	Plainfield	July 28	Dis. Nov. 17 1864, for wounds. Wounded June 27, 1864.
Smith, Nelson N.	Monee	Aug. 17	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Sullivan, Daniel	Crete	Aug. 22	Dis. for dis. May 6, 1864.
Therin, Joseph	Joliet	July 26	Trans. to V. R. C. March 13, 1865. Slightly wounded on Mission Ridge.
Weston, George	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Whitmore, Perry	Will	Aug. 6	" " " "
Warwick, Reuben	Monee	"	Dis. for dis. June 23, 1863.
White, Edwin J.	Gr'n Garden	"	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1863.
Wagner, John A.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Weidemore, Gotlieb	Matteson	Aug. 11	Corp'l. Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 13, '63. Color sergt. Promoted for good conduct.
Wilder, Almon E.	Crete	Aug. 21	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Whitmore, Abias	Joliet	July 21	
			RECRUITS.
Dennis, Henry A.	"	'62	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
Greenlee, Robert T.	"	July 23	" " " "

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATE			
Hunt, Wm. B.	Joliet	1862. Aug. 8	Absent. Sick at M. O. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Price, Thomas	"	July 28	M. O. June 12, 1865. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Pearson, Cyrus C.	"	July 27	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Russell, John	"	Aug. 13	M. O. June 12, 1865. as sergeant. Severely wounded at Chickamauga, and at Kenesaw mountain.
Rowley, Frederick	"	July 21	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 26, 1862.
Smith, Ransom M.	"	Aug. 22	Absent. Sick at M. O. Wounded at Kenesaw, June 25, 1865.
Shaw, Wm.	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 12, 1865. Severely wounded at Chickamauga. Wounded June 18, 1864, on Atlanta campaign.
Warren, Lewis L.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
White, George H.	"	"	Corp'l. Dis. for dis. Feb. 8, 1863; died soon after.
Young, Lawrence	"	Aug. 15	M. O. June 12, 1865.
COMPANY H.			
Sergeants.			
JAMES H. SEDGWICK	"	"	Trans. to 51st Ill. M. O. June 12, 1865.
WM. B. CONNOR	Washingt'n	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865, as 1st sergt. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Corporals.			
JOEL C. NORTON	Wilton	Aug. 13	Trans. to Inv. corps, June 15, 1864.
JOHN S. COTTON	Will	Aug. 15	Captured at Chickamauga, taken to Andersonville, and died Aug. 30, '64. Grave 6,091.
GEORGE S. CHURCH	Wilton	July 31	M. O. June 12, 1865,
HEZEKIAH B. NICHOLS	Jackson	Aug. 11	as sergt.
MILTON F. HAND	Joliet	Aug. 1	Discharged.
Geo. C. MERRILL	"	July 25	March 20, 1863.
JOHN ROBBINS	Wilton	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865. Taken prisoner at La-Vergne. Paroled.
Privates.			
Allbright, John	Washingt'n	Aug. 14	Dis. June 11, 1864. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Ataway, James	Jackson	Aug. 6	Dis. Feb. 25, 1863.
Allbright, Joseph	Washingt'n	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Barr, John	Wilton	July 31	Corp'l. Trans. to Inv. corps, July 31, 1863.
Barr, James	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corp'l. Wounded at Mission Ridge and at Kenesaw.
Benson, Henry	Jackson	Aug. 6	Died at Chattanooga, Nov. 27, '63, of wounds rec'd at Mission Ridge.
Clark, Henry H.	"	Aug. 12	M. O. Sept. 8, 1865. Wounded on Atlanta Campaign. Two fingers amputated.
Connor, John K.	Washingt'n	Aug. 24	Dis. March 24, 1864.
Connor, James S.	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865. Bruised in side, June 18, 1864.
Curtis, William	Jackson	Aug. 12	M. O. May 30, 1865.
Dye Longmanus C.	Wilton	Aug. 6	Trans. to Inv. corps, Aug. 1, 1863.
DeLaelle, Henry	Jackson	Aug. 8	Died at Murfreesboro, Jan. 14, 1863.
DeWater, Thomas	Wilton	July 31	Dis. March 24, 1863.
Douglass, James T.	"	Aug. 6	Absent. Sick at M. O. Wounded June 22, 1864, on Atlanta campaign.
Doncaster, Henry	"	Aug. 13	Killed at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863.
Docey, Peter H.	Washingt'n	Aug. 15	Died at Chattanooga, Aug. 13, '64, of wounds rec'd June 12. Arm amputated.
Elwe" James P.	Wilton	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Gent, John	Peotone	"	Dis. April 28, 1863. Corporal. Wounded at Stone river.
Gauthrop, James	Wilton	July 30	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 23, 1863.
Greenwood George	"	Aug. 6	Trans. to V. R. C. May 16, 1864.
Gauthrop, Wm.	"	July 30	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Gauthrop, Amos	"	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1862.
Herzner, Barnett W.	Washingt'n	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Hoy, Alvah	Wilton	July 30	Missing at bat. of Franklin, Nov. 30, 1864.
Haller, Conrad	"	Aug. 13	Trans. to V. R. C. May 16, 1864.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Jenks, Isaac S.	Wilton	1862. Aug. 6	Dis. March 24, 1864. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
King, Henry C.	Joliet	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
King, Alexander	Peotone	Aug. 15	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Kenesaw, June 27, 1864.
Kidd, John T.	Joliet	Aug. 22	Dis. June 13, 1863.
Ladieu, James T.	Wilton	Aug. 14	Captured at Chickamauga, taken to Andersonville, and died Aug. 18, '64. Grave 7,299.
Lyon, Leverett M.	Washingt'n	Aug. 19	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Morse, Wm. C.	Jackson	Aug. 7	Dis. Novem. 1, 1864. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Mader, Jacob	Wilton	Aug. 13	Trans. to Eng. corps, Aug. 18, 1864.
Murry, George W.	"	"	M. O. June 24, 1864. Taken pris. at Franklin. Severely wounded at Chickamauga. Wounded in foot, June 18, 1864.
Mather, Stephen P.	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 12, 1865, as wagoner.
Moore, William R.	"	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt. Wounded at Stone river.
Moore, Derastus T.	Washingt'n	Aug. 15	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 17, 1863. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
McBein, Andrew J.	"	Aug. 19	Trans. to V. R. C. Nov. 1, 1863.
Osman, Wm. E. Jr.	Wilton	Aug. 15	M. O. June 12, 1865, as blacksmith.
Phillips, Ransom B.	Homer	Aug. 11	Dis. March 12, 1863, as sergt.
Robbins, Ira B.	Wilton	July 30	Dis. Feb. 5, 1863.
Robbins, Joseph	"	Aug. 6	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1863.
Russell, James D.	Will	Aug. 16	Dis. March 27, 1863.
Sarver, John	Joliet	Aug. 11	Killed at Kenesaw mountain, June 27, '64.
Shoemaker, John	Washingt'n	Aug. 1	Dis. April 2, 1864. Wounded at Stone river. Accidentally wounded at Hillsboro, Aug. 2, 1863.
Strunk, Wm.	Wilton	July 25	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal. Wounded at Chickamauga.
Swindler, James A.	"	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1862.
Suttee, Christian	"	Aug. 13	"
Temple, Wm. E.	"	July 30	Absent. Sick at M. O. Severely wounded at Chickamauga, Sept 19th.
Temple, Ira	"	Aug. 6	Captured. Died in Andersonville, June 9, 1864. Grave No. 1,825.
Thomas, Washington H.	"	Aug. 21	M. O. June 12, 1865. Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Tichenor, James H.	Peotone	"	M. O. May 29, 1865.
Tobias, Henry P.	Wilton	Aug. 16	Trans. to Eng. corps, Aug. 18, 1864.
Young, Ahas	"	Aug. 6	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1863.
Young, Chas. E.	"	July 30	Trans. to Eng. Corps, Sept. 1, 1863. Taken prisoner Dec. 6, 1862.
RECRUIT.			
Barron, George	"	"	Dis. Jan. 12, 1863.
COMPANY I.			
Sergeants.			
FRANK I. GOSS	Wilmington	July 28	Died at Wesley, Ill., May 3, 1864.
DELEVAN FULLER	"	"	M. O. June 12, 1865.
JOHN WARD	"	Aug. 6	Dis. Feb. 3, 1863.
WM. HICKS	"	Aug. 7	Died at Jeffersonville, Ind., Feb. 16, 1865.
CHARLES HURLEY	"	July 28	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 2, 1863.
Corporals.			
JOHN HAYS	"	Aug. 9	Sergt. Wounded at Chickamauga. Died of wounds rec'd at Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864.
CHARLES H. PARIS	"	Aug. 5	Trans. to V. R. C. Oct. 29, 1863.
GEORGE W. CONKLE	"	Aug. 1	" " Aug. 5, 1863.
JAMES C. JOHNSON	Florence	Aug. 9	Dis. Feb. 3, 1863, as sergt.
CHARLES COOPER	Wilmington	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as 1st sergt. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
PETER COONS	"	Aug. 3	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 12, 1863.
PRIVATES.			
Aldrich, Lester D.	Kankakee	Aug. 7	"
Aldrich, Simon B.	Braceville	"	"
Aspinwall, Samuel	Reed	Aug. 9	Killed at Kenesaw, June 20, 1864. Also wounded at Chickamauga.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATEs.			
Augustine, John J.	Braceville.	1862. Aug. 30	Captured at Chickamauga. Died in Andersonville, Sept. 6, 1864. Grave No. 8,046.
Brown, Henry H.	Reed	Aug. 5	Dis. Sept. 14, 1863.
Brown, Jonathan L.	Wilmington	Aug. 7	Dis. March 13, 1863.
Burris, Calderwood	Essex	Aug. 21	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Butler, John H.	Wilmington	Aug. 8	Dis. Feb. 4, 1863.
Case, Isaac	Washington	"	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Carter, Levi A.	Felix.	Aug. 4	M. O. May 20, 1865.
Coons, Cyrus	Wilmington	"	" July 17, 1865.
Coons, Daniel	"	"	Dis. April 29, 1863.
Corcecran, John	Florence	Aug. 7	Dis. Dec. 15, 1863.
Crawford, Chas. W.	"	Aug. 6	Corpl. Trans. to 51st regt. M. O. June 12, '65.
Darling, Freeman	Wilmington	Aug. 7	Died at Crawford Springs, Ga., Sept. 3, '63.
Decker, John J.	"	Aug. 5	M. O. June 12, 1865. Cap. at Chickamauga and taken to Andersonville.
Evans, Owen	"	Aug. 3	Dis. May 8, 1864.
Fineran, Michael	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
Gardner, John E.	Reed	Aug. 9	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1862.
Grudgings, Wm.	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865. Musician.
Hartz, Lafayette	Wilmington	Aug. 9	" as sergeant. Slightly wounded June 22, 1864.
Hudson, George	"	"	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Irish, George	Wesley	Aug. 3	Died at Danville, Va., Feb. 6, 1864. Prisoner; captured at Chickamauga.
Jones, W. R.	Essex	Aug. 7	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 2, 1863.
Jones, Robert N.	Florence	Aug. 11	M. O. June 12, 1865. Taken pris. at Franklin.
Kaatzner, Alvis	Wesley	"	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Kelly, Francis P.	Florence	Aug. 5	Died at Wilmington, Ill., Nov. 3, 1862.
Klegner (or Keigner) Jno.	Wilmington	Aug. 21	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Kinnev, James	"	Aug. 9	Dis. Sept. 19, 1863.
Krouskap, John	Wesley	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Nov. 29, 1862.
Laird, James	Wilmington	Aug. 5	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Lee, William	"	Aug. 4	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 3, 1863.
Martin, Charles	Kankakee	Aug. 7	Trans. to 51st Ill. Wounded at Chickam'ga.
Mahony, John	Wilmington	Aug. 9	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 16, 1864.
McConrtey, Alonzo	Reed	Aug. 6	Died at Nashville, Feb. 26, 63.
McDonald, James	Felix.	Aug. 7	M. O. June 12, 1865.
McGee, Michael	Wilm'ngt'n	Aug. 11	Dis. Oct. 31, 1862. Musician.
McIntosh, John	"	Aug. 2	Capt'd at Chickamauga. Died at Wilmington, N. C., March 5, 1865.
Miller, Thos.	Reed	Aug. 16	Trans. to 51st regt. M. O. Sept. 25, 1865.
Morgan, Erie F.	Wesley	Aug. 7	Dis. May 8, '64. Sev. wounded at Chickam'g.
Nobles, Henry C.	Wilmington	"	M. O. June 12, '65. " " " "
O'Keef, John	"	"	Trans. to Eng. corps. Aug. 16, 1864.
O'Leary, Jeremiah	Wilmington	Aug. 3	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Parkinson, Henry	"	Aug. 4	Died of wounds rec'd at Chickamauga.
Phelps, Henry H.	"	Aug. 8	Captured. Absent. Sick at M. O.
Randall, Seneca	Braceville	Aug. 7	Died Aug. 23, 1864.
Price, Levi C.	Rockville	Aug. 9	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Robson, John	Wilmington	"	" " " " Wounded at Stone river.
Robson, Thos.	"	Aug. 7	Trans. to Eng. corps, Aug. 16, 1864.
Shenk, John	Reed	Aug. 25	Dis. March 9, 1863.
Smith, Charles	Wilmington	"	M. O. June 12, 1865, as corporal.
Smith, Dennis	"	Aug. 6	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 16, 1865.
Smith, Warner	Reed	Aug. 11	Severely wounded at Chickamauga.
Spicer, Harvey	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Stines, Frederick	Felix.	Aug. 14	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 16, 1865.
Story, James	Wilmington	Aug. 20	Dis. June 13, 63.
Stonerock, William	Florence	Aug. 6	Dis. July 2, 1863.
Stuck, John	"	Aug. 20	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 16, 1864.
Taylor, Martin L.	Wilmington	Aug. 9	Dis. Feb. 3, 1863.
Tellow, Thomas	Felix	"	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 16, 1864.
Tidball, James	Reed	"	Dis. Feb. 3, 1863.
Wade, John	Wilmington	Aug. 7	Dis. March 25, 1865.
Ward, James	Reed	Aug. 9	
Wise, James	Felix	Aug. 5	
Wilensow, John F.	Wilmington	Aug. 9	
Wood, Charles	"	Aug. 7	
Wright, Samuel	"	Aug. 9	
Wallis, Wm.	"	Aug. 5	

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY K.			
Sergeants.			
JAMES N. SHANNON	Frankfort	July 30	M. O. May 22, 1865, as 1st sergt.
VICTOR G. PUTNAM	Joliet	Aug. 6	Dis. March 26, 1865.
MARVIN C. HARRIDEN	Gr'n Garden	" 15	Dis. Jan. 9, 1863.
EDWARD S. MINER	Joliet	" 9	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Corporals.			
BENJ. F. LONG	Frankfort	" 7	Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 23, 1863.
ALBERT E. DEVEREAUX	Gr'n Gard'n	" 15	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 19, 1863.
HENRY WM. MORFORD	Joliet	" 14	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
ABNER J. PERINGTON	"	" 8	Dis. for dis. April 10, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga.
BENJ. F. BOWEN	Gr'n Garden	" 1	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 5, 1864.
ALFRED D. ANDREWS	Joliet	" 28	Dis. March 24, 1863.
JOHN DAVIS	Wheatland	" 15	Dis. July 21, 1863.
PHILIP BOLANDER	Monee	" 10	Sergt. Died at Quincy, Ill., March 29, 1865.
Privates.			
Adkins, Geo. H.	Joliet	" 5	
Braden, Walter	"	" 8	Killed at Stone river, Jan. 2, 1863.
Blanchard, Jonathan D.	"	" 12	Dis. March 27, 1863.
Barry, Richard L.	Gr'n Gard'n	" 15	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 21, 1863.
Bailey, William	12-m. Grove	" 10	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 13, 1863.
Brown, Warren H.	Joliet	July 30	Dis. Feb. 19, 1863.
Brown, Newton L.	"	Aug. 14	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Churchill, Orson	Gr'n Gard'n	" 22	Trans. to V. R. C. Aug. 1, 1863.
Coppland, James P.	"	" 13	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 5, 1864.
	Joliet	" 15	Trans. to V. R. C. Jan. 28, 1865. Wounded at Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864.
Davis, Meriden W.	Wheatland	" 5	Acc. killed by falling of a tree, Jan. 28, 1863.
Davis, Amos B.	"	" 6	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
Elderkin, David C.	Jackson	" 15	Missing. Wounded at Stone river.
Foard, Charles W.	Joliet	" 23	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Farwell, Cromwell	Mokena	" 9	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 5, 1863.
Fitzpatrick, John	Joliet	" 9	Acc. killed by falling of tree, Jan. 28, 1863.
Gouland, Francis	12-m. Grove	" 13	Trans. to Eng. corps, Aug. 8, 1864.
Green, John	Joliet	" 22	Dis. Feb. 14, 1863.
Greenman, Giles L.	12-m. Grove	July 23	Killed at Stone river, Dec. 31, 1862.
Green, Francis	Joliet	Aug. 2	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga and at Franklin.
Hardy, Albert	Frankfort	" 7	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Haradon, Samuel	Gr'n Gard'n	" 9	M. O. June 12, '65. Wounded at Stone river.
Haradon, Charles	"	Aug. 10	Dis. Feb. 21, 1863.
Haradon, Noel	"	" 15	Trans. to V. R. C. Aug. 1, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
Haradon, Simon	"	" 22	Dis. April 18, 1863.
Haradon, Albert	"	" 15	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1863.
Haradon, Eli	"	" 7	Dis. April 10, 1863. Severely wounded at Stone river, Dec. 31, 1862.
Hudson, Charles B.	"	" 9	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Hersberger, Benj.	12-m. Grove	" 14	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Heart, J. W.	Joliet	July 28	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1863.
Johnson, Andrew	"	Aug. 22	Trans. to V. R. C. Aug. 1, 1863.
King, Wm. M.	"	July 30	M. O. June 12, 1865, as musician. Captured at Chickamauga and taken to Andersonv.
McGuire, Thomas	"	Aug. 13	Missing.
Munday, Wm.	"	" 9	Dis. for dis. May 26, 1865. Wounded at Stone river and at Chickamauga.
Mory, John B.	"	" 15	Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.
McCanna, George	12-m. Grove	" 22	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Morse, Adams P.	Joliet	" 9	Dis. April 3, 1863. Died soon after.
McGoveny, Elisha	Mokena	" 11	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Noble, Theodore	Joliet	" 14	" " " "
Nolen, James	"	" 15	" " " "
Overman, Wm.	"	" 9	Dis. Aug. 29, 1863.
Pile, Alfred	"	" 2	Dis. Jan. 26, 1863.
Page, Ephraim E.	12-m. Grove	" 22	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Quackenbos, Calvin	"	" 21	Dis. Jan. 30, 1863. Wounded at Stone river.
Rudd, Erastus	Gr'n Gard'n	" 15	Wounded at Stone river. Capt'd at Chickamauga. Died in Andersonville, Sept. 2, 1864. Grave No. 303.

ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Reed, Alonzo	Joliet	1862. Aug. 21	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt. Wounded at Mission Ridge.
Rudsill, Henry C.	"	" 15	M. O. June 12, 1865, as musician.
Randal, James H.	"	" 22	
Snyder, Memutt C.	"	July 28	M. O. June 12, 1865. Wounded at Chickamauga, and June 18, 1864.
Sergeant, Seth	"	Aug. 2	Dis. Feb. 2, 1863.
Sloan, Joseph	"	" 15	Dis. for dis. Feb. 18, 1865. Leg broke at Chickamauga.
Tanner Lisle	"	" 1	M. O. May 16, 1865.
Wilham, Christopher	Monroe	" 15	M. O. June 12, 1865, as sergt.
Winslow, Richard	12 M. Grove	" 5	Trans. to Eng. Corps, June 30, 1864.
White, Dennis	Joliet	" 11	Dis. March 26, 1865. Wounded June 15, near Kennesaw mountain.
Ward, John	"	" 11	Corp'l. Trans. to V. R. C. July 1, 1863.
World, Newton, recruit	"	"	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 24, 1863.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY A.			
1st Lieutenant.			
SIDNEY V. ARNOLD.	Lockport	Aug. 15, '62	As corporal of Co. A. Prom. 1st lieutenant. Sept. 29, 1864. M. O. June 6, 1865.
Ferguson, Amos—recruit	Joliet	Sept. 22, '64	M. O. June 6, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Assistant Surgeon.			
GEORGE W. BEGGS.			
	Plainfield	Oct. 8, '62	As 2d assistant. Promoted 1st assistant, June 2, 1864. M. O. June 7, 1865.
2d Lieut.—Co. D.			
GEORGE BROWN	Dupage	Aug. 11, '62	Prom. sergt. Prom. 2d lieutenant, June 7, 1865. M. O. June 7, 1865.
PRIVATES—Co. B.			
Mayers, Henry.	Wheatland	Aug. 4, '62	M. O. June 7, 1865.
Pratt, Lorenzo	"	Aug. 5, '62	Dis. for dis. April 6, 1863.
Strong, Robert H.	Dupage	Aug. 3, '62	M. O. June 7, 1865.
Smith, Chaney G.	"	Aug. 9, '62	Dis. for dis. Dec. 20, 1863.
Cry, David—Co. D.	Wheatland	Aug. 14, '62	M. O. June 7, 1865, as corporal.

ONE HUNDREDTH AND ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Haven, Fred'k,	Co. A	Gr. Garden.	May 7, '65	Trans. to 48th regt. M. O. Aug. 15, 1865.
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ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

1st Lieutenant.			
DAN'L FERGUSON—Co. A.			
	Channahon	July 2, '62	Prom. 2d lieutenant, Oct. 1, '62. Prom. 1st lieutenant, Jan. 22, 1863. Hon. dis. Sept. 3, '63. Lost a leg Jan. 12, 1863, at Arkansas Post.
RECRUITS.			
Ferguson, Alexander	"	Aug. 12, '62	M. O. June 14, 1863. Was detailed as capt'n in a negro regt. at Memphis.
Ledyard, Thos. C.	"	" 8, '62	Died at Vicksburg, July 25, 1863.
Barto, Fred'k,	Co. A Tracy	Dec. 28, '63	Dis. for dis. Feb. 8, 1865.
Holmes, (or Hornes) Joseph H.	Co. C Crete	Jan. 28, '64	Dis. July 24, 1865. Transferred to 120th regt.
Goslain, John B.	Co. D Joliet	Dec. 29, '63	Trans. to 120th M. O., Sept. 10, 1865.
Richards, Edwin C.	Co. K Crete	Aug. 9, '62	Corp. died at Young's Point, March 15, 1863.
Ward, Nelson A.	Co. K Joliet	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. May 28, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Pixley, Isaac, rec. Co. C	Monroe	Mar. 13, '65	Trans. to 21st regt. M. O., Dec. 16, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY E.			
JOHN FAIRWEATHER Corporal.	Wheatland	Aug. 15, '62	Dis. Aug. 14, 1863, for promotion in 1st U. S. C. H., Art.
PRIVATES.			
Lantz, Jacob L.	"	Aug. 14, '62	Trans. to V. R. C., Oct. 24, 1863.
Matter, Abram	"	"	Dis. for dis. Sept. 11, 1863.
McGlaughlin, Neil	"	"	M. O. Aug. 15, 1865.
Yaggey, Job H.	"	Aug. 15, '62	M. O. Aug. 15, 1865, as corporal.
Burnham, Oscar, recruit	"	Aug. 13, '62	Dis. Aug. 31, 1863.
Ridston, John	"	"	Died of wounds May 18, 1863.
Rice, Alphonso, Co. H	"	Aug. 7, '62	Killed at Champion Hills May 16, 1863.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Cross, Paul, Co. A	Wheatland	Aug. 9, '62	Dis. Feb. 12, 1863.
PRIVATES Co. G.			
Booth, George	Frankfort	Aug. 18, '62	Trans. to 128th regt.
Baker, Jacob	"	"	M. O. June 5, 1865.
Bruhl, Henry	"	"	Dis. for dis. Jan. 28, '64, wounded in taking a battery at Champion Hills.
Cadfrey, Thomas	"	"	Died on steamer R. C. Wood, Aug. 18, 1863.
Davison, Charles	"	"	M. O. June 5, 1865, as sergt.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY B.			
Cann, John	Joliet	Aug. 16, '62	Dis. Feb. 11, 1865, for wounds.
Lore, Robert C.	"	Aug. 11, '62	M. O. June 8, '65.
Lewis, Henry A.	"	Aug. 14, '62	Absent wounded at M. O.
Kundt, Fred'k, recr	Wilmi'gton	Jan. 24, '64	Died at Chattanooga Sept. 10, '64.
Rusher, Frank,	"	Jan. 25, '64	Trans. to 16th Ill. In., organized July 8, '65.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

One Hundred Days' Service.

COMPANY C.			
Sergeant.		1864.	
L. B. PARSONS	Wheatland	May 10	M. O. Oct. 17, 1864.
Corporal.			
H. W. YOUNG	Plainfield	"	Same.
Musician.			
JACOB SENCENBAUGH	"	May 17	Same.
PRIVATES.			
Clay, Levi D.	"	May 14	Same.
Dice, Hiram	Joliet	May 17	Same.
Forsyth, John A.	Plainfield	May 14	Same.
Fry, Samuel	"	May 17	Same.
Grimwood, Wm. H.	"	"	Same.
Rathburn, A. O.	"	May 14	Same.
Ransom, N. W.	"	May 17	Same.
Tobias, B. Franklin	"	May 14	Same.
Tobias, Geo. W.	"	"	Same.
Tobias, John L.	"	May 31	Same.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT—*Continued.*
One Hundred Days' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Wood, Edw. E.	Plainfield	1864 May 19	M. O. Oct 17, 1864.
Wrigley, John H.	"	May 6	Same.
COMPANY H.			
Converse, George	Lockport	May 20	Same.
Johnson, William	"	May 9	Same.
Rowe, Lewis	"	May 25	Same.
Sly, Winfield S.	"	May 28	Same.
COMPANY I.			
Deebridge, Chancey I.	Cretc	May 26	Same.
Edgerly, Francis W.	"	May 26	Same.
Hewes, Henry I.	"	May 21	Same.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

SURGEON.			
WILLIS DANFORTH.	Joliet	May 31	M. O. Oct. 25, 1864.
PRIVATES.			
Butler, David Co. E.	Wilmington	May 18	Same.
Partelow, Geo. W. Co. F.	Joliet	May 4	Same.
Wyatt, John A. Co. F.	"	May 17	Same.
Corporal.			
JOHN FINNEY, Co. K.	"	May 3	Same.
Mathews, C. pri. Co. K.	"	May 13	Same.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

One Hundred Day Men.

1st Lieutenant Co. F.			
SAMUEL COLL	Joliet	1864 June 21	M. O. Oct. 14, 1864.
1st Lieutenant Co. G.			
ERASTUS W. WILLARD	Wilmington	June 21	Same.
COMPANY F.			
Wagoner.			
LEO SHAFFER	Joliet	May 17	Same.
PRIVATES.			
Blumenshine, Christ.	"	May 12	Same.
Folk, Julius F.	"	May 15	Same.
Goodwin, Edwin	"	May 20	Same.
Kurkump, Henry	"	May 23	Same.
Lyon, Edward	"	May 20	Same.
Marshall, Griffin	New Lenox	May 14	Same.
Mauzey, Edward	Joliet	May 12	Same.
Moore, Joseph	"	May 7	Same.
Powles, Joseph	"	May 28	Same.
Watson, Chas.	"	May 2	Dis. Aug. 31, '64, to re-enlist.
Wyatt, George	"	May 2	Dis. Sept. 1, '64, to re-enlist.
Worthingham, Jacob B.	"	May 1	M. O. Oct. 14, '64.
Wilson, Chas.	"	June 1	Dis. Sept 1, '64, to re-enlist.
COMPANY G.			
Sergeants.			
THOMAS CONLEY	Wilmington	May 17	M. O. Oct. 14, 1864.
JOHN WORTHY	"	May 23	Same.
Corporals.			
WM. SHINK	"	May 17	Same.
MICHAEL FLETCHER	"	May 17	Same.
THOS. S. MCINTOSH	"	May 17	Same.
PRIVATES.			
Atkins, Warren C.	"	May 18	M. O. Oct. 14, 1865.
Beckman, Heinrich	"	June 1	

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT—Continued.
One Hundred Day Men.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment	History.
PRIVATES. Co. G.		1864.	
Doran, John	Wilmington	May 19	M. O. Oct. 14, 1864.
Doran, Daniel F.	"	May 19	Same.
Gavican, John	"	May 26	Same.
Greatrux, Platt	"	May 31	Same.
Harrep, Joseph	"	May 24	Same.
Mahoney, Jeremiah	"	May 18	Same.
Morrison, Wm. M.	"	May 18	Same.
Monteith, Lewis J.	"	May 27	Same.
Roberts, Henry N.	"	May 18	Same.
Spurr, Rufus	"	May 31	Same.
Scott, Robert	"	May 30	Same.
Shoemaker, Frank	"	May 27	Same.
Slater, Darwin	"	May 17	Same.
Stewart, Peter	"	May 21	Same.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

One Year Service.

Quartermaster.			
FLETCHER D. WOOD	Joliet	Sept. 19	As 2d lieut. Co. I. Prom. Q. M. May 8, 1865.
1st Lieutenant Co. I.	"		M. O. July 8, '66.
PHILIP SMITH	"	Sept. 19	Dis. June 14, 1866.
Q. M. Sergt.			
GEO. W. WOODHOUSE	Plainfield	Aug. 30	M. O. July 8, '65.
PRIVATES.			
Holden, Dexter S. Co. C	Joliet	Sept. 1	Same.
Hate, Martin B. Co. D	"	Sept. 5	Same.
COMPANY K.			
JAMES ALLEN, corp.	Wheatland	Sept. 13	M. O. July 8, '65, as 1st sergt.
PRIVATES.			
Allen, Francis	"	"	M. O. July 8, 1865.
Burnett, James A.	"	"	Same.
Jones, John	"	"	Same.
Keef, Dennis	"	"	Same.
Malcomb, John	"	"	Same.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

One Year's Service.

Captain.		1863.	
MATTHEW W. BORLAND	Joliet	Feb. 18	M. O. Jan. 24, 1866.
COMPANY D.			
PRIVATES.			
Cramer, Stephen	Channahon	Feb. 10	M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Jennings, Henry	Plainfield	Feb. 14	Same.
Shead, Alfred	Hadley	Jan. 31	Same.
Schneider, David	Plainfield	Feb. 14	Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 31, '65.
VanRiper, Abraham	Lockport	Feb. 11	M. O. May 15, 1865.
Way, Geo.	Hadley	Feb. 1	M. O. Jan. 20, 1866.
Seyler, Wm. L. Co. F	Joliet	Feb. 7	Died at Resacca, Ga., June 8, '65.
Taylor, Alex. Co. G	Plainfield	Feb. 11	M. O. July 29, 1865.
Sullivan, Daniel, Co. K	Joliet	Feb. 3	Died at Dalton, Ga., May 30, '65.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

One Year's Service.

COMPANY E.		1865.	
PRIVATES.			
Bailey, S. Ledger	Wilmington	Feb. 21	M. O. Sept. 21, 1865.
Cross, Charles C.	Peotone	Feb. 9	Abs. at M. O.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT—Continued.

One Year's Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Connor, Caleb M.	Wilmington	1865. Feb. 16	M. O. Sept. 21, 1866.
Connor, Wm. H.	New Lenox	"	Same.
Grey, John W.	Wilmington	"	
Kramer, Frederick	New Lenox	"	M. O. Sept. 21, 1862.
Ryan, John T.	Plainfield	Feb. 13	Same.
Shigley, Ephraim C.	New Lenox	Feb. 16	Same.
PRIVATES CO. H.			
Cleveland, Watson A.	Frankfort	Feb. 14	Same.
Farnsworth, Frank	"	Feb. 14	M. O. July 14, 1865.
Ivers, Thompson	"	Feb. 14	M. O. Sept. 21, 1865.
Leffler, Wardell M.	"	Feb. 13	Same.
Leffler, Wm.	"	Feb. 14	Same.
Mettler, Jasper	"	Feb. 13	Same.
Mettler, Wm. H.	"	Feb. 13	Same.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

One Year's Service.

COMPANY A.			
Sergeant.			
WILLIAM REX	New Lenox	1865. Feb. 15	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Corporals.			
JOHN LYNCH	Washington	"	Same.
JOHN L. HORTON	Channahon	"	Same.
WILLIAM C. LYNN	New Lenox	"	Same.
WILLIAM A. HILL	Washington	"	
Musician.			
Jeremiah B. Van Riper	Channahon	Feb. 24	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Dan'l J. Wilson—wagon'r	Plainfield	"	M. O. Aug. 25, 1865.
PRIVATES.			
Andre, Albert	Peotone	Feb. 17	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Bradshaw, Charles	Channahon	Mar. 1	Same.
Beales, Samuel S.	Peotone	Feb. 14	Same.
Beale, William S.	New Lenox	Feb. 13	M. O. Sept. 19, 1865.
Burton, John M.	Jackson	Mar. 2	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Cunklin, Thomas.	Channahon	Mar. 1	M. O. Aug. 25, 1865.
Cox, Albin J.	Plainfield	Feb. 15	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Estes, George M.	DuPage	Mar. 1	Same.
Goodspeed, Henry	Peotone	Feb. 17	Same.
Haggin, James	DuPage	Mar. 1	Same.
Hill, Martin	Washington	Feb. 15	
Hicks, Timothy	Channahon	"	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Hill, John	Washington	"	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Hicks, Manly	Channahon	"	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Jones, Jonas M.	Plainfield	"	Same.
La Fountain, Eugene	New Lenox	"	Same.
Miller, Jacob A.	Washington	"	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Moodey, William M.	Plainfield	"	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Mast, Henry	Washington	"	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Noah, Peter	New Lenox	Feb. 18	M. O. Sept. 15, 1865.
Swanck, Daniel C.	Plainfield	Feb. 15	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Wainwright, George	Jackson	Feb. 14	M. O. Sept. 20, 1865.
Wainwright, John	Peotone	"	Same.
Whitmore, Edward	Channahon	Feb. 15	Same.
Ganshart, David	Co. D. Wheatland	Feb. 25	Same.
Schmidt, Fred'k	Co. D. "	"	Same.
Williams, Wm.	Co. E. Wilmington	Mar. 1	Same.

SECOND CAVALRY REGIMENT

Three Years' Service.

RECRUIT CO. A.	Joliet	Dec. 21, '63	Trans. to Co. E. con. M. O. Aug. 20, '65.
Myers, Wm. R.			

THIRD CAVALRY CONSOLIDATED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS Co. A.			
Howe, Clark	Joliet	1865. Feb. 1	M. O. Oct. 10, '65.
Hartwell, Wm. E.	Homer	Jan. 16	Died at Eastport, Miss. May 5, '65.
Myers, Richd. or Joseph	Joliet	Jan. 17	M. O. Oct. 10, '65.
Wells, Marcellus	Homer	Jan. 16	M. O. July 12, '65.
West, Wm. H.	"	"	Same.
RECRUITS Co. B.			
Scott, Wm.	Joliet	Jan. 23	
Scott, Henry	"	"	
RECRUITS Co. G.			
Johnson, Wm. A.	New Lenox	Feb. 16	M. O. July 19, '65.
Johnson, George T.	"	"	Drowned Aug. 11, '65.
Johnson, Joseph W.	Wilmington	"	
Scott, David W.	Dupage	Feb. 3	M. O. Oct. 10, '65.
Sulson, Joseph A.	Wilmington	Feb. 16	Died at Eastport, Miss. May 3, '65.
PRIVATES Co. H.			
Berger, Charles	Monroe	Feb. 28	Died at Fort Snelling, Miss. June 23, '65.
Keaker, Henry	"	"	M. O. Oct. 10, '65.
COMPANY I.			
GEO. W. INGERSOLL, corp.	Will	"	Same.
Bankum, Isaiah	Wilton	Mar. 23	
Mathews, Lorenzo Co. K	Monroe	Mar. 8	M. O. Oct. 10, '65.

FOURTH (DICKEY'S) CAVALRY,
'Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Captain Co. D.			
JOHN H. FELTER	Lockport	1861. Aug. 27	Resigned Aug. 8, '63.
IBA W. SMITH.	"	Aug. 3	As. 1st Ser. Promoted 2nd Lieut. April 24, '62. Promoted captain Aug. 8, '62. Trans. to Co. E. Con. Trans. to Co. M. 12th cav. Con. Resigned Dec. 1, '65.
1st Lieut. Co. D.			
SACIA F. TAYLOR	Lockport	Aug. 30	As. Sergt. Co. D. Promoted 1st Lieut. March 15, '64. Transferred to Co. D. Consol. Trans. to Co. M., 12th cav. Consol. M. O. May 29, '66. Wounded.
2d Lieut. Co. D.			
ELI C. SHEAFER	Lockport	Aug. 27	Resigned April 24, 1862.
Sergt. Major.			
ORIN MOON	"	Sept. 16	As private. Promoted Sergeant-Major. M. O. for promotion as Lieut. in 6th U. S. Col. Art.
Q. M. Sergt.			
THOS. W. FERREE	Joliet	"	
COMPANY A.			
Walker, Fred'k K. priv.	Wilmington	Aug. 24	Vet. prom. 1st Sergt. Trans. to Co. E. Con. Trans. to Co. M., 12 Cav. Q. M. S.
Mead, Solon S. recr.	Joliet	Dec. 2, '63	Trans. to E. Con. Trans. to M. 12 Cav.
Mead, Bernard V. "	"	Sept. 21, '61	Vet. Trans. to E. Con. Trans. to M. 12 Con. M. O. Sergeant.
Cheney, Wm. priv. Co. B	Lockport	Sept. 3	M. O. Nov. 31, '64.
COMPANY C.			
PRIVATES.			
Belfield, Charles	Will	Oct. 15	Dis. for Dis. April 30, '62.
Burns, John S.	Mauhattan	Oct. 29	Died at Mound City, March 10, '62.
Cooper, Marion	Florence	"	Trans. to D. Con. Was pris. of war and wounded.
Hatch, Columbus	Homer	Oct. 16	Dis. for Dis. Sept. 30 1862.
Leath, Chandler	Plainfield	Sept. 13	Vet. Trans. to D. Con. As. Corp. Trans. to 12th Cav. M. O. Sergt.
Massey, John	Will	Sept. 2	M. O. Nov. 3, '64. As. Corp. Was prisoner.
Matthews, James S.	Joliet	Oct. 7	Prom. Corp. Prom. 2nd Lieut. in 1st Miss. Cav. Promoted 1st Lieut. Served on staff of Gen. Osband, and as Provost Marshall of freedmen.
Matthews, Chas.	Joliet	Oct. 7	Dis. for dis. July 5, '62.

FOURTH CAVALRY—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Paxon, Robert	Plainfield	Oct. 7 1861.	
Ryan, Ervin	Joliet	Sept. 1	Trans. to D. Con.
Seely, Jonas	"	Oct. 29	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, 1st Sergt.
Smith, George N.	Wilton	Aug. 23	Trans. to D. Con. Com. Sergt. Was pris. of war.
Stark, John	Marshal	Oct. 28	M. O. July 17, 1865; was pris.
Weaver, John	Mokena	Sept. 12	Died while prisoner at Richmond.
Hines, Jacob, recruit	Dupage	Aug. 15	Trans. to D. Con. And to 12th Cav. M. O. May 29, 1866.
COMPANY D.			
Q. M. Sergeant.			
Wm. Cowdry	Will Co.	July 15	Dis. for dis. April 5, 1862.
Sergeants.			
GEORGE SAYERS	"	Aug. 2	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864. Wounded, lost an eye by accident.
PHILP WOLFSBERGER	"	Sept. 2	Prom. in 1st Miss. Cav.
BARNEY S. BRIGGS	"	Sept. 5	Sergt. Promoted Major in 6th Tenn. Cav. Wounded at Shiloh.
ENMER S. MCINTER	Joliet	Aug. 8	M. O. Nov. 3, '64, as Sergeant.
HIRAM B. KENNISTON	Jackson	Aug. 23	Dis. for dis. June 18, 1862.
Wm. HYLAND	"	Sept. 4	Sergt. Prom. Capt. in 1st Miss. Col. Cav.
Wm. F. HILLS	Mokena	Aug. 25	Trans. to C. M. O. Nov. 3, '64.
Wm. GAMIL	"	Sept. 16	Dis. for dis. Jan. 18, 1862.
BENJ. F. MEETCH	"	Sept. 3	M. O. Nov. 3, '64, as Sergeant.
JOHN AMES	"	Sept. 8	
Buglers.			
FRANK CALAIS	Troy	Sept. 12	Corporal. Dis. for prom. in 1st Miss. Col. Cav. Oct. 9, '62. M. O. Aug., 1865. Wounded near Oxford.
JOHN SHAW	"	Sept. 26	Dis. for dis. July 12, 1862.
Saddler.			
JAMES MCGREGOR	Lockport	"	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864.
Blacksmith.			
PHILIP MAAS	Joliet	Aug. 27	Vet. Trans. to E. Con. Trans. to M., 12th Cav. M. O. May 29, '66.
PRIVATES.			
Avery, Frank H.	Wilton	Aug. 24	Trans. to C. M. O. Nov. 3, '64.
Avery, John	"	Aug. 29	Trans. to C. M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as Sergt. Captured at Collierville, Miss.
Aruold, John	Lockport	Sept. 7	Dis. for dis. Aug. 1, 1842. Enlisted in C. M. Battery.
Abrams, Henry E.	Joliet	Aug. 25	Trans. to C. M. O. Nov. 3, 64, as Sergt.
Benner, Henry E.	"	Aug. 19	Same. Captured near Colliersville.
Brinkman, John	"	Aug. 25	Dis. in 1862.
Brown, Zeno C.	Will Co.	Sept. 17	Trans. to K. Dis. for dis. Sep. 20, 1862.
Baer, Reuben B.	"	Sept. 18	Dis. for dis. June 18th, 1862. Became lieutenant, of some regt.
Beebe, Daniel L.	"	"	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as sergt.
Carr, Wilson G.	"	Oct. 12	Same.
Carr, Albert A.	"	Sept. 12	Dis. for dis. April 23, 1862. Wnd. at Shiloh.
Crawford, Henry	"	Aug. 16	Same.
Davidson, James	Wheatland	Sept. 6	M. O. July 17, '65, as sergt. Was prisoner.
Downer, John E.	Will Co.	Aug. 19	Dis. for dis. Apr. 23, '62.
Decker, David H.	"	Aug. 7	Same.
Deahl, Jacob	"	Aug. 8	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864. Wounded.
Dodge, Enos P.	"	Aug. 15	Died at Bolivar, Tenn., August 14th, 1862, of wounds. Wounded in skirmish.
Emery, Andrew	"	Aug. 12	Sergt. Prom. in 1st Miss. col'd cav. Wnd'd three times.
Everett, Moses P.	"	Aug. 14	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864.
Eib, James	12-m. Grove	Sept. 3	Trans. to C. M. O. Nov. 3, '64.
Felker, John O.	Will Co.	Aug. 15	Dis. for dis. April 23, 1862.
Gauthrop, Henry	"	Sept. 10	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as corp.
Grant, Wm.	"	Sept. 13	"
Gay, John R.	"	Aug. 30	Same. Wounded twice
Green, Gilbert	"	Sept. 10	Dis. for dis. April 5, 1862.
Hart, Owen	"	Sept. 17	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, wounded.
Herald, John	"	Sept. 13	Same.
Hall, Leland	"	"	Prom. in 1st Miss. col'd cav.
Hartless, Thos.	"	Sept. 16	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864.
Hunt, Samuel S.	"	"	"
Kenniston, Simeon G.	"	Sept. 7	Same. Wounded.
Kassabaum, William	"	Aug. 18	Dis. for dis. April 23, 1862.
Kraft, Henry	"	Aug. 23	Same. Died of dis. contracted in service.

FOURTH CAVALRY—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
		1861.	
Kelly, Michael	Will Co.	Sept. 16	Dis. to enter naval service, W'nd'd in N. S.
Lish, A.	"	Sept. 14	Died at Vicksburg Feb. 11, 1864.
Matthews, Edward C.	"	Oct. 14	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864.
Matthews, John	"	Sept. 16	Same.
Matthews, Edward	Wheatland	"	Dis. for dis. Aug. 18, 1862.
Melvin, Edgar	Will Co.	Aug. 20	Died at Savannah, Tenn., Mar. 21, 1862.
Mather, John R.	"	Aug. 27	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864. Absent wounded.
McDermett, Wm.	"	Aug. 29	" " " " " "
Maloy, Michael	"	Sept. 4	Same. Wounded twice.
Marigold, Francis	"	Sept. 11	Dis. for dis. June 5, '63.
Mather, James I.	Wheatland	Oct. 9	Dis. for dis. June 24th, 1863. Wounded at Shiloh.
Mather, Reuben	"	"	Died at Vicksburg, Aug. 3, '63.
Nicholas, Joseph H.	Will Co.	July 7	Dis. for dis. Aug. 18, 1862.
O'Harra, Michael	"	Aug. 30	M. O. Nov. 16, 1864, was a prisoner.
O'Herrin, Joseph	"	Sept. 6	M. O. Jan. 9, 1865, was a prisoner.
Potter, Andrew G.	Plainfield	Sept. 16	Trans. to C. M. O. Nov. 3, 1864.
Pearsons, Charles H.	Will Co.	Aug. 27	Dis. for dis. Apr. 28, 1862.
Payfair, Joseph	Joliet	Sept. 19	" " " " " "
Rutherford, Wm. H.	"	Sept. 3	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as sergt.
Richter, James S.	Lockport	Aug. 16	" " " " " " as corpl. Was prisoner and escaped.
Richter John W.	"	"	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as corpl. Wounded.
Reynolds, Moses S.	"	Aug. 2	Dis. to enter naval service.
Randall, Joseph R.	Channahon	Sept. 12	Sergt. Prom. in 1st Miss. col. cav. Lieut., and prom. captain.
Randall, Oscar T.	"	" 16	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as 1st Sergt. Wounded Dec. '63.
Robbins, David S.	12 M. Grove	" 18	Dis. for dis. June 18, 1862.
Stoker, Andrew	Jackson	Aug. 16	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864.
Shulz, August	"	" 27	" " " " " "
Staley, Paul	Joliet	Sept. 23	Dis. to enter naval service. Wounded in N. S., and died.
Springer, James	"	" 3	" " " " " "
Snyder, Charles M.	Lockport	" 6	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864. Wounded.
Seybert, Wesley	Florence	Aug. 25	Dis. for dis. June 8, '62.
St. George, Wm.	Lockport	Sept. 9	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864.
Sondameyer, Wm.	Jackson	Aug. 18	Vet. Trans. to E. Con. Trans. to Co. M. 12th cav. M. O. May 29, 1866.
Sheil, Thos.	Channahon	Sept. 20	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as corpl.
Woodworth, Orville H.	12-m. Grove	Sept. 10	Same.
Wadsworth, John G.	New Lenox	Aug. 25	Same.
Wright, John	Lockport	Sept. 12	Dis. to enter naval service.
RECRUITS.			
Beal, Curtis E.	Lockport	Aug. 31, '62	Trans. to E. con. Corporal. Died at Memphis, June 3, 1865.
Bachus, John C.	"	Aug. 23, '63	Dis. for dis. Oct. 29, 1862.
Clark, Henry B.	"	"	Trans. to Co. E. con. Trans. to M. 12 cav. M. O. April 4, 1866.
Crawford, Henry A.	Joliet	Dec. 7, '63	Trans. to 10 E. con. Trans. to M. 12th cav.
Dahlem, Gerhard	Lockport	Aug. 31, '62	Trans. to E. con. Made corpl. Dis. for dis. May 21, 1865.
Decker, David H.	Joliet	Oct. 4, '62	Trans. to E. con. Corpl. Trans. to M. 12th cav. M. O. Oct. 17, 1865.
Daily, Royal	Lockport	Sept. 2, '62	Trans. to E. con. M. O. June 15, 1875.
Hillman, Abraham	"	Aug. 31, '62	Trans. to E. con. M. O. June 15, 1865.
McNealy, Newton	"	Sept. 13, '62	Trans. to D. con. M. O. June 15, 1865.
McPherson, John	Jackson	Feb. 22, '64	Trans. to E. con. Trans. to M. 12th cav. M. O. May 29, 1866, as sergt.
Pettingill, Seward H.	"	Oct. 1, '62	Prom. in 1st Miss. col. cav. Died in service.
Webber, John	"	Aug. 26, '62	Trans. to E. con. M. O. June 15, 1865.
Webber, Daniel	"	"	" " " " " "
Near, James,	Co. E Mokena	Sept. 26, '61	Trans. to F. Died at Randolph Forges, T. Feb. 22, 1862.
Baldwin, Orison S.	G Joliet	Dec. 9, '63	Dis. for dis. Oct. 10, 1864.
Ryan, Daniel D.	Co. L Lockport	Oct. 15	M. O. Nov. 3, 1864, as corpl.
CONSOLIDATED REGT.			
RECRUITS.			
Buntain, Thos. J.	Co. A Florence	Oct. 12, '64	Trans. to G. 12th cav. M. O. Oct. 11, 1865.
Corwin, Chas. A.	" New Lenox	Sept. 5, '64	Returned to 45th regt.
Baker, Lorenzo,	Co. C "	" 1, '64	Sub. M. O. June 15, 1865.
Baker, Chas. S.	Wilton	"	Same.

FOURTH CAVALRY—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Greenman, Jas. C.	"	Sept. 11, '64	Sub. M. O. June 15, 1865.
Haken, Chas.	"	Oct. 11, '64	Trans. to K. 12th cav. Dis. Oct. 10, 1865.
Rooney, James.	"	Sept. 11, '64	M. O. June 15, 1865.
Brown, Ananias,	Co. D	Jan. 3, '65	Trans. to L, 12th cav. M. O. June 3, 1865.
Schmidt, John	"	"	Same.
Barr, David	Co. E	Oct. 12, '64	Trans. to M, 12th cav. M. O. Oct. 12, 1865.
Butterfield, Frank	"	Oct. 7, '64	Trans. to M, 12th cav. M. O. Oct. 9, 1865.
Stafford, Charles	"	"	Same.

SIXTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

RECRUITS.			
Kennepp, Jas. A.	Co. C	Monce	1865. March 3
Gardner, Joel D.	Co. E	"	" 2
Garrett, Cyrus J.	Co. L	"	" 7
Kennepp, Thos. J.	"	"	" 7
Pickering, Jordan P.	"	"	" 7
Pickering, Abisha	"	"	" 7
Rouse, James L.	"	Gr'n Gard'n	" 10
			M. O. Nov. 5, 1865. Same. Died at Nashville, T. July 9th, 1865. Died at Demopolis, Ala., Sep. 19, 1865. M. O. Nov. 5, 1865. Same. M. O. Aug. 21, '65.

EIGHTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

1st Lieut. Co. F. ALVAN P. GRANGER	New Lenox	1861. Sept. 18	As. 2nd Lieut. Prom. 1st, Aug. 4, 1862. Resigned May 30, 1863. Served on staff of Gen. Pleasanton and Gen. Keyes. A. G. G. brigade.
Capt. Co. K. JOHN A. KINLEY	Wheatland	"	As. Sergt. Prom. 2nd Lieut. July 1st, 1863. Promoted captain Sept. 18, 1864. Resigned April 11, 1865. Wounded at Urbana, Md., July 9th, 1864.
Capt. Co. K. HARLEY J. INGERSOLL	Plainfield	"	As private in Co. K. Vet. Promoted Sergt. then 1st Lieut., Sep. 18, 1864. Prom. capt. May 8th, 1865. M. O. July 17, '65. Wounded at Culpepper, Va.
1st Lieut. Co. K. GEORGE W. FLAGG	"	"	Resigned Jan. 24, 1862.
COMPANY E.			
Robinson, D. F. vet. rec.	Wilmington	Aug. 11, '62	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.
Barnham, Oscar D. rec.	Wheatland	Jan. 10, '64	Same.
Engle, John	Plainfield	Feb. 11, '64	Same.
COMPANY F.			
Corporal.			
JESSE C. ALLEN	Crete	1861. Sept. 12	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865, as 1st sergt.
Bugler.			
LOUIS B. GARDNER	Homer	Sept. 3	Trans. to V. R. C. Died.
PRIVATE.			
Avery, Ambrose S.	Gr'n Gard'n	"	
Alfred, Otis	Crete	Sept. 11	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.
Adams, George	"	Sept. 13	Dis. for dis. Jan. 29, 63.
Arthur, Wm. T. J.	Monce	Sept. 12	M. O. Sept. 28, 1864.
Clark, Arthur F.	"	"	Died at Washington, D. C. Jan. 29, 1863.
Cooper, Frederick	Crete	" 11	Dis. for dis. April 22, 1865.
Doolittle, John W.	"	"	M. O. Sep. 28, 1864.
Elwell, Horace E.	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.
Fehon, Charles E.	"	"	Dis. for dis.
Goodenow, Cornelius	"	Sept. 7	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865, corpl.
Goodwin, Wm. D.	Good Grov.	" 14	Dis. for dis. April 3, 1863.
Horn, Robert	Joliet	" 3	Dis. for dis. Feb. 28, 1863.
Haner, Abraham	Crete	" 7	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865, sergt.
Halley, Austin	Homer	" 9	Dis. for dis. in 1863.
Hill, Leander T.	Crete	" 16	Dis. for dis. April 15, 1862.
Kile, W. S.	"	" 13	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.

EIGHTH CAVALRY. — *Continued.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Lull, Franklin R.	Lockport	1861. Sept. 13	Dis. April 7th, 1863, for wounds received near Richmond. Died.
Quackenbush, Alfred	Crete	" 7	Died at Alexandria, Va. Feb. 27, 1862.
VET. RECRUITS.			
Brown, Geo. A.	"	" 13	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1875
Cook, Willis J.	"	Aug. 5	Same Sergt.
Dubridge, Stephen M.	Will	Oct. 3	Same Corp'l. Wounded in skirmish.
Messinger, Jonas	Crete	Aug. 7, '62	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.
McLane, Chas. O.	"	Nov. 20, '61	Vet. Detached at M. O.
Wood, Willard S.	"	Aug. 5, '62	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865, as Sergt.
RECRUITS.			
Adams, Elbridge H.	"	Oct. 3, '61	Dis. for dis. April 16, 1862.
Adams, Harrison F.	"	"	M. O. Sept. 28, 1864.
Bowes, George	Washingt'n	"	Dis. March 6, 1863, for wounds received at Middletown, Sept. 13, 1862.
Baker, George A.	Monroe	"	Died at mule house. Va., June 18, 62.
Cole, John W.	Crete	"	Died of wounds received at Falling Water, Md., July 15, 1863.
Cave, Robert	"	Aug. 5, '62	Died at Washington, D. C., Aug. 20, 1863, of wounds received at Culpepper, Va.
Cook, Myron H.	"	Aug. 11 "	Died at Stafford, Va., March 30, 1863.
Caldwell, Richard D.	"	Aug. 5 "	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.
Elwell, John T.	"	Jan. 27, '64	Same
Farrisham, Lyman W.	Monroe	Sept. 26, '64	M. O. June 21, 1865.
Gardner, Hiram J.	Crete	Oct. 3, '61	Dis. for dis. April 3, 1863.
Gardner, Edwin A.	"	Feb. 8, '64	M. O. July 17, 1865.
Goodenow, Emery	Monroe	"	Same
Granger, Albert L.	Lockport	"	Dis. for prom. Oct. 27, 1864, in col. reg.
Hewes, George C.	Crete	Oct. 10,	Died at Philadelphia, Penn., March 6, 1863.
Hill, Charles A.	"	Aug. 5, '62	Dis. for prom. as Lieut. in 1st U. S. colored troops. Prom. capt. Wounded.
Hellman, Richard	"	Aug. 11	M. O. June 21, 1865. Taken pris. and escap'd.
Hewes, Orland	"	Aug. 5	Killed near Culpepper, Va. Nov. 9, 1863.
Horne, Robert	"	Jan. 30, '64	M. O. July 17, 1865.
Harter, Aaron	"	Jan. 5	Same.
Harkness, David	"	Jan. 28	Same.
Jenne, Henry S.	"	Oct. 3, '61	Dis. for dis. Nov. 29, 1862.
Lock, Otho	"	Oct. 10, '61	Dis. for dis.
Morris, George R.	"	Aug. 5, '62	Dis. for dis. April 1, 1863.
McCoy, Milton B.	"	Aug. 11	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865, as corpl.
Messinger, Horace J.	Homer	Feb. 29	M. O. July 17 65.
Miller, Fernando	Wheatland	Jan. 29	Same
Watkins, Wm.	Crete	Oct. 3, '61	Dis. for dis. Sept. 10, 1862.
CORPORALS.			
RICHARD C. VINSON	Wheatland	Sept. 18, '61	Died at Boonsboro from wounds rec'd at Falling Water July 6, 1863.
SYLVESTER B. FREELOVE	"	"	Vet. M. O. June 16, 1865, as sergt.
FESTUS G. TURNER	Plainfield	"	Dis. for dis. Feb. 20, 1863. Died after dis.
MASON J. LEONARD	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 18, 1865. Corporal.
PRIVATES.			
Boyd Albert H.	"	"	Discharged, term expired.
Bockman, John	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 19, 1865.
Colegrove, Larius T.	Wheatland	"	Same.
Farley, Peter	Plainfield	"	Accidentally killed at Bealton Station, Va., Sept. 5, 1863—fell from horse.
Hubbard, Lysander	"	"	Died at Alexandria, Va., March 9, 1862.
Heintzelman, Geo. A.	"	"	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865, as corporal.
Holmes, George W.	Gr. Garden.	"	M. O. May 20, 1862, pris. of war.
Keitzmiller, Henry	Plainfield	"	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865. Was captured July 27, '63, horse fell.
Platts, Martin	"	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 25, 1862.
Pettys, Ira	Gr'n Gard'n	"	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.
Pettingill, Samuel	"	"	Same Blacksmith.
Pettys, Warren	"	"	Dis. for dis. Jan. 18, 1862.
Pomeroy, Peter	Plainfield	Sept. 17, '61	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865.
Rowe, Orsamus C.	Frankfort	Sept. 18, '61	Same.
Triam, Peter A.	Plainfield	"	M. O. Sept. 28th, 1864.
Vinson, John J.	Wheatland	"	Vet. M. O. July 17, 1865, sergt.
Warner, Warren B.	Gr'n Gard'n	Sept. 17, '61	Same. Wagoner.
Weldon, Eaton E.	Plainfield	Sept. 18, '61	Dis. for dis. Jan. 18, 1862.

EIGHTH CAVALRY.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Byers, Henry F.	Plainfield	Feb. 1	M. O. July 17, 1865.
Brownson, Coleman	"	Feb. '64	Same
Brownson, Henry H.	"	Mar. 7, '64	Same
Dice, William	"	Feb. 3, '64	Same
Dow, Collin	Wheatland	Oct. 8, '64	Same
Fellows, Geo. W.	Plainfield	Feb. 1, '64	Same
Galbraith, George	Wheatland	Oct. 8, '64	Same
Gordon, David G.	"	Mar. 31	Dis. April 1, 1865, for prom. in col'd regt.
Jones, James C.	"	Oct. 8, '64	M. O. July 17, 1865.
Keen, Anson C.	Plainfield	Feb. 1	" " "
Ricker, Geo. T.	Will	Sept. 30	" June 21, 1865.
Shipley, Mathew	Plainfield	Feb. 1, '64	" July 17, 1865.
Stem, William A.	"	Feb. 2	Died at Camp Relief, D. C., June 20, 1864.
Thompson, Seneca	Wheatland	Oct. 8, '64	M. O. July 17, 1865.
Vinson, Thomas	"	"	Same
Wilson, Henry G.	"	"	Same
Whitson, Jonathan F.	"	Feb. 1	Dis. for dis. June 25, 1864.
RECRUITS Co. L.			
Alexander, George	Homer	Jan. 25, '64	M. O. July 17, 1865.
Bump, Albert	"	"	Died at Giebro Pt., D. C., April 20, 1864.
Murphy, Barney	"	"	M. O. July 17, 1865.

NINTH CAVALRY
Three Years' Service.

1st Lieut. Co. G. SIDNEY O. ROBERTS	Dupage	Oct. 17, '61	As private Co. G. Prom. 2nd Lieut. Oct. 21, 1862, Prom. 1st Lieut. Nov. 25, 1862. Res. May 1, 1865.
RECRUITS Co. B.			
Ahr, William	Joliet	Jan. 18, '61	Died at Gainesville, Ala., Sep. 21, 1865.
Blackburn, Peter	Jackson	"	M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Bowers, Cyrus	Joliet	"	Same.
Brown, Morris	Reed	Jan. '65	Came up missing.
Howel, Joseph	Florence	Jan. 20	Same.
Kepler, William	Jackson	Jan. 18	Same.
Leach, David S.	Reed	Jan. 16, '65	Same.
Ryan, Ervin	Joliet	Jan. 18	M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Sifert, Henry	"	'65	Same.
Shaw, James T.	Lockport	Apr. 12, '65	
Way, Edwin F.	Joliet	Jan. 18	M. O. Oct. 31, 1865. Corpl.
Way, Chas. F.	"	Jan. 20	Absent. Sick at M. O.
COMPANY D.			
Farrier.		1861.	
LOUIS MEYER	Crete	Sept. 10	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Bugler.	"	"	Vet. Died at Memphis, Oct. 20, 1864.
HENRY KATSA			
PRIVATES.			
Allfield, Fred'k	"	"	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Buck, Conrad	"	"	"
Buck, Frederick	"	"	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Conskay, William	"	"	Died at Helena, Ark. Oct. 1, 1862.
Cleronrugh, John	"	"	Vet.
Deceness, Philip	"	Sept. 19	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Duenenig, Henry	Washingt'n	Sept. 10	Same
Everding, John	Crete	"	"
Gaberski, Henry	"	"	Same as Bugler.
Husen, (or Hauze) Fred'k	"	"	Same as Corporal.
Ingleking, Conrad	"	"	Died April 19, 1862.
Linglelett, Dennis	"	"	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Libkey, Christoff	"	"	"
Lanbault, George	"	"	Vet.
Meyer, John Philip	"	"	"
Moor, Frederick	"	"	"
Meiss, Conrad	"	"	M. O. Sept. 23, 1863.
Paul, Christoff	"	"	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Rupricht, Henry	"	"	Same corporal.
Roegers, Conrad	"	"	"
Shaeffer, Christoff	"	"	"
Steege, Conrad	"	"	Vet. Absent. Sick at M. O.
Sueir, Conrad	"	"	Dis. for dis. Nov. 29, 1862.

NINTH CAVALRY.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Adrian, Frederick	Crete	Oct. 6, '61	Trans. to E. Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 9, 1864.
Hardekopp, William	"	Oct. 8, '61	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Lattz, Henry	"	Oct. 9, '61	Prom. Sergeant-Major.
Luhman, August	"	Oct. 8, '61	"
Meyer, August	"	"	Died at Memphis, July 29, 1862.
Miller, Frederick	"	Sept. 10	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865. Sergt.
COMPANY F.			
Calhoun, Ransford, priv.	Wilmington	Sept. 14, '61	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865.
Hawley, Robert, recruit	"	Oct. 16, '61	Same.
Krackenberg, Conrad	Monee	Oct. 10, '61	M. O. Oct. 16, 1865.
Rube, William,	Will	"	Same.
COMPANY G.			
Dussen, or Daufen, Nich.	Plainfield	Sept. 10, '61	Vet. M. O. Oct. 31, 1865, as corpl.
Bostwick, Henry C. recr.	Dupage	Oct. 5, '64	M. O. Oct. 13, 1865.
Salter, John F.	Wilm'ngt'n	Oct. 16, '61	Died at Camp Douglas, Feb. 7, 1862.

TENTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

1st Lieutenant.		1861.	
HERMAN B. HOFFMAN	Joliet	Nov. 12	Res. March 16, 1864.
RECRUITS Co. B.			
Creamer, James B.	Channahon	Jan. 4, '64	Trans. to B. Dis. for dis. April 11, 1865.
Healy, Patrick	"	Mar. 8, '64	Trans. to B. M. O. Nov. 22nd, 1865.
Miller, R. E.	"	Jan. 4, '64	Same.
O'Neil, John	"	May 7	Same.
RECRUITS Co. C.			
Boyle, John O.	"	Dec. 31, '63	Trans. to B. Reor. M. O. Nov. 22nd, 1865.
Day, Wm. H.	"	Jan. 4	Trans. to A. Reorg. M. O. Nov. 22, 1865.
Sheckell, E. D. W.	"	Dec. 29, '63	" B. " Dis. for dis. Jan. 29, '65.
West, George	"	Dec. 31, '63	" F. " M. O. Nov. 22, 1865.
RECRUITS Co. D.			
Keenan, Davis	"	Dec. 29, '63	" G. " " " "
COMPANY H.			
Andrews, John C.	"	"	" H. " " " "
Dunn, Timothy	"	Jan. 12	Same.
McGrath, Owen H.	"	Dec. 29, '63	Same.
Purcell, Edward	"	Jan. 4, '64	Trans. to H. Died at Little Rock, Apr. 10, '65
COMPANY M.			
Pierson, Wm. A.—priv.	Will Co.	Nov. 1, '61	Vet. Died at Springfield, Ill., Feb. 20, 1864.

ELEVENTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

RECRUITS Co. A.			
Kelly, Arthur	Joliet	March 28	M. O. Sep. 30, 1865.
Shean, Timothy.	"	"	Same.
COMPANY C.			
Gillispie, John.	Lockport	Mar. 21, '65	M. O. Aug. 21, 1865.
Heartless, Thomas	"	Mar. 22, '65	" Sep. 30, 1865.
McGregor, James	"	Mar. 24, '65	Same.
Frouth, John	Co. K.	Apr. 13, '65	Trans. to E. 5th cav. M. O. Oct. 27, '65.
Barce, Moses	Co. M.	March 31	Same.
Henny, James	Gr'n Gard'n	Feb. 11, '65	M. O. Sep. 30, 1865.
Shufelt John H.	rec't Peotone	Mar. 13, '65	Same.

TWELFTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY D.			
PRIVATES.			
John Sneath; blacksmith	Lockport	Jan. 15. '62	Trans. to 19th Ill. Infantry.
Coram, James	Will	"	
Rollins, David	Troy	Feb. 14	Trans. to Inv. corps.
Roberts, John	"	Mar. 1	
Williams, Frederick	Will	Feb. 1	
COMPANY E.			
PRIVATES.			
Schonpp, William	Peotone	Feb. 8. '62	
Vimpany, Charles	Wilmington	Dec. 30. '61	Died Nov. 19. 1861.
Woods, Isaac recruit	Joliet	Dec. 26. '63	Trans. to C. Con. M. O. July 17, 1864.
Mullen, Jos. B. Co. F	Wilmington	Oct. 7. '61	Dis. for dis. June 29, 1864.
RECRUITS Co. H.			
Bennett, James	Wilton	Dec. 14. '63	Trans. to A. Con. M. O. May 29, 1864.
Patchett, Frank	"	Dec. 14. '63	Killed at Alexandria, Va., April 28, 1864.
Stebbins, Robert	"	Dec. 26. '63	Died at Donaldsonville, La., Aug. 1st, '64.
Washburn, Robert S.	"	"	Trans. to H. Con. M. O. May 28, as corp.
Knickerbocker, Willis Co. I	New Lenox	Oct. 22. '61	Dis. Jan. 3. 1863.
Johnson, James Co. K	Lockport	Dec. 12. '63	Trans. to F. Con. Dis. for dis. Dec. 27. '65.
Howe Isaac Co. M	Wilmington	Dec. 29	Trans. to H. Con. M. O. June 10, 1865.

THIRTEENTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

COMPANY C.			
Captain.		1861.	
ADAM SACHS	Monee	Dec. 31	As 2nd Lieut. Prom. capt. May. 4, 1862. M.
2d Lieutenant.			O. on con.
ADOLPH SCHULE	"	Dec. 21	as corp. Prom. 3rd lieut. Jan. 10, 1863. M.
COMPANY F.			
Captain.			
WILLIS DANFORTH	Joliet	Dec. 31	Resigned Feb. 7, 1863.
2d Lieutenant.			
IRA D. SWAIN	"	Dec. 31	Hon. dis. April 23, 1863.
Surgeon of con. regt.			
Edwin R. Willard	Wilmington	July 31. '63	M. O. Aug. 31, 1865.
COMPANY A.			
Q. M. sergt.		1861.	
HENRY HARKEN	Monee	Oct. 24	
Peter Schlanter, farrier	"	" 21	
COMPANY C.			
2d Sergt.			
ALBERT AUG. HARKEN	"	" 24	As private. Promoted 1st sergt. June 10th, 1862. Dis. Jan. 11, 1863.
Corporal.			
GUSTAVE ED. NAGLE	"	" 22	
Buglers.			
Johann Franzen	"	" 21	
Johannis Becker.	"	" 21	
Henry Busch saddler	"	" 21	Prom. saddle sergt. Trans. to N. C. S. as con. Dis. Aug. 21, 1865.
PRIVATES.			
Blishm, Frederick	"	" 16	Trans. to C. Con.
Caistens Henry J	"	" 24	Prom. Sergt. Jan. 1, 1863.
Clasens, Berup Christ	"	" 24	Prom. corp. May 1st, 1862, sergt. Nov. 25, '62. 1st sergt. Jan. 12, 1862.
Corthauer, John	"	" 21	Dis. Oct. 10, 1862.
Cholett, John	"	" 21	Trans. to D.
Tromm, John	"	Nov. 25	Dis. Jan. 11, 1863.
Haagan, Christ	"	Nov. 10	Trans. to C. Con.
Hees, Wm.	"	Jan. 24. '62	Dis. Jan. 11, 63.
Kay, Nicholas	"	Oct. 28	Dis. Jan. 11, 1863. Died at Little Rock, Dec. 20. '64. of wounds.
Keeneke, Henry	"	Nov. 19	Dis. May 17, 1863.
Koehler, Christoph	"	Nov. 25	Trans. to C. Con.
Mammosir, Michael	"	Oct. 16	Trans. to Co. D. M. O. April 18, 1865.
Mertens, Wilhelm	"	Oct. 28	Trans. to C. Con.
Toreser, Henry	"	Nov. 19	" " " M. O. Aug. 31, 1865.
Troethlisberger, Emile	"	Dec. 27	Dis. June 11, 1862.
Schamborst, Carl	"	Oct. 21	Dis. Feb. 1863.

THIRTEENTH CAVALRY.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Somumocher, Deitrich	Monee	1861.	
Strecker, Ernest		Oct. 24	Prom. corpl. Jan. 1, 1863.
		" 21	Prom. corp. March 1, 1862, sergt. June 15, '62, Q. M. Sergt. June 12, '63.
Stricker, Ludwig	"	" 21	Dis. May 15, 1862.
Sellman, Henry	"	Nov. 19	Trans. to C. Con. M. O. Feb. 11, 1865.
Triarks, George Bernard	"	Oct. 23	Prom. cor. Aug. 1, 1862, and Sergt. June 1, '63.
COMPANY F.			
Quartermaster Sergt. EBNZER GRUNDY	Joliet	Sept. 20	
Sergeants.			
AUGUSTUS F. FREEMAN	"	"	Trans. to Co. C. Con.
SEYMOUR M. FITCH	"	"	Prom. Reg. Q. M. S. M. O. Dec. 31, 1864.
Corporals.			
WM. M. RATCLIFF	"	"	Died at St. Louis, Oct. 40, 1862.
ALVARO B. CLARK	"	"	Dis. for dis. Dec. 20, 1862.
DAVID W. CHANDLER	Plainfield	"	Trans. to C. Con. Killed at P. Bluff, A., Sep. 11, '64
HARVEY R. FRAZER		"	Same.
AMOS BOWERS	Joliet	Dec. 20	
Musicians.			
James L. Hyde	"	Sept. 20	Dis. for dis. Dec. 1, 1862.
Damon Bailly	"	Dec. 23	Died at Joliet, Nov. 1862.
Wagoner.			
Whitman E. Gustin	"	Nov. 13	
Chas. W. Whited, saddler	"	Sept. 20	
PRIVATES.			
Aulsbrook, Henry R.	Plainfield	Oct. 7	Killed at Ironton, Mo., premature dis. of con. May 4, 1862.
Bailey, Oscar J.	"	Sept. 20	Died at Helena, Ark., Aug. 6, 1862.
Bridenstine, Mathias	Joliet	"	Trans. to C. Con. Vet. M. O. Aug. 31, '65.
Brown, James D.	"	Dec. 14	Died at Arcadia, Mo., Oct. 29, 1862.
Field, Charles D.	"	Sept. 20	
Finity, John H.	"	Sept. 30	Trans. to C. Con. Vet. M. O. Aug. 31, '65.
Finity, Michael	"	"	Same.
Fuller, Wm. J.	"	Dec. 20	
Gillespy, John	"	Sept. 20	Trans. to C. Con.
Gorham, Wm. B.	"	"	" " Vet. M. O. Aug. 31, 1865.
Hattes, Edward	"	Nov. 20	Dis. for dis. Dec. 20, 1862.
Jenks, Franklin	"	Sept. 29	Trans. to C. Con. Vet. Prom. Vet. Surg.
Jepson, Edward P.	"	Nov. 20	" " " "
Luther, Martin	Plainfield	Sept. 20	" " " Sergt.
Leonard, Benj. C.		Oct. 24	" " " Dis. for dis. Nov. 21, '65.
Lander, Martin V.	"	Sept. 20	" " " M. O. Aug. 31, '65.
Milam, David	"	"	Died at Helena, Ark., Aug. 9, 1862.
Mahon, William	"	Dec. 14	Dis. for dis. Nov. 14, 1862.
McIntyre, Edward	Joliet	Oct 1	Dis. April 29, 1862.
Reed, William L.	"	Sept. 20	
Rogers, Harper	"	Dec. 19	Dis for dis. Dec. 20, 1862.
Schlief, Casper	"	Sept. 20	
Stone, Charles	"	"	
Weiskopf, Martin	"	Dec. 20	Trans. to C. Con.
Snyder, Christoph rec't.	"	"	
Snyder, Martin	"	Dec. 21, '63	Trans. to E con. M. O. June 7, 1865.

FOURTEENTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

Strain, Jas. Rec't Co. A	Lockport	Apr. 1, '65	M. O. July 31, 1865.
Corporal Co. C.			
Geo. F. CODDING	"	Oct. 15, '62	Same.
Mason, George private	"	"	Killed at Boddy Station, Tenn., Dec. 14, '63
Poster, August. E. rec't	Gr'n Gard'n	Mar. 6, '66	M. O. July 31, 1865.

FIFTEENTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
COMPANY G.			
Stewart, John private	Channahon	1861. Nov. 10	Trans. from Co. H. 52nd Inf't. M. O. Oct. 31, 1864.
COMPANY I.			
Corporals.			
JAMES T. WHITE	Joliet	Aug. 2	Dis. for dis. Feb. 27, 1864.
ISAAC RICE	Wheatland	"	Vet. 1st Serg't. Trans. to Co. M. 10th cav.
Privates.			Con. M. O. Nov. 23rd, 1865. 1st sergt.
Elderkin, Frederick	Joliet	"	Parolled pris. Died at St. Louis.
Hollenbeck, Chancey	Wheatland	"	M. O. Aug. 24, 1864, as corpl.
Moore, Franklin W. rec't	"	Mar. 29, '64	Trans. to Co. M., 10th cav. M. O. as corpl.
COMPANY K.			
Pennington, Thos. H.	Wilmington	Aug. 17, '61	Vet. Trans. to Co. K., 10th cav. cou. M. O. July 15, 1865, as Co. Q. M. Serg't.
COMPANY L.			
Massey, Hugh private	Joliet	Dec. 25	M. O. Jan. 9, 1865.
Whited, Sam'l H. rec't	"	Jan. 28	Trans. to 10th cav. con. M. O. term ex.

SIXTEENTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

RECRUITS Co. I.			
Vaughn, James	Frankfort	1861. July 15	Died in Andersonville prison, June 3, 1864. No. grave 1073.
Wimmer, John	"	Aug. 2	Died in Andersonville prison, May 15, 1864. No. grave 1180.

SEVENTEENTH CAVALRY.

Three Years' Service.

Kirton, Wm. priv. Co. H	Barbers Cor	Jan. 4, '64	Died at Glasgow, Mo., Aug. 16, 1864.
Stanton, Ira rec't Co. K	Peotone	Oct. 8	M. O. Nov. 8, 1865.

FIRST ARTILLERY REGIMENT.

Three Years' Service.

Major.			
EDGAR H. COOPER	Plainfield	July 30	As. private Co. D. Prom. 2nd lieut. Mar. 4, 1862. Prom. capt. May 29, 1863. Prom. Major Dec. 26, 1864.
BATTERY A.			
Nickerson, Sam'l priv.	Joliet	July 16	Died at Joliet, Aug. 23, 1863.
Privates BATTERY B.			
Frazier, John W.	Wilmington	Aug. 29	Ass. to new Co. A. M. O. Sep. 25, 1864.
Loomer, Jasper D.	Lockport	Mar. 5	Dis. for dis. Jan. 23, 1864.
Sanborn, Wm. H.	Wilton	July 16	M. O. July 23, 1864.
BATTERY C.			
Heddy, James	Joliet	Oct. 6, '64	M. O. June 12, 1865.
Jewett, Wm. O. J.	"	"	Same.
BATTERY D.			
(McAllister's Battery.)			
Captain.			
ED. H. McALLISTER	Plainfield	1862. May 15	Resigned May 5, 1862.
1st Lieutenants.			
MATTHEW W. BORLAND	Joliet	Aug. 1	Resigned April 24, 1862, deafened at Donaldson. Subsequently in the one year's ser. See page 62
JAMES A. BORLAND			
	"	July 30	As. private. Prom. sergt. 2nd lieut. March 4, 1862. Prom. April 24, 1862. Resigned. June 19, 1863.

FIRST ARTILLERY.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
1st Lieutenants.	Plainfield	Sept. 23, '61	
GEORGE J. WOOD	"	July 20, '61	Resigned July 1, 1863.
EMMIT F. HILL	"		As. Q. M. Sergt. Prom. 2nd lieut. April 24, 1862. Prom. 1st lieut. July 1st, 1863. Hon. dis. Sep. 19, 1863. Severely wounded at Vicksburg. Subsequently com. lieut. in Vet. reserve corps.
CHARLES L. PRATT	"	Sept. 18, '61	As. Promoted Vet. Promoted 1st sergt. then 1st lieut. Sep. 19, 1863. M. O. July 28, 1865.
PRIVATES.	Hadley	Aug. 28, '61	M. O. Sept. 16, 1864.
Kiniry, Edward	Mokena	"	Vet. M. O. July 28, 1865, corp'l.
Toppin, Wm. H.			
RECRUITS.	Will Co.	Jan. 2, '64	M. O. July 28, 1865.
Agnen, William	"	Dec. 22, '63	Same.
Alexander, George	"	"	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Button, Dewitt	"	Dec. 17	M. O. July 28, 1865.
Bluhn, Edward B.	"	Dec. 25	Same.
Bagg, Henry G.	"	Jan. 4, '64	Same.
Bluc, Daniel	"	Dec. 23, '63	Same. July 6, '65.
Barnes, Runsom W.	"	Jan. 1, '63	Died at Vicksburg, Aug. 3, 1863.
Bement, Porter W.	Joliet	Nov. 12, '63	M. O. July 28, 1865. Corp'l.
Burdick, Zebulon	Will Co.	Jan. 4, '64	Same.
Campbell, Robert	"	Feb. 19	Same.
Clayton, Peter	"	Dec. 21, '63	Same.
Carter, Ezra H.	"	Dec 5	Same.
Culter, John	"	"	Vet. " "
Cain, John W.	"	"	M. O. July 28, 1865.
Corsen, James	"	"	Vet. " "
Carey, Thomas	"	"	Same.
Calgay, John	"	Dec. 2, '63	Same.
Dewitt, William	"	Dec. 14	Same.
Eaton, William	"	Sept. 14, '61	Dis. May 2, 1862.
Hallick, Franklin B.	"	Feb. 1, '63	"
How, Martin	"	Dec. 18	M. O. July 28, 1865.
Higgins, Patrick	"	Dec. 24	Same.
Hoyt, Henry J.	"	Aug. 6, '62	Same.
Holt, John P.	"	Dec. 1, '62	Same.
Kusch, Andrew	"	Jan. 19, '64	Same.
Lowery, Thomas	Mokena	Jan. 4, '64	Same.
Morgan, Chas. H.			as corpl.
Roland, John			blacksmith.
Sawyer, Jacob C.			sergt.
Willard, Orton R.	Channahon		
BATTERY E.			
Meads, Lewis private	Lockport	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. July 15, 1865.
BATTERY G.			
1st Lieutenant.			
DONALD, CAMPBELL	"		Dis. Aug. 21, 1862.
PRIVATES.	"		
Allen, Enoch	"	Oct. 11, '61	Dis. for dis. Feb. 16, 1862.
Allen, Woodson	"	Feb. 12, '61	"
Eeder, George	"	Oct. 11, '61	M. O. Nov. 30, 1864.
Myers, William	"	"	Dis. for dis. Feb. 11, 1865.
Werner, Jacob	"	Sept. 18, '61	M. O. Nov. 30, 1864.
Johnson, Orlando	"	Mar. 24	Vet. M. O. July 24, 1865.
BATTERY I.			
2d Lieutenant.			
HENRY BENNETT	Wilton	Feb. 23, '62	As private. Prom. Feb. 1, 1864. M. O. July 26, 1865.
Frazer, Brock private	Peotone	Jan. 29, '62	Vet. M. O. July 26, 1865.
RECRUITS.			
Bond, James	Joliet	Oct. 4, '62	Same.
Viall, H. P.	Wilton	Feb. 20, '62	Vet. " " "
Viall, Orlo A.	"	Feb. 3, '64	Same.
BATTERY K.			
RECRUITS.			
Barkey, Zeigler	Wilmington	Jan. 18, '64	M. O. July 15, 1865. Corp'l.
Bailey, Irvin	"	Feb. 23, '64	Died at Camp Yates, April 1864.
Clapp, Elijah E.	Joliet	"	M. O. July 15, 1865.
Meahem, Albert	Wilm'ngt'n	Jan. 18	Same.
Small or Smart, F. M.	"	Feb. 23	Same.
Thompson, Thomas	"	"	Same.
Wilson, Robert	Dupage	Jan. 4, '64	Same.

FIRST ARTILLERY.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
BATTERY M.			
Sergeant.		1861.	
MAGNUS TAIT	Channahon	Aug. 5	M. O. June 19, 1865, was taken pris. at Atlanta, sent to Andersonville.
Geo. Carey Artificer	Plainfield	Aug. 10	M. O. June 19, 1865.
PRIVATES.	Joliet		
Brown, Horace	Wilmington	April 28	M. O. July 24, 1862.
McDermott, Andrew	Joliet	Nov. 9, '62	Same.
Cope, Chas. C. rec't.			

SECOND ARTILLERY.

Three Years' Service.

BATTERY C.			
Wharton, Geo. W. priv.	Joliet	Aug. 5, '62	Died at Fort Donaldson.
BATTERY D.			
2d Lieutenant.	Lockport	Dec. 18, '62	M. O. at con.
JOSEPH HOCKMAN			
Corporal.	"	Aug. 31, '62	Dis. Sep. 24, 1866. Term ex.
MICHAEL WALTER.	"	"	Same.
PRIVATES.	"	"	Same.
Britz, Peter	"	"	Same.
Josshaus, Charles	"	"	Same.
Nierberg, Martin	"	"	
Thorn, John	"	"	
RECRUITS.	"		
Baner, Frederick	"	Jan. 16, '64	Trans. to K. M. O. July 14, 1865.
Miller, Philip	"	"	Same.
BATTERY E.			
Corporal.	"		
JOHN BLAKE	"	May 23, '61	
BATTERY G.			
Barry, John	Joliet	Aug. 6, '61	M. O. Oct. 4, 1864.
Scutt, Hiram B.	"	Sept. 16, '61	Vet. M. O. Sep. 4, 1865.
BATTERY I.			
(Barnett's Battery.)			
Captains.		1861.	
CHAS. W. KEITH	"	Dec. 31	Resigned April 7, 1862.
CHAS. M. BARNETT	"	"	As 1st lieutenant. Prom. cap. April 7, 1862, ser. as chief of the art. for the div.
1st Lieutenant.	"	"	As 2nd lieutenant. Prom. 1st April 7, 1862. Killed Dec. 9, 1864, near Savannah.
ARONZO W. COE	"		Trans to 100th Inf't. as lieutenant. Co. K.
1st Sergeant.	"	Oct. 20	
JOHN A. KELLY	"		
Sergeant.	"	Oct. 1	
ABRAHAM WHITMAN			
Corporals.			
PETER COMLYMAN	Plainfield	Nov. 16	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
ROBERT HEATH	Channahon	Oct. 1	Same.
M. D. L. COVERT	Joliet		
CHARLES HOWARD	"	Nov. 1	Killed at Island No. 10
PRIVATES.			
Allen, Thomas	Plainfield	Nov. 16	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Blazier, John	Joliet	Oct. 1	Same.
Brown, Thad. C. S.	"	Oct. 21	Vet. Q. M. S. Absent. Sick at M. O.
Cady, Horace	"	Oct. 1	Dis. for dis. April 62.
Countyman, Charles	Plainfield	Nov. 16	
Collins, Frank	Homer	Dec. 29	M. O.
Dykman, Alonzo S.	Joliet	Oct. 1	Vet. Acc. killed at home on furlough.
Daughtery, Wm.	Lockport	Nov. 16	
Dunning, Harlan P.	Joliet	Dec. 1	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Egan Thomas	Will Co.	Dec. 30	Same.
Farrell, Frank	Decatur		Same.
Gallagher, John T	Joliet	Oct. 1	
Gillett, Uri	"	"	
Geyer, Christian G.	"	"	Vet. Died Aug. 12, '64, of wounds rec'd the 9th, before Atlanta.
Haynes, Wm. H.	Channahon	"	M. O. Sep. 18, 1864, leg broken.
King, John Q. A.	"	"	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865. corp.
McCallen, James	Joliet	"	
Mickles, Myron	Plainfield	"	

SECOND ARTILLERY. -Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
PRIVATES.			
Mitter, Henry	Joliet	1861. Oct 1	M. O. June 27, 1865, shot through the lungs before Atlanta.
Meihlson, John J.	"	"	Vet. Corp. Absent. Sick at M. O.
Miller, Zacherah	"	"	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Meyers, Charles P.	"	Dec. 18	Same.
Pratt, William	"	Oct. 1	
Patney, Wm. G.	Channahon	"	Vet. Absent. Sick at M. O.
Pardy, Francis	Joliet	Dec. 8	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Rose, Wm. H.	"	Oct. 1	Same.
Riley, John C.	"	Dec. 17	Vet. Shot through lungs before Atlanta.
Sherrill, Henry	"	Oct. 1	Same.
Sheffield, Charles W.	"	"	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Sheffield, George A.	"	"	Trans. to Inv. corps, Nov. 1, 1863.
Stanly, John	"	Oct. 19	
Smith, Melvin	"	Nov. 16	Died at Hamburg.
Smith, Israel	"	"	Dis. for dis.
Smith, Henry	"	"	Vet. Dis.
Smith, Charles H.	"	Dec. 28	
Wilson, William	"	Oct 1	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Winner, Max	"	"	Dis. Aug. 5, 1863.
White, James P.	Plainfield	"	Vet. Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 27, '64.
RECRUITS.			
Abbott, William	Joliet	Feb. 24, '64	M. O. June 16, 1865.
Bowers, John C.	"	"	
Brown, George D.	"	March 7	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Bedford, James B.	"	Feb. 29	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Bly, William L.	Wheatland	Jan. 25	Same.
Baer, Franklin	Joliet	Jan. 25, '64	Same.
Corbin, Oliver G.	Plainfield	Jan. 30	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 27, 1864.
Cago, Akenless	Joliet	Feb. 23	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Clark, John	"	Jan 1, '62	Same.
Coy, Joseph	"	Dec. 15, '63	Vet. Deafened at Perryville.
Cook, Robert C. M.	"	Dec. 23, '61	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Carr, Henry	"	Jan. 25, '63	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Clark, George	Wesley	Feb. 3	Died at Savannah Feb. 3, 1865.
			Taken pris., having drop. behind the march from exhaustion.
DePuy, Lyman	Lockport	Feb. 17, '64	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Deiter, Philip	Joliet	Mar. 1, '64	M. O. June 15, 1865.
Devin, John	Elwood	Mar. 30	Blacksmith.
Dreistman, Theodore	Joliet	Sept. 15, '62	Same.
Damphy, Thomas	Lockport	Jan. 22, '64	Same.
Francis, Thomas	Florence	Jan. 25, '64	Claimed by 23rd Wis.
		Feb. 19	M. O. June 13, 1865, was pris. and taken to Andersonville. Escaped.
Hallissey, Michael	Joliet	Jan. 1, '62	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Holder, Wm.	"	Jan. 25, '64	Same.
Heilman, D. C.	Wheatland	Dec. 29, '61	Same.
Hodge, Alen B.	Joliet	"	Vet. Wounded in hip. M. O.
Higgins, James	"	Jan. 1	Vet. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Irwin, John	"	Feb. 22, '64	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Johst, John	"	Jan. 22	Same.
Jones, Charles	"	Feb. 24	Same.
Kelly, Lorenzo	Lockport	Feb. 15, '64	Same.
Lynch, Thomas	Joliet	Jan. 20	Same.
Murphy, John	"	Feb. 16	Same.
Montgomery, William	"	"	Same.
McClusky, John	"	Jan. 19	Same.
McEvoy, Bernard	"	Feb. 6	Same.
McEvoy, Charles	"	Jan. 22	Same.
McGuire, Jhomas	"	Feb. 27	M. O. June 14, 1865.
McNeill, John	"	Jan. 27	Same.
Moak, William	"	Jan. 25	Same.
Mather, George	"	Jan. 1	Died near Athens, Ala., from the sting of a scorpion.
Neff, Louis H.	"	Feb. 17, '64	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Neff, Gregory	"	Mar. 4	Absent. Sick at M. O.
Neff, James D.	Channahon	Feb. 26	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Peters, John	Joliet	Jan. 22, '62	Vet. reert. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Prindle, Charles	Wilm'ngt'n	Feb. 16, '64	Captured on march to sea.
Rosa, Doc. C.	Wesley	Feb. 3	
Ringenbach, Joseph	"	Jan. 1, '62	Vet. reert. M. O. June 14, 1865.
Smith, Edward	Joliet	Dec. 15, '63	Sergt.
Schrier, Charles	"	Feb. 27, '64	Artificer.

SECOND ARTILLERY.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
RECRUITS.			
Schrader, Anthony	Troy	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Skinner, Henry	Joliet	Feb. 29, '64	Same.
St. Julien, Joseph	"	Jan. 1, '62	Vet. Same.
Wolffle, Lewis	"	Feb. 25, '64	M. O. June 14, 1865.
Ward, Newton A.	Wheatland	Jan. 25	Same.
Waterhouse, Edward	"	Jan. 9, '62	Same. deafened.
BATTERY K.			
RECRUITS.			
Bauer, Frederick	"	M. O. July 14, 1865.	
Fay Francis	"	Oct. 8, '64	Same.
Hanton, John	"	"	Same.
BATTERY L.			
(Bolton's Battery.)			
1st Lieutenant.			
DANIEL H. PIERCE	Plainfield	Jan.	As. private, vet. Prom. sergt. Prom. 2nd lieut. March 13, 1865. Prom. 1st lieut. June 12, 1862. M. O. Aug. 9, 1865.
2d Lieutenants.	"	Jan. 15, '61	As private. Promoted Jr. 2nd lieut. April 10, 1862. Resigned Nov. 13, 1862.
JULIUS D. ROBERTS	Wheatland	Dec. 17, '63	Prom. 2nd lieut. June 12, 1865. M. O. Aug. 9, 1865.
LEVI B. WIGHTMAN	Joliet	Feb. 1	Vet. M. O.
Struble, Nelson, Artificer	Plainfield	Jan. 31	Vet. Dis. for dis. July 25, 1865.
Corporals.	Wheatland	Mar. 6	Vet. M. O. Aug. 9, 1865.
NEWTON A. HULL	Plainfield	Feb. 10, '62	
NEWAL J. BOUGHTON	"	"	
Freeman, S. Jay, Artificer.	Dupage	Feb. 15	Died at Boeuf River, La. Aug. 30, 1863. Vet. M. O. Aug. 9, 1865, corp.
PRIVATES.			
Jay, Freeman S. Jr.	Plainfield	Mar. 31, '62	Vet. Dis. for dis. May 30, 1865.
Reichert, Jacob	Joliet	Nov. 23, '63	M. O. Aug. 9, 1865.
RECRUITS.			
Bond, George F.	Homer	Mar. 24, '62	M. O. April 14, 1865.
Cooney, Charles	Joliet	Dec. 3, '63	Died at Vicksburg, Oct. 13, 1864.
Cole, George	Wheatland	Mar. 31, '62	M. O. April 14, 1865.
Downs, Jeremiah	"	Oct. 8, '64	Died at Vicksburg, June 14, 1865.
Freelove, George A.	Plainfield	Oct. 6	
Fentiman, Francis	Homer	March 14	M. O. Aug. 9, 1865.
Larson, Erick	Joliet	Dec. 5, '63	Same.
Rush, Nichols			
Shroyer, George			

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BATTERY.

Three Years' Service.

Abbott, Lawrence F.	Wilmington	Aug. 1, '62	M. O. June 30, 1865.
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CHICAGO MERCANTILE BATTERY.

Three Years' Service.

PRIVATES.			
Arnold, John W.	Lockport	1862. Aug. 24	M. O. June 16, 1865, pris. war.
Bush, Henry L.	"	Aug. 7	M. O. July 10, 1865, sergt.
Bartlett, Andrew J.	"	Aug. 6	" " " " corp.
Cozzens, Charles B.	"	"	Dis. for prom. by order war dept. Ap. com. of sub. Aug. 12, 1863.
Gooding, Edward L.	"	"	M. O. July 10, 1865.
Gunlock, John C.	"	Aug. 14	Sergt. Dis. Jan. 26, 1865, for prom.
Gilbert, John A.	"	Aug. 15	M. O. July 10, 1865, as corp.
Gunlock, Philip E.	Joliet	Aug. 7	Dis. Aug. 8, 1864, for prom. wound. at Cham-
Haseltine, Charles P.	Lockport	"	pion Hills.
"	"	Aug. 23	M. O. July 10, 1865.
Hanford, Charles C.	Wilmington	Aug. 20	Same.
Hudson, Everett E.	Lockport	Aug. 1	Same. Sergt.
Mather, Albert G.	"	Aug. 7	M. O. Aug. 2, 1865.
Mason, John Q.	"	Aug. 24	" June 10, 1865.
McNaught, James	"	"	

CHICAGO MERCANTILE BATTERY. — *Concluded.*

PRIVATES.		1862.	
Parker, Sanford L.	Lockport	Aug. 25	" [June 16, 1865, pris. war.
Stone, Charles L.	"	Aug. 7	" July 10, 1865.
Steels, Gilbert	"	Aug. 11	Same.
Walcott, Charles W.	"	Aug. 7	Dis. for prom. March 11, 1864.
Weeks, Harvey T.	"	Aug. 21	M. O. July 10, 1865. Wagoner.
RECRUITS.			
Ackersook, Cornelius	"	Dec. 21, '63	M. O. July 10, 1865.
Ball, Samuel E.	"	Dec. 29, '63	Same.
Boots, Joseph	"	Jan. 4, '64	Same.
Brainard, George	"	Dec. 30, '63	Same.
Burdick, Amos L.	"	Dec. 29, '63	Same. pris. war.
Crauson, John	"	Dec. 30, '63	Same.
Coe, William	"	Feb. 17, '64	Same.
Fenn, William R.	"	Dec. 29, '63	Same.
Felter, Walter H.	"	Dec. 30, '63	Died at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, while pris. of war.
Gooding, William	"	Feb. 29, '64	M. O. July 10, 1865.
Hammersham, James	Homer	Jan. 4, '64	Same.
Miller, Martin S.	Lockport	Dec. 29, '63	Same.
Pitts, Nicholas	"	"	Same.
Sheldon, Chas. W.	"	"	Same.
Snow, Henry H.	Florence	Oct. 12, '64	
Van Buren, Chas. H.	Lockport	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. July 10, 1865.
Wismon, John	Florence	Oct. 12	Same.

COGSWELL'S BATTERY.

1st Lieutenant.			
HENNY G. EDDY.	Lockport	Nov. 12 '61	M. O. Nov. 20, 1864.]
PRIVATES.			
Hubert, Francis private	Joliet	Nov. 11, '61	Dis. for dis. Nov. 13, 1862.
Archer, John vet. rec't	Lockport	Mar. 4, '62	Vet. M. O. Aug. 14, 1865.
Archambault, Joseph	Joliet	Sept. 13, '64	M. O. June 5, 1865.
Anderson, Albert A.	Lockport	Jan. 1, '62	Died at Memphis, July 10, 1862.
Baker Henry D.	"	Feb. 24, '62	M. O. June 23, 1865.
Chown, Joseph	Joliet	"	Dis. for. dis. Aug. 24, 1862.
Max, John	Lockport	"	M. O. March 24, 1865.
Nelson, George H.	"	Jan. 1, '62	
Potter, Ira	"	Sept. 14, '64	M. O. June 5th, 1865.
Payne, Frank	Joliet	Sept. 13	Same.
Simonds, Joseph	Wesley	Oct. 12	
Warren, Lewis S.	Joliet	Sept. 6, '64	Same.
Warren, Huron	"	"	Same.
West, Louis	Dupage	Feb. 24, '62	Vet. M. O. Aug. 14, 1865. Sergt.
Williams, Patrick	Jackson	Oct. 12, '64	

HENSHAW'S BATTERY.

Robinson, William priv.	Joliet	Nov. 19, 62	
Clark, George W. rec't	"	Mar. 7	M. O. July 18, 1865.
Veach, William W.	"	Jan. 22, '64	Same.

BRIDGES' BATTERY, ORIGINALLY CO. G, 19TH INF.

New Battery B, 1st Art.

Corporal.			
BENJAMIN BENNETT	Wilton	Ju'y 14, '61	M. O. Jnly 7, 1864, wounded at Chickamauga Sept. 19.

COLORED RECRUITS SIXTEENTH U. S. REGT. INF.

Jackson, Thos.	priv.	Joliet	Mar. 28, '65
Nolens, John	"	"	Mar. 27, '65

MISCELLANEOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
16TH KANSAS CAVALRY. McConnell, Crawford priv	Wilmington	July 4	
FIRST ARMY CORPS.			
Colby, Horace R. pr Co. C	Joliet	Mar. 15, '65	
Josenhans, Chas. "	Lockport	Mar. 22, '65	
McGrath, Hugh Co. 7 pri.		Mar. 21, '65	Dis. March 21, 1865, term ex.
Woods, Chas. Co. 8 "	Troy		M. O. Mar. 27, 1866.
Worcester, Jul. " "	Monroe	Mar. 28, '65	
Davis, Asabel S. " "	"	"	M. O. Mar. 27, 1862.
Stary, Francis " "	Troy	"	
Fleming, Wm. Co. 9 "	"	Mar. 30, '65	Same.
Parker, Thos. B. " "	Crete	Mar. 31, '65	
Monroe, Dan'l " "	Joliet	Apr. 1, '65	M. O. March 20, 1866, as sergt.
Shibe, Lewis " "	Lockport	"	Same. as 1st sergt.
Fox, John G. " "	Crete	Mar. 31, '65	Same.
Eder, John Co. 10 "	Lockport	Mar. 12, '65	Same.
COMPANY 11.			
Meyer, Michael	Lockport	Apr. 5, '65	
Preston, John	"	"	M. O. April 12, 1866.
Haman, Henry	"	"	M. O. April 13, 1866.
Hetzer, John	"	"	Same
Black, Charles	"	"	Same
Zirwis, John	Elwood	Apr. 6, '65	M. O. April 5, 1866, as corp.
Stoneman, Jacob	"	"	
McGlauchy, John	"	"	
Leonard, William	"	"	
Boyd, Francis M.	"	"	M. O. April 5, 1866.
Simmo, Francis	Washington	Apr. 5	Same
Gibbs, Westly J.	"	"	M. O. April 13, 1866.
Hess, Peter	"	"	Same
COMPANY 12.			
Birk, Patrick	Lockport	Apr. 3, '65	
Cottel, Hamden S.	Manhattan		
Gaffney, Mathew A.	Lockport	Apr. 14, '65	
BATTERY D, U. S. ART.			
WM. FERGUSON, Corp'l	Channahon	Mar. 2, '62	Died of wounds Dec. 10, 1862.
2D MICH. CAV.—Major.			
HARMON F. NICHOLSON	Joliet	Aug. 21, '61	As lieut. Prom maj.
12TH MICH. REGT.			
Hospital Steward.			
Frank H. Harmon	Lockport	Feb. 26, '64	As private. Prom. dis. for dis. April 18, '65.
4TH MISSOURI CAV.			
1st Lieutenant.			
CHANCY B. PRATT	Joliet	Aug., '61	M. O.
EDEN REED Sergeant	"	"	Same
GEORGE WEBB Corporal	"	"	Same.
ADAM WAGNER	"	"	Same.
Jos. H. Carrier Blacksm	"	"	Same.
PRIVATES.			
Bradley, Wilbur	Troy	"	Same.
Carey Joseph	"	"	Same
Hayes, Wm. F.	Joliet	"	Same
Oetter, George	"	"	Same
Perry, E. H.	"	"	Same
19TH WISCONSIN.			
Hebert, Francis	"	June 2, '62	M. O. July 3rd, 1865. Wounded at Denny's Bluffs. Served on staff of Gen. Patrick.
Du Buque, Ia., BAT.			
Sisson, George W.	Lockport	Sept. 28, '61	Dis. March 31, 1863.
21ST WISCONSIN.			
Peck, Virgil	Joliet	Aug. 15, '62	M. O. Was pris.
26TH MICHIGAN.			
Brightman, Wilfred F.	"	Aug. 6, '62	M. O. with regt.
U. S. MARINES.			
(Ad. Porter's Squadron.)			
Bennett, Robert	Wilton	Sept. 8, '63	M. O. Aug. 28, 1866.
Mason, D. F.	Wilton	"	Same

The following persons we are unable to give date of enlistment and other particulars :

Fairburn, Ingalls	Wheatland	Enlisted in 13th regt. U. S. Inf.
Taylor, George	"	Same
Cotton, Nathaniel	Jackson	Enlisted in 3rd Michigan.
Mulliken, George	Crete	Enlisted in 20th Ind. and served through.
Christ, R. H.	Plainfield	Was in the south at the breaking out of the rebellion; was driven out, and on reaching Indiana, enlisted.
Hanley, Martin	Joliet	Enlisted in 9th Michigan.
Dyer, George	"	Was capt. of a company of union refugees in Mo.
Randall, Albert T.	Channahon	Was in 1st Col. Mounted Infantry, under Canby.
Steadman, S	Wilmington	Same.
Dyer, N. D.	Dupage	Was in 29th Missouri.
Brown, Edwin	Wilmington	Enlisted on sloop of war.
Hay, John	Wheatland	Enlisted in Fremont Hussars.
Swarthout, G. B.	Wilmington	Was capt. Co. H. 8th Mo. Was killed at Ft. Donaldson.
Marshall, George N.	New Lenox	Enlisted in 4th Mich. cav. Was taken prisoner and died in Andersonville.
Atkiss, Homer	Frankfort	Enlisted in same, and died at Nashville.
Bliss, E. S.	Plainfield	Served as Assist. Sur. U. S. A. and died in service.
Ottan, John C.	Peotone	As seaman, on Miss. U. S. gun-boat.
George R. Dyer	Joliet	Served as quartermaster at Pilot Knob.
Alex. McIntosh	"	As quartermaster in 3d Division 17th A. C.
Philip Leder	"	As paymaster, U. S.
R. S. Reed	"	As contract surgeon at Paducah.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS, DRAFTED MEN AND SUBSTITUTES FROM WILL COUNTY.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
Montgomery, G. W. 7 reg.	Joliet	May 17, '64	
Clark, Benj. F. 8th regt.	Lockport	Oct. 2, '64	Subs. M. O. June 12, 1865.
Grupe, Fred. A. "	Crete	Oct. 5, '64	M. O. Oct. 4, 1865.
Henderson, Geo. H. "	Lockport	Oct. 21, '64	Subs.
Powis, John "	Will	Oct. 11, '64	
Peyton, L. D. 11th regt.	Lockport	Oct. 14, '64	Subs.
Wiley, John H. 14th regt.	Joliet	Aug. 22, '64	"
Johnson, Jas. 15th regt.	"	Jan. 25, '64	
Bacher, Christ. 20th regt.	Crete	Jan. 4, '65	Subs. M. O. in 20th regt.
Cortias, Wm "	Wesley	Jan. 10, '65	
Lehman, Jacob "	W. Joliet	Mar. 25, '65	
Long, John E. "	"	"	
Pieric, John H. "	East Joliet	Jan. 23, '65	
Perkins, Wm. "	New Lenox	Feb. 21, '65	
Rotze, Frederick "	Washington	Mar. 8, '65	
Shires, Wm. M. "	Monroe	Sept. 26, '64	
Vikend, Christ. "	Crete	Oct. 5, '64	
Walker, Charles "	Monroe	Nov. 15, '64	
Casey, Thos. 23d regt.	Joliet	Jan. 12, '64	
Hogan, Isaac "	"	Dec. 4, '63	
Dickerson, Duke 30 regt.	Lockport		
Howe, Jno. H. 34th regt.	Joliet	Jan. 21, '65	
Axford, John 36th regt.	Wesley	Jan. 18, '65	
Baker, Chas. E. "	Will Co.	Oct. 13, '64	
Donaldson, Robert "	New Lenox	Oct. 4, '64	
McNary, Michael "	Wesley	Jan. 18, '65	
Allen, Ameziah "	Frankfort	Sept. 2, '64	Subs.
Graham, John "	Joliet	Aug. 25, '64	"
Rood, William "	"	Sept. 2, '64	"
Smith, Michael "	Wheatland	June, '65	
Mattoon, W. F. 33th regt.	Monroe	Mar. 8, '65	
Bond, James 39th regt.	Joliet	Sept. 20, '62	
Machmer, Caleb "	Reed	Jan. 12, '64	
Noxon, John "	Wesley	Jan. 7, '65	
Perkins, Albert "	Channahon	Dec. 28, '63	Died at Camp Butler, Ill., Feb. 10, 1864.
Smith, John "	Wesley	Feb. 23, '64	
Graham, John "	Joliet	Aug. 25, '64	Substitute.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS, DRAFTED MEN, ETC.—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Enlistm't	History.
Healy, George 40th regt.	Joliet	Jan. 27, '65	M. O.
Stevens, Ralf E. "	"	"	"
Ropp, Solomon 42d regt.	"	Nov. 11, '64	Dis. July 6, 1865. Leg amputated.
Cavanaugh, Jno. "	Wallingf'rd	Mar. 5, '64	"
Waters, James	"	"	"
McDonald, Ter. 43d regt.	Lockport	Oct. 5, '64	"
Backer, Joseph 44th regt.	"	Oct. 22, '64	Absent sick at M. O.
Adams, George 49th regt.	Gr'n Gard'n	Mar. 10, '65	M. O. Sept. 9, 1865.
Burke, Wm. 53d regt.	Jackson	Oct. 11, '64	"
Edwards, Wm. "	"	Oct. 10, '64	"
Hale, John L. "	"	"	"
Laughlin, Patrick "	Joliet	"	Dis. May 14, 1864.
Landuet, Francis "	"	"	Same.
Malony, John "	Jackson	Oct. 11, '64	"
Wilson, George "	"	"	"
Williams, George "	"	"	"
Patrick Henry 54th regt.	Joliet	Apr. 6, '65	M. O. Oct. 15, 1865.
Golden, Ed'd 58th regt.	"	Sept. 19, '64	"
Davenport, S.F. 59th regt.	Lockport	Dec. 30, '64	"
Jay, Hanibal P. 62d regt.	Joliet	Feb. 4, '65	Co. C consol.
Thompson, Jas. "	Crete	Feb. 7, '65	"
Welch, John "	"	Feb. 10, '65	"
Sanders, Jasper "	Joliet	Feb. 20, '65	"
Manley, Thos. "	Wilton	Mar. 23, '65	"
Owen, James H. "	Monee	"	"
O'Brien, Rob't E. S. "	Will Co.	Feb. 21, '65	Subt.
Brown, Geo. 66th regt.	Joliet	Feb. 24, '65	"
Cooper, Thos. 88th regt.	Peotone	Feb. 9, '65	"
Sawyer, Geo. L. 91st regt.	Joliet	"	"
Baden, Tim. 100th regt.	"	Jan. 5, '64	"
Carr, Barney "	"	Feb. 9	"
Farr, Henry "	Plainfield	Oct. 30, '63	"
Long, John "	Will	Feb. 28, '65	"
Little, John "	Lockport	Apr. 13	"
Moore, John "	"	"	"
Nolan, Philip "	"	Nov. 18, '64	"
Brown, Philip "	"	"	"
Ryan, John "	Will	Feb. 28, '65	"
Robinson, Jas. "	Lockport	Apr. 13	"
Sterling, Wm. "	"	Apr. 13, '65	"
Waters, Edw'd "	Plainfield	Oct. 31, '63	"
Dodge, Chas. 103d regt.	New Lenox	Nov. 14, '61	"
Smith, Geo. 2d Cav.	Channahon	Oct. 13, '64	"
Vam, Chas. "	Joliet	Dec. 19, '63	"
Shotal, Wm. 2d Cav.	Lockport	Feb. 17, '64	"
Caton, Geo. D. "	Joliet	Jan. 16, '65	"
Clark, Geo. M. "	"	Jan. 31, '65	"
Farrell, Richard "	"	Jan. 17, '65	"
Hickling, Thos. "	"	Feb. 1	M. O. May 20, 1865.
Langin, Patrick "	"	Jan. 31	"
McManus, Wm. "	"	Jan. 17, '65	"
Palmer, Geo. "	"	Jan. 16, '65	"
Sheldon, Thos. "	"	Jan. 31, '65	"
Watton, Edward "	"	Jan. 17, '65	"
Wright, W. R. "	Manhattan	April 10	"
McGanley, Pat. 4th cav.	Wilmington	Mar. 7	"
Moran, Francis "	Joliet	Nov. 17, '63	"
Nichols, Nathan I D "	Jackson	Feb. 22, '64	"
Riley, John "	Joliet	Jan. 15, '64	"
Corwin, Chas. A. "	New Lenox	Sept. 5, '64	Subs. from 45.
Cadwell, Hiram "	Manhattan	Sept. 1	Sub. M. O. Sept. 12, 1865
Donahue, James "	Wheatland	Dec. 30	"
Freeland, John "	Troy	Oct. 8	"
Moore, Robert "	Manhattan	Dec. 30	"
Busk, Wm. 8th cav.	Crete	Nov. 17	"
Calahan, James "	Wilton	Oct. 8	"
Calhoun, Noah W. "	Wesley	Oct. 12	"
Day, George "	Manhattan	Nov. 17	"
Granshay, Thomas "	Wilton	Oct. 8	"
Gates, Sam'l B. "	Florence	Oct. 12	"
Jones, Stephen "	Dupage	Oct. 7	"
Muller, Durcan M. "	Wheatland	Jan. 28, '64	"

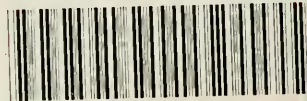
UNASSIGNED RECRUITS, DRAFTED MEN, ETC.—*Concluded.*

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistm't	History.
McNew, Wm. 8th cav.	Will	Sept. 30, '64	
McLvin, Chas.	Joliet	Jan. 23	
Raymond, Henry "	Channahon	Oct. 13	
Smith, George	Dupage	Oct. 7	
Schenck, Geo. W. "	Wesley	Oct. 12	
Stone, Harry "	"	Oct. 11	
Taylor, George "	Manhattan	Nov. 17	
Wilcox, James	Wilton	Oct. 8	
French, John 9th cav.	Wilmington	Jan. 17	
Malence, Otto "	Florence	Mar. 9, '65	
Martin, James K. "	Lockport	Mar. 22	
Smith, Sam'l "	Joliet	Aug. 13, '64	Subs.
Hayes, John 10th cav.	Channahon	Jan. 4	
Rafferty, Edward "	Joliet	Mar. 8	
McDermott, Wm. 11th cav	"	Mar. 13	M. O. May 23, 1865.
Monagin, Patrick	Gr'n Gard'n	March 13	
Merrin, Joseph O. "	Joliet	Mar. 13, '65	Same.
Simonds, John "	Peotone	Mar. 17, '65	
Davis, Robt. J. 12th cav.	Joliet	Dec. 29, '63	
King Andrew J.	"	"	
Kinney, James "	"	"	Trans. to 17th Ill. cav.
Legg, John W. "	Wesley	Jan. 5, '64	
Meyer, John "	Joliet	Dec. 23	Same.
Beard, Jas. W. 13th cav.	Dupage	Oct. 1	
Kisar, Nicholas	Wilton	Sept. 5	
Schummon, Jacob "	Dupage	"	
Higgins, Thos. 15th cav.	Frankfort	Oct. 13	
Jackson, James "	Plainfield	Oct. 10	
O'Hara, Dan'l "	"	"	
Williams, Jeremiah "	"	"	
Barton, James 17th cav.	Wilton	Oct. 8	
Bod, August	Manhattan	Oct. 7	
Jones, Patrick "	Wilton	Oct. 8	
Madden, John "	Peotone	"	
Maliet, Patrick "	Wilton	"	
O'Neil, James "	Peotone	"	
Smith, James	Lockport	Sept. 2	Subs.
Thornton, Henry A. "	"	Aug. 31	"
Weaver, John "	New Lenox	Oct. 7	
Anderson, John 1st art.	Wesley	Nov. 5, '64	
Bartra, P. A. A. "	Manhattan	Oct. 8	
Frearson, Sam'l J. "	Wilton	Oct. 11	Died Dec. 3, 1864.
Johnson, Patrick "	Peotone	Oct. 8	
McCarty, Chas. "	Wheatland	Jan. 4, '65	
Metze, George "	"	"	
Merrill, William "	Wesley	Nov. 5	
Simons, James	Wilton	Oct. 8	
Allen, John 2d art.	Joliet	Jan. 23	
Archer, Wm. "	"	Feb. 16	
Anderson, Wm. "	"	Feb. 2	
Brady, John "	"	May 15, '64	
Colby, Sam'l B	Lockport	Feb. 26	
Dullard, Mitchell "	Joliet	Feb. 3	
Myette, John B. "	"	Feb. 29, '64	
Moore, James "	"	Dec. 7, '63	
Moore, John "	"	Jan. 30, '64	
Nicholsen, Jas. N. "	"	Feb. 16, '64	
Simpson, Duke "	"	Jan. 22, '64	
Simpson, Magher, "	"	Jan. 25	
Wilson, Alfred "	"	Feb. 22, '64	
Smith, Chas. V. "	Lockport	Feb. 11	
Smith, Wm. "	Joliet	Oct. 11	

ERRATA—For Peter "Comlyman," page 75, read Countryman. The name of Philip Filer, page 80, is misprinted in part of the edition.



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